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Collier's

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January 20, 1951

The Panama Canal is Wide Op

By LESTER VELIE

MARY A BECK
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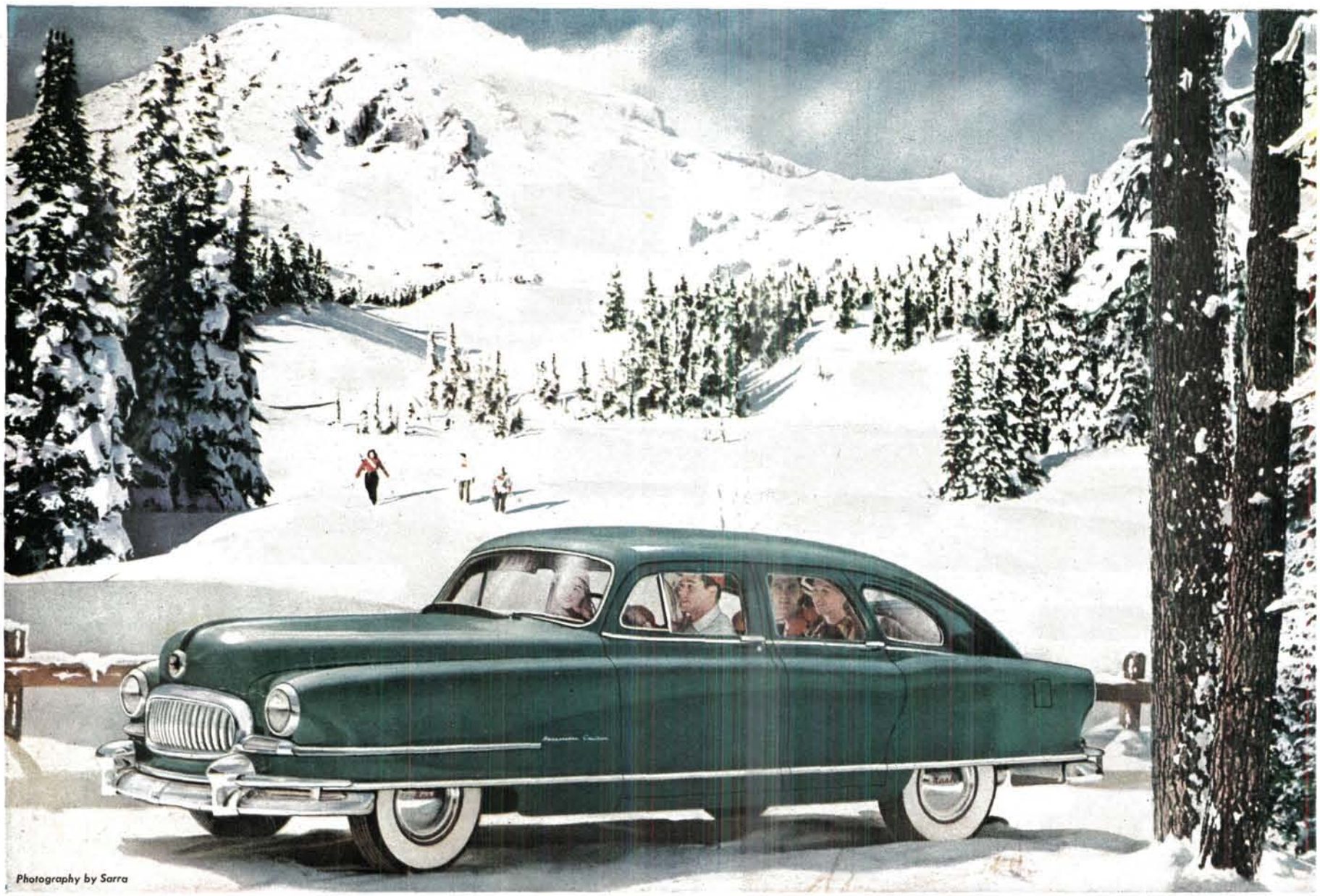
There's Magic in the Air in the World's Most Modern Cars



Photography by Sarra

WHEN THE TEMPERATURE drops to zero and the frozen wind whips down from the Pole—that's the time to step into a new 1951 Nash Airflyte and thrill to the comfort of the Weather Eye. Front seat and rear are flooded with fresh, warm air—*automatically*. You can ride through a blizzard without coat or gloves, feel no drafts, see no fogging of windows. You can smoke—and the smoke *disappears!* There's magic in the air—and everywhere! You're enjoying the world's most modern heating and ventilating system—*in the world's most modern car.*

It's exclusive with Nash—as are a host of other important driving features. So . . . *before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car.*

Safest, most efficient of all heating and ventilating systems, the Weather Eye takes the cleanest outside air from above the hood, filters, warms and pressurizes it.

Airflyte Construction is why no other car rides and drives like Nash. Body-and-frame are welded into one double-rigid, rattle-free, squeak-free unit. Stays new longer.

Loads unlimited! You've never seen such space for passengers and their luggage. Here's a front seat that's four men wide. And the most usable luggage space in any car.

Dream away the miles, while your companion drives. The Airliner Reclining Seat leans back, at lever touch, to the position you like best. Twin Beds, too.

The sky-flow beauty of best aerodynamic design hushes wind-noise, boosts economy. Over 25 miles to a gallon in the Statesman, at average highway speed.

Secret of reliable power in zero weather is exclusive Nash sealed-in manifold. And what power! An Ambassador was timed officially at 95.3 m.p.h. for 712 miles.

Before You Decide, Take an Airflyte Ride in the World's Most Modern Car

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"The bonds Lila and I bought for our country's defense helped us to own our own home!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF FOR SELDEN AND LILA ROBINSON OF DENVER, COLORADO

"Bond saving made it possible for me to become a home owner," says engineer-sportsman Selden Robinson, "then helped me to improve on my original investment through the purchase of a better home. My story of successful saving should encourage every man who dreams of a house of his own."

"Lila and I planned our home, and started our bond buying program before the war. I was in the Payroll Savings Plan at the Stearns-Roger Manufacturing Company, where I'm an engineer, and was buying two $18.75 bonds a month. When war came, we gave up our dream home for the duration and were glad our bonds went to purchase the arms our country needed for victory."

"Bonds paid $2,800 down on the house we finally bought in 1945. Later they provided another $500 toward our new car. And this year when we traded our first house for a new $14,250 brick home, our U. S. Savings Bonds paid the difference. We'd never have had the money if it hadn't been for the systematic savings program that bond buying made possible."

"We've saved $4,000 altogether, and now we're buying bonds toward a college education for Emily, who's 15 and Carol, who's 8. Believe me, there's no surer savings program than the Payroll Savings Plan. And U. S. Savings Bonds, which are backed by the greatest nation on earth and which pay back $4 for every $3 you put in, are the safest investment you can make!"

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The Robinsons' story can be your story, too!

Whatever your dream, you can make it come true just as the Robinsons did. But you've got to start *right now!* That's easier than you think if you take these simple steps:

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2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even a small sum, saved on a systematic basis, becomes a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Robinsons did.

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Ask your mechanic—and he'll say it's because it takes time for oil to reach engine parts after starting. And in winter, cold oil is sluggish, moves slowly. So friction works longer . . . causes "Metal Ulcers" as dry metal grinds against dry metal.

But not when you use Miracle Power in your gas and oil! The colloidal synthetic graphite in Miracle Power clings to surfaces . . . lubricates until oil gets there. Reduced friction means your engine *starts easier, runs with less effort, uses less gas.* Next time you get gas, get Miracle Power.

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The Cover

Artist Maxwell Mays of Providence, Rhode Island, called upon fond memory and painted this snowy scene, a composite of many New England towns he knows. Mr. Mays, who has had three one-man shows in Manhattan, has now depicted two of the seasons of the year on Collier's covers.

Week's Mail

Factual Treatment

EDITOR: I congratulate Collier's on the excellent article by Mr. Albert Deutsch (Sober Facts about Sex Crimes, Nov. 25th). It is a badly needed and timely publication of the facts.

The article is all the more valuable, since the usual magazine treatment of such topics goes in the direction of creating more and more of a hysterical atmosphere in which clear thinking and action become impossible. Therefore, I think you should be proud of not following the general journalistic treatment of this subject.

NORMAN REIDER, M.D., Chief, Department of Psychiatry, Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.

He Just Plain Likes Us

EDITOR: If I didn't know all the interesting people mentioned in the brilliant and perspicuous Democracy Bets on the Soo, by John Lear (Dec. 2d), I would be inclined to believe it farfetched and stretching the truth a wee bit. But no, it gives the best word-and-photograph account of what goes at the Soo of any article I've ever seen in all my 50 years a resident here. I enjoyed it immensely as did every one with whom I've talked.

Collier's is constantly getting better and better. Your cover by Harper Goff showing the horses and locomotive co-operating in Christmas tree land is glorious. Some enterprising north country hotel could well blow that picture up into a mural.

And before I forget it, what a fitting climax is the editorial Here's the Evidence: Let's Remember It. I admire Collier's for the sagacity and forthrightness to publish so frank and needed an editorial and to embellish it so well with colored photographs of Russian-made war material used against us in Korea. We need more and more of this strong truth so ably presented.

JAMES ROBERTSON,
Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.

Teaching the American Way

EDITOR: First-voter Harold Green asks in his letter (Week's Mail, Dec. 2d) where he can learn "how our business system works." And I have a question or two. Why in the name of sanity isn't this taught in the eighth grade, and later?

A leftist junior in a teachers college recently damned "a system under which one corporation can own assets worth hundreds of millions." How is it I found on questioning him he had never learned that large corporations are, in turn, owned by tens or hundreds of thousands of his fellow citizens? Or made to consider that millions of autos cannot be built cheaply in thousands of scattered shops? Or learned that a corporate setup, with its shareholders, directors and officers, is a duplicate of a republican form of government?

All this could be given pupils in a simple, nonpolitical and very interesting manner. And it is mighty important to us and the rest of the world that it be done, quickly.

C. H. BARTHOLOMAE, New York, N. Y.

. . . As a result of the suggestion in your Week's Mail of Dec. 2d, we have now received so many requests for our booklet

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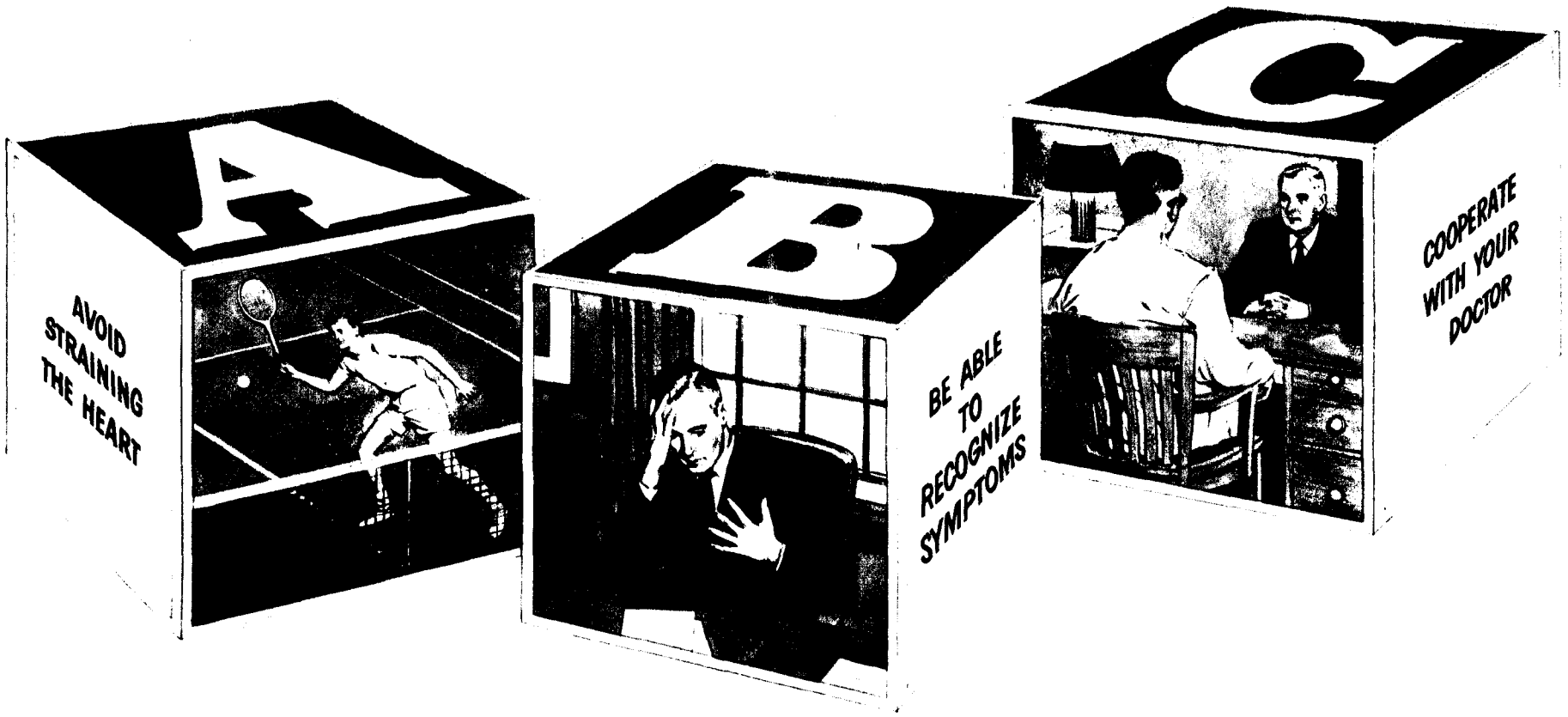
The ABC's of Heart Disease



A . . . Avoid putting unnecessary tension on your heart

The heart, one of the strongest and most efficient parts of the body, can work year after year. However, as a person grows older, the heart ages too. It may become less adaptable to sudden demands and less able to stand long periods of strain.

Doctors advise those who have reached the middle or later years of life to protect their hearts by following these simple rules:

1. Avoid sudden, violent, or prolonged physical exertion that may overtax the heart.
2. Keep weight at normal or below, as extra pounds mean extra work for the heart.
3. Eat moderately at each meal, as overloading the stomach burdens the heart.
4. Get plenty of rest and sleep to give the heart a chance to restore its strength.
5. Get prompt treatment for any illness, as it may put an added strain on the heart.
6. Avoid fatigue—learn to "take it easy."
7. Have periodic physical examinations which enable the doctor to check on the heart, and if necessary, to suggest additional measures to keep it in good condition.

B . . . Be able to recognize the symptoms of heart disease, especially after age 40

Although heart trouble may occur at any age, it is much more common in middle and later life.

When something is wrong with the heart, warning symptoms usually appear—such as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, unaccountable shortness of breath, rapid or irregular beating of the heart, and excessive fatigue.

These warnings may or may not indicate a heart disorder. Such symptoms may sometimes be of nervous origin. If they do appear, it is wise to consult the doctor. By acting on these warnings *in time* needless worry may be avoided, and prompt treatment can often be given to help keep the condition under control.

The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund is playing an important part in the war on heart disease. The Fund, in which 146 Life Insurance Companies participate, now supports more than 50 different research programs. These deal with the problems of heart disease, in the hope that more effective methods of diagnosis, prevention and treatment may be found.

C . . . Cooperate with your doctor

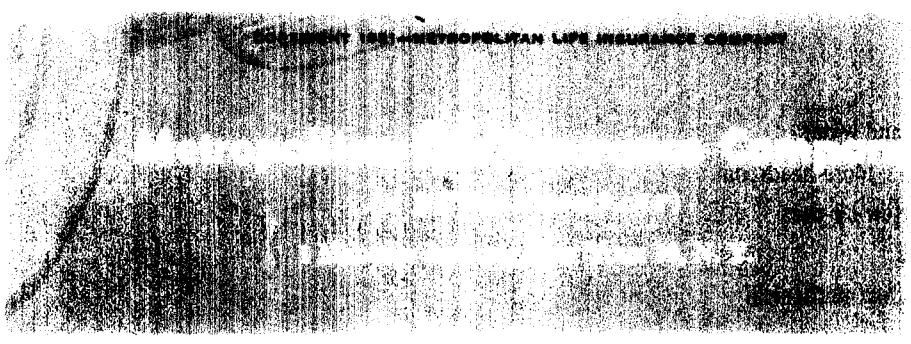
If the heart is weakened by disease or by the demands of over-strenuous living, its ability to continue working is curtailed. Even an impaired heart, however, has remarkable reserve powers to carry on, provided measures are taken to conserve its strength.

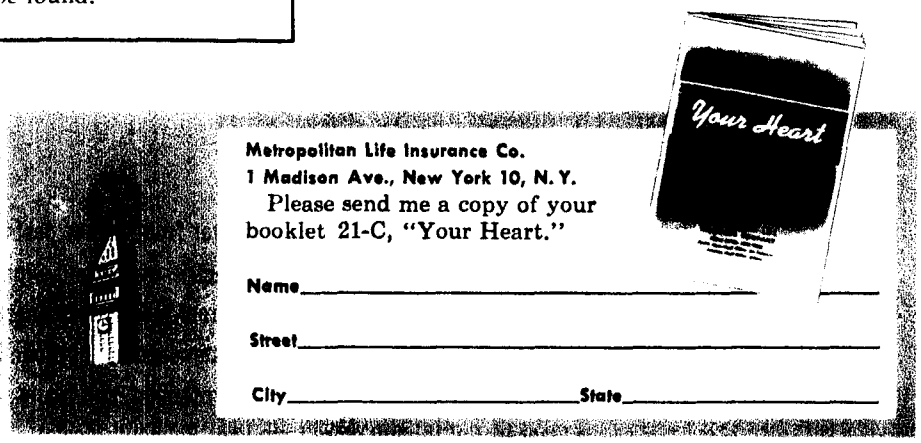
Medical science has made notable gains against heart disease. There are now more effective means than ever before for controlling many diseases of the heart—even some of the serious types. Doctors also can detect heart ailments earlier and diagnose them more accurately than ever before.

Learning to live with heart disease, however, depends largely on close and continued cooperation with the doctor—in observing faithfully the special rules and requirements which he may impose.

Today, with proper treatment, many people with heart disease may recover completely, or resume a practically normal life.

For more information about how to protect your heart, write for a copy of Metropolitan's free booklet, 21-C, "Your Heart."





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Please send me a copy of your booklet 21-C, "Your Heart."

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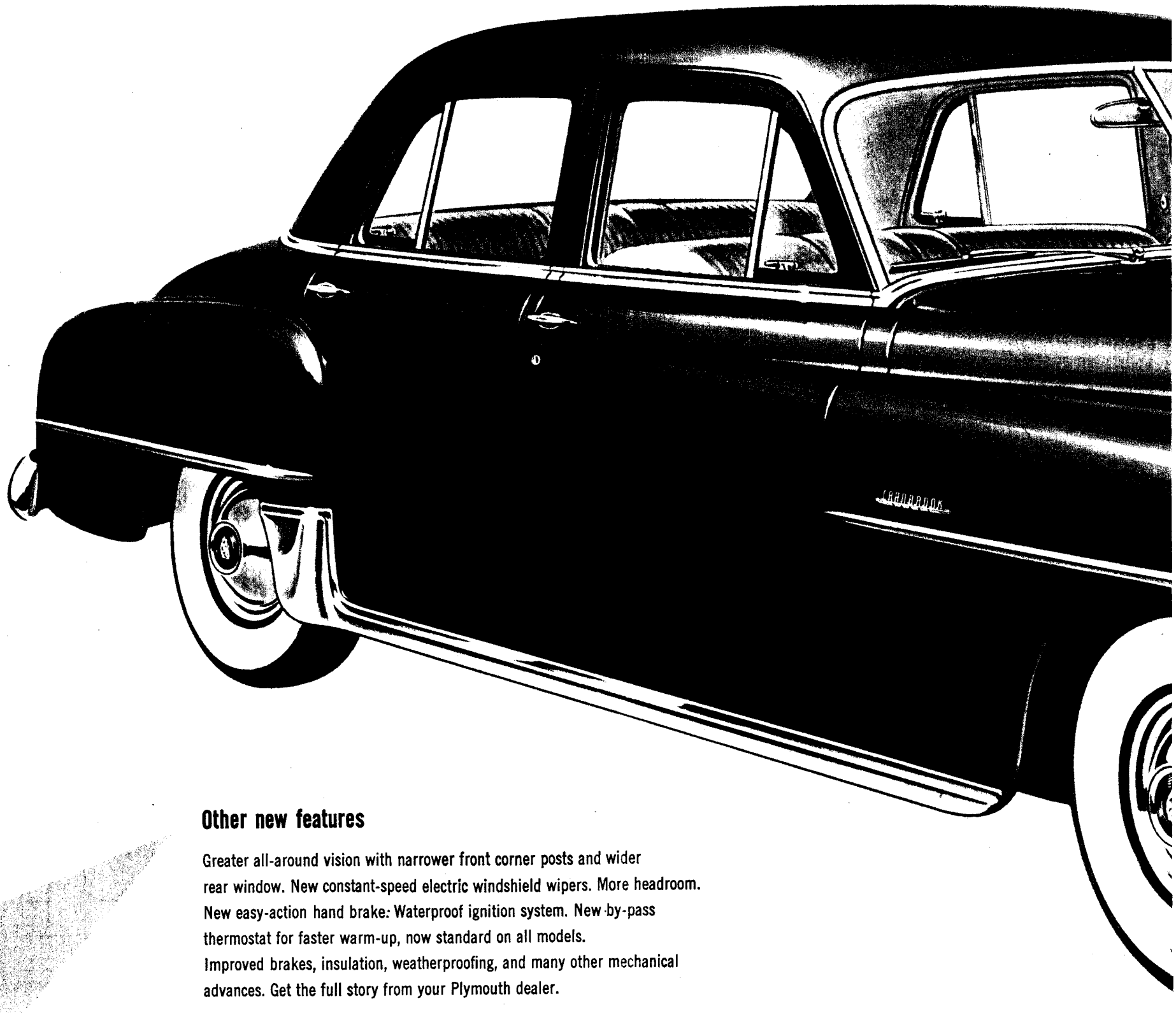
ON DISPLAY
SAT., JAN. 13

new Plymouth



Other new features

Greater all-around vision with narrower front corner posts and wider rear window. New constant-speed electric windshield wipers. More headroom. New easy-action hand brake. Waterproof ignition system. New by-pass thermostat for faster warm-up, now standard on all models. Improved brakes, insulation, weatherproofing, and many other mechanical advances. Get the full story from your Plymouth dealer.

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You enjoy new freedom from tension and fatigue—new comfort and
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Wider, longer and lower looking—and Plymouth's famous
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graceful yet massive form. Heavy bumpers of sleek, wrap-around
design. New-style rub rails, moulding and scuff guards.
Tasteful use of gleaming chrome. Completely new interiors
with a new variety of rich, high-quality fabrics.
New colors. New trim. A completely redesigned dash.
Other style improvements you'll want to see!

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THE CRANBROOK Four-door Sedan • Club Coupe • Convertible Club Coupe Plus that famous all-purpose car, the "Suburban,"
and its still more luxurious version, the "Savoy."

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"Tonight, Princess, I'm Showing You Off!"

"... because you're *five* times as lovely on our fifth anniversary as you were on our wedding day."

"That's happiness showing through, Darling. Thanks for our wonderful life together."

"Stop it, woman! My modesty forbids ..."

"Silly—*I* was being serious. I appreciate the way you always plan ahead. As you have for this celebration ... for our whole future, in fact."

"If you mean the retirement fund we've started, that's simply because we both like comfort. And I want to make sure we'll always have it."

"... To me, it's one more proof of your thoughtfulness."

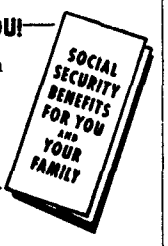
"Honey, I was anxious to set up our retirement fund—once The Mutual Life representative explained how I could make my life insurance work two ways through INSURED INCOME programming. Now you and the boys can count on a monthly check, in case anything happens to me ... and, if all goes well, you and I will have a 'take-it-easy' income for later on ... Time to go, Beautiful!"

* * *

Many family men are finding that Mutual Life's Insured Income is life insurance planning they can afford, because it starts with present assets, like expanded Social Security. The Mutual Life Field Underwriter near you will be glad to explain how your family and you can enjoy the benefits of Insured Income.

LEARN WHAT THE *New Expanded Social Security* MEANS TO YOU!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—containing specific, detailed information you wish to know about Social Security and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 and under, you will be particularly interested in this booklet. Mail the coupon today. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope for keeping necessary official records.



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How Can the American People Be Given a Better Understanding of Our Economic System? that our supply is exhausted.

We strongly recommend another booklet, however, to any readers who wish more information on the U.S. economic system. It is The Miracle of America. Individual copies may be obtained free of charge by writing to the Advertising Council, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

RICHARD L. SCHEIDKER, Joint ANA-AAAA Committee, New York, N. Y.

Exceptions Noted

EDITOR: I was very much gratified to note that you picked Francis "Reds" Bagnell and Bernie Lemonick as part of your Eastern All-Star team (Collier's Sectional All-Star Teams, Dec. 2d). There is no doubt that your choice of these two stellar ballplayers was well deserved.

However, I feel that it is necessary to make one correction in your story. You mentioned that last year a Johnny Schroeder teamed with Bernie Lemonick at the guard positions on the Pennsylvania team. Teaming with Lemonick on last year's team was John "Bull" Schweder, a fine guard now playing professional ball with the Philadelphia Eagles. A. DAVID LEINWAND, Philadelphia, Pa.

... As much as I respect the great coaches who represent Collier's All-America board, and their judgment too, they certainly pulled a boner on the All-East team.

Spears

Your board failed to give fullback Bob Spears of Yale any mention whatsoever. The Associated Press honored Bob with the first-string fullback spot on the All-Ivy League team, and he beat out such men as Jeff Fleischmann of Cornell and Alan Corbo of Penn. Both of these men received honorable mention on your All-East team.

FRANK PASCALE, New Haven, Conn.

... Why do you persist in classing Oklahoma with the Southwest Conference? Don't you know that they are in the conference with Nebraska and Missouri?

Anyhow, if you had put the Okies where they belong you would have had to put Ramblin' Robert Smith, the Houston Hurricane, where he belongs—that is, All-Southwest Conference fullback.

Please do something about this, or 30,000 ex-Aggies and 6,000 present students and fully 3,000,000 other Texans might just take over your Collier's and then you would be among the unemployed.

J. FRANK COLLINS, Corpus Christi, Texas

... What happened? You place Byron Townsend of Texas on your team. Bob Smith of Texas A&M is in the fine print.

Townsend runs with the best line in this section, but his average is between three and four yards per carry. Smith, who starts from behind an average line, has a 6.9 average. Townsend has gained less than one thousand yards while Smith has carried the ball 1,225 yards.

Smith

Smith made 101 net yards the day his team was being kicked around by Rice. On that same day Texas ran over TCU but Townsend made less than 101 yards. Against SMU Smith carried the ball 297 yards and SMU isn't a pigeon on any football field.

Why do you like Townsend instead of Smith? T. J. BARLOW, Abilene, Texas

... It is a terrible feeling, after many, many years of confidence, to have such a letdown as the one I feel after reading the names of your selections for Southwest football team.

How could any observing person leave out such men as Isbell and Riley of Baylor, Smith of A&M, Giroski of Rice and Jackson of Texas? J. V. NORVELL, Greensboro, N. C.

The season turned up a lot of fine players, and we're sorry that we can't avoid hurting some local pride—both Texan and non-Texan—in our selections. But we should mention the fact that the Sectional selections created a lot of satisfied customers, too.

General Agreement

EDITOR: I have read your editorials for years and have agreed and disagreed volubly with them from time to time. Your latest ones though, such as Here's the Evidence: Let's Remember It (Dec. 2d) and New Tailor, Same Old Suit (Nov. 25th), have my wholehearted approval. I hope that every red-blooded man in the United States, and all the red-blooded women, too, have had the chance to read and absorb their utter truths. I also read Russia's Busiest Spy Nest (Dec. 2d) by Gordon Walker, and can therefore understand more realistically the reason for Red China's entry, full blast, into the explosive Korean war.

EDWIN F. WILSEY, Marquette, Mich.

... I fully agree with your editorial against a so-called "preventive war" with Russia (War Won't Prevent War, Nov. 11th). Your clear and convincing arguments should be carefully considered by all Americans.

A war between the United States and Russia would settle nothing, as neither nation would be able to conquer the other by invasion and occupation. Such a war would therefore be only the beginning of endless hatreds and conflicts.

E. P. CHOICE, New Orleans, La.

One Job Overlooked

EDITOR: In the Keep Up with the World item on James F. Byrnes and John Jay, two of the nation's busiest officeholders (Nov. 25th), it is surprising—indeed almost incredible—that in his research concerning Jay the columnist should have missed the most important single fact of Jay's career: *he was the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.*

He served, I think, for about six years, though I believe he was abroad on foreign missions during part of that time.

Jay apparently did not fully appreciate the importance of the chief justiceship, or of the Supreme Court, for that matter; but nevertheless it seems strange to omit mention of it when describing his public career.

LOREN E. SOUERS, Canton, Ohio

Anonymity: Two Views

EDITOR: Unsung Song Writer, by Lloyd Shearer (Dec. 2d), is very true and to the point, but why single out Harry Warren? The same is true of every song writer, with the exception of Stephen Foster and Irving Berlin.

While the whole world knows who Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra are, who knows who wrote the songs they used to become rich and famous? Answer: nobody.

S. B. HOLCOMB, Chanute, Kans.

... The article, Unsung Song Writer, was much enjoyed in our house. But we hid a shy smile behind our hands because Mr. Shearer said, "Metro, for the first time, has printed his name on the covers of the record albums containing his songs."

The reason this was so funny is that for the past year and a half a record album, Songs of Harry Warren, has been played often by us. It isn't by M-G-M but by Decca.

To us Harry Warren is not "unsung."

MRS. JOHN QUIRK, Daly City, Cal.

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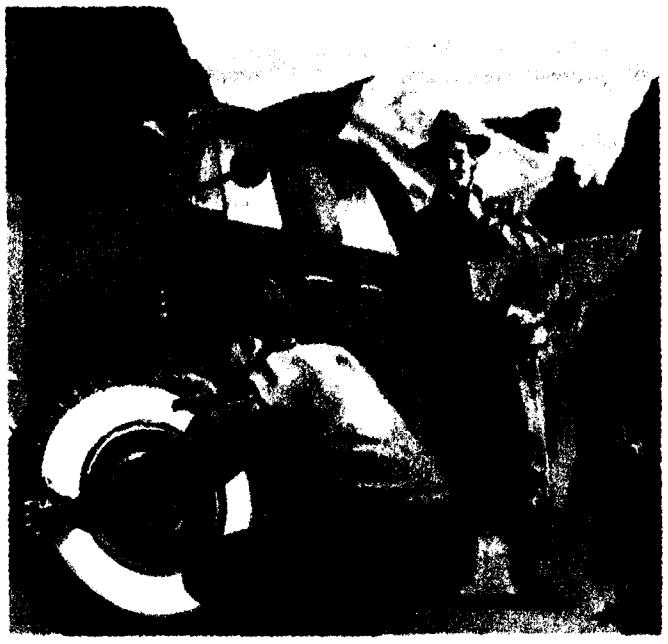
"I was racing nightfall in the Canadian Rockies"

says William H. Lawler of Chicago, Ill.

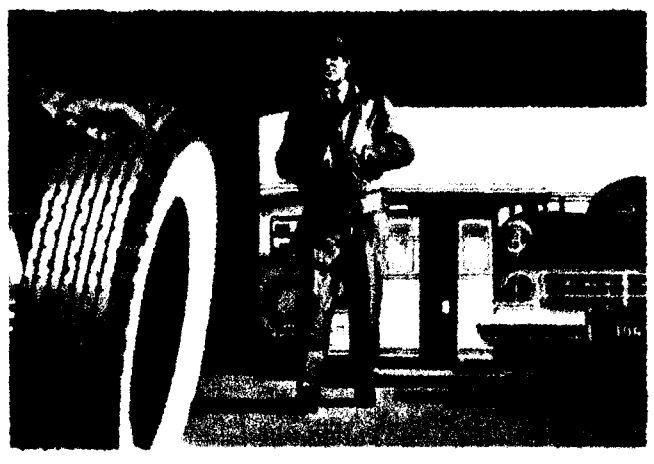
" 'Take it easy,' they said when I left Vancouver. 'That road has plenty of twists and turns, and it goes right through the mountains.' But I had to get through before dark, so I stepped on the gas. Rounding a curve, I suddenly hit a patch of jagged, fallen stone . . .



"*Any* tire would blow the way I hit that rock. There I was—45 miles from the nearest town and 2,000 miles from Chicago, where I'd bought my Atlas tires.

"So 45 miles later when I reached the little town of Golden and I saw that Atlas sign, I cheered. Believe me, there must be Atlas dealers everywhere.

" 'Got your Warranty?' the dealer asked. Yes, I had it in the glove compartment, though in years of driving on Atlas tires I'd never needed it before.



"But now—no wait, no quibble, and it cost only $1.84 for a *new* Atlas tire to replace one I'd bought in Chicago. That's what the Warranty meant to me.

"And that's what I call service. Just look at this Warranty—it's backed up by every Atlas dealer (over 38,000) coast to coast and in Canada."

For outstanding tires and service—where and when you need them.

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WE consider it our duty to inform you that unless you have checked your property insurance recently—you should do so at once!

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Back in Leavenworth Prison is dapper Morris (Snag) Klein, the educated Kansas City mobster and cultured chum of the two defunct Charlies—Binaggio and Gargotta. Fetched out of the federal cooler for a couple of days to be questioned by the Kefauver Committee, Snag, the mild-mannered muscle man, was sharply dressed and loftily urbane. (He's serving time for vote frauds.) Senator Kefauver asked him about a certain den of iniquity in which he was a partner of Binaggio. Snag smiled indulgently and said: "My dear Senator, I discontinued that association before my incarceration." The senator blinked a couple of times, motioned to the guards who had fetched Snag in, and said, "Take him back where he'll be understood."

★ ★ ★

Don't know whether you've noticed it, but it seems to us that more twins, triplets and quadruplets are getting themselves born today than formerly. Maybe it's because—like everybody else—they are hiring publicity agents. But maybe, too, they are afraid to come into today's world singly.

★ ★ ★

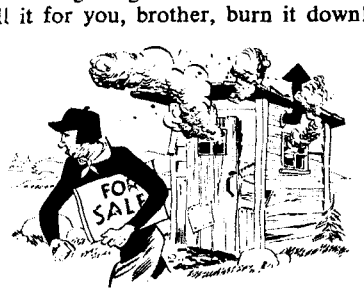
It won't do any good to write to John L. Lewis about this. Near Moundsville, West Virginia, there's a coal mine that is never struck. No lockouts either. Wages are very low. No overtime. There is no union, no grievance committee; but there is a waiting list for jobs. The mine is run by the West Virginia State Prison. Bound to be some trick in it.

★ ★ ★

We've been poring over the latest annual report of the traffic school of Detroit's House of Correction and the most we can make out of it is that you can be mangled just as much by a professor of romance languages hurrying to get away from his students as you can by a speed-happy whistle-head at the wheel of a hot rod. Two thousand and sixty-one traffic violators were sent to Detroit's House of Correction during the past year. Only three of them were illiterate. The list is led by "common laborers," a term we haven't heard for we don't know how long, and which we never understood anyway. Following them, and in order, come waiters, students, clerks, mechanics, painters, butchers, bakers and barbers. And one "traffic expert"—probably a literal soul trying to show how it should be done.

★ ★ ★

Mr. C. Sullivan is a realtor in Fairbanks, Alaska. We concede that this statement undoubtedly will not open your pores very wide but we like his advertising slogan: "If Sullivan can't sell it for you, brother, burn it down!"



Seems that Mayor Ed Baker of Dahlonega, Georgia, came near to ruining himself by falling out of a persimmon tree into which he'd climbed to shake down some persimmons for his hound-dog. Our informant, Jack Parks, says

JACK BETTS

this proves that Mayor Baker must be a man of exceptional integrity. Mr. Parks adds: "If Baker had a set of public morals like some politicians we hear of, he'd be feeding his dogs good beef at public expense instead of green persimmons from the woods."

★ ★ ★

The week we don't receive a large bale of literature dealing with the sex education of youth will be regarded as well lost. All it reminds us of is the experience of a friend of ours—the father of a fourteen-year-old boy who was just about to go away to school. At the insistence of the boy's mother he agreed to tell the kid the facts of life. So father and son took a nice long walk. Several times, father asked son whether there were any questions he'd like answered before he took off on his own into the great big world. Finally, the boy said yes, there was a matter that had been worrying him for several weeks. This was it, father shudderingly told himself. Father took a good grip on himself and bade the boy tell him what was on his mind and not to be afraid. After several false and blushing starts, the boy finally blurted out: "Dad, what is a greengrocer?"

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours walking through the state Capitol in dry Oklahoma City noticed that his guide, a state employee, refused to return the briskly cheerful salutation of a fellow they passed. He was told that "nobody worth knowing speaks to him." The explanation was that the snubbed individual was a "breath cop." The new governor, Johnson Murray, has announced he will demand the immediate resignation of any state employee with liquor on his breath. The more our friend and his friend thought about breath cops, the madder they got. In fact, they got so mad they went out and had several drinks in a nice warm speak-easy located conveniently near the Capitol.

★ ★ ★

And there's a physician in Louisville, Kentucky, who although eighty years old is still practicing. Like many another doctor he received a service form from the United States Army. When he came to the question, "If the Army could correct any disability you may have, would you be willing to serve?" he wrote, in large block letters, underlining them: "Yes, indeed."

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There's Nothing Like a Cold for a Rest

ROBERT DAY

The Ladies' Auxiliary is composed of the members' wives

WOULD like to see a Society for the Protection of the Common Cold. If we get it going, I'll be glad to serve as National President without pay. And you over there—with the red nose and the box of tissues—may be the Treasurer.

We can call ourselves the Knights of the Stuffy Head, or something. Then later on, after we get enough local chapters, let's think up a snappy lodge emblem. Possibly crossed atomizers, rampant on a field of nose drops. But the main thing right now is to get organized quick before Science stamps out the good old cold forever. I can't understand Science always picking on the common cold when there are so many other things they could work at.

Every bacillus has its silver lining, and any virus that keeps one home from a rough day at the factory or from a night of canasta with the McSchweitzers next door can't be all bad. The common cold is the last true friend of the common man; the only winter vacation a lot of us can afford. (You back there—Brother What's-your-name—kindly stop rattling those cough drops and pay attention, because you've just been elected Secretary, and I want you to take all this down and then write it up so it makes some sense.)

As I was saying, tycoons and magnates can emplane to Bermuda, but the very best most of us can manage is three days home from the office, bouncing around on our hot-water bottles and catching up on mystery novels. And we couldn't even manage that if the common cold were not so common. (Got that, Brother Secretary? Fine. Now I want this next part headed, Constitution, By-Laws, and General Procedure):

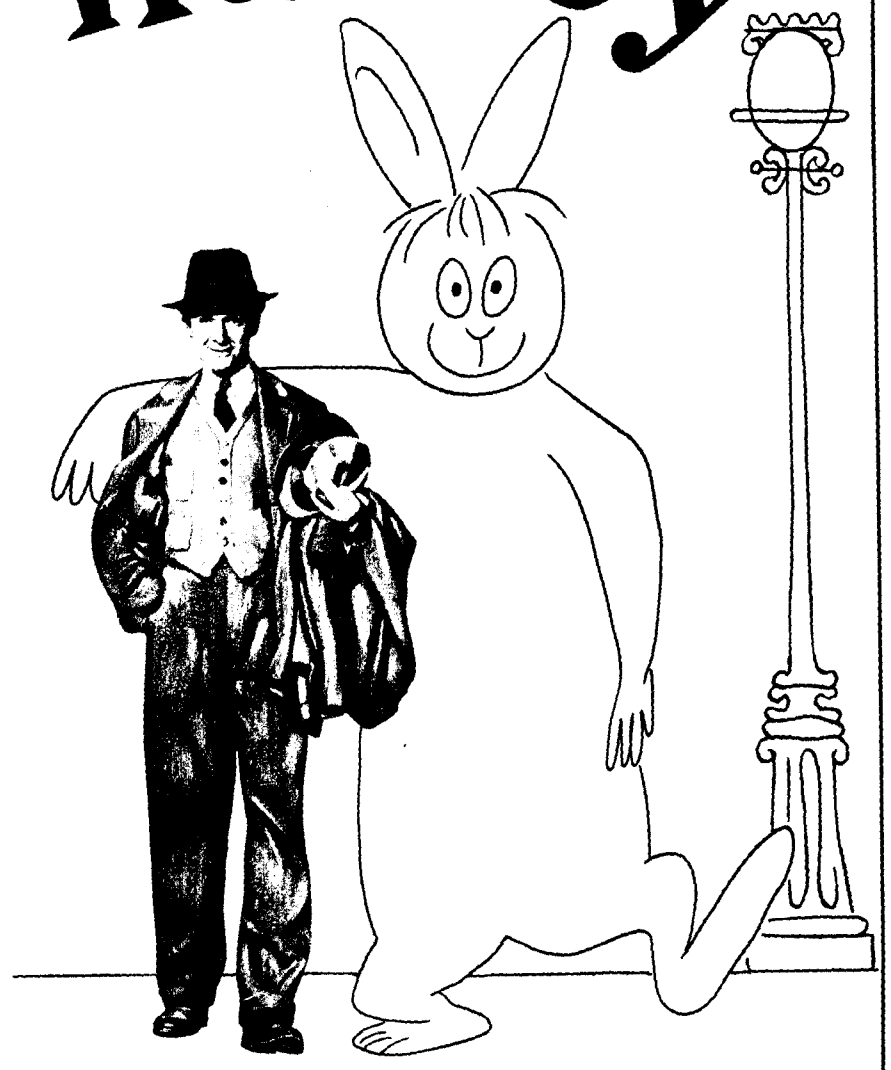
ARTICLE I: GENERAL PROCEDURE—At the first sign of a cold, the general procedure is to call up your foreman and say, "I god a dasty head code so I cad cub dowd to worg." This is known as "reporting off" (or "doping off") and is sometimes better left up to the Ladies' Auxiliary (see Article II).

ARTICLE II: LADIES' AUXILIARY—The Ladies' Auxiliary is composed of members' wives. It shall be their duty to report husbands off from work, run upstairs with glasses of orange juice, run downstairs with empty glasses, keep the children quiet, administer nose drops, adjust three-way pillows on sickbed, chase out to lending library for new books and magazines, refill hot-water bottle, issue daily bulletins to office on husband's progress, plug in bedside radio, prepare gargles, empty bedside ash tray, brush toast crumbs out of bedcovers, fetch bathrobe, operate furnace thermostat to maintain constant temperature in sickroom, keep children out of sickroom, replace bulbs in bed lamp, send out for pills, relay all telephone messages to patient at once so he doesn't wear himself out asking, "Who was that called?" Cancel all social engagements, ask patient what he thinks he would like for supper, then serve him tea and poached eggs as usual. It shall be the further duty of the Ladies' Auxiliary to mix hot toddies (see By-Law 1).

BY-LAW 1: HOT TODDIES—A hot toddy left to cool makes an excellent old-fashioned. To hasten cooling process, add ice from ice pack. If thoughtful friends send fruit baskets, slices of this fruit may be used to decorate your drink. Here is a favorite Cold Hot Toddy recipe: ⅓ rye whisky, cube domino sugar, ⅓ rye whisky, slice lemon peel, ⅓ rye whisky. Stir well with clinical thermometer.

ARTICLE III: DISTRESS SIGNAL—The secret Distress Signal is used only (1) when the cold has "run its natural course" and is turning into pneumonia, (2) when the bowling team needs you, or (3) when the personnel manager drops by to tell you just to relax and take your time about coming back on the job as they are getting along fine without you. To give the Distress Signal simply call downstairs to your Ladies' Auxiliary thus: "Hey, dollig, bedder gall the dogdor quig!" THE END

here comes
harvey



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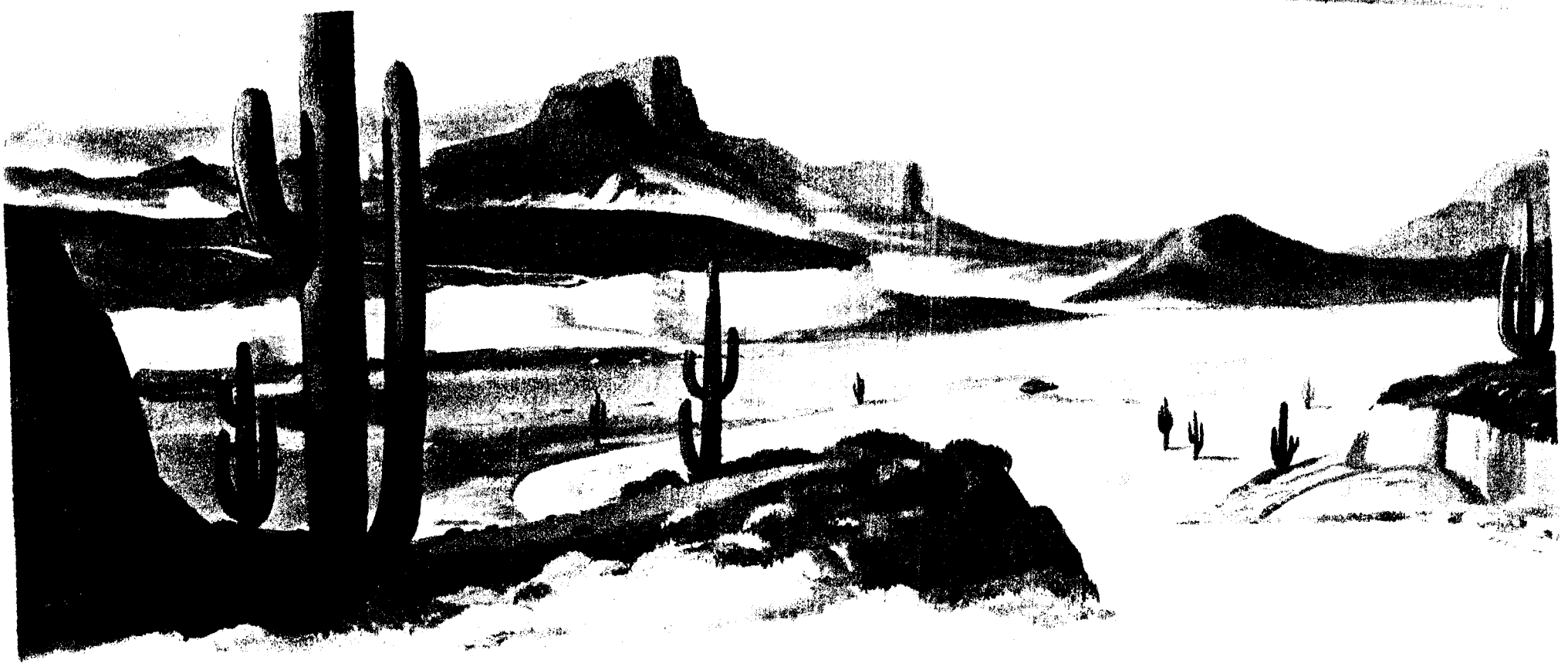
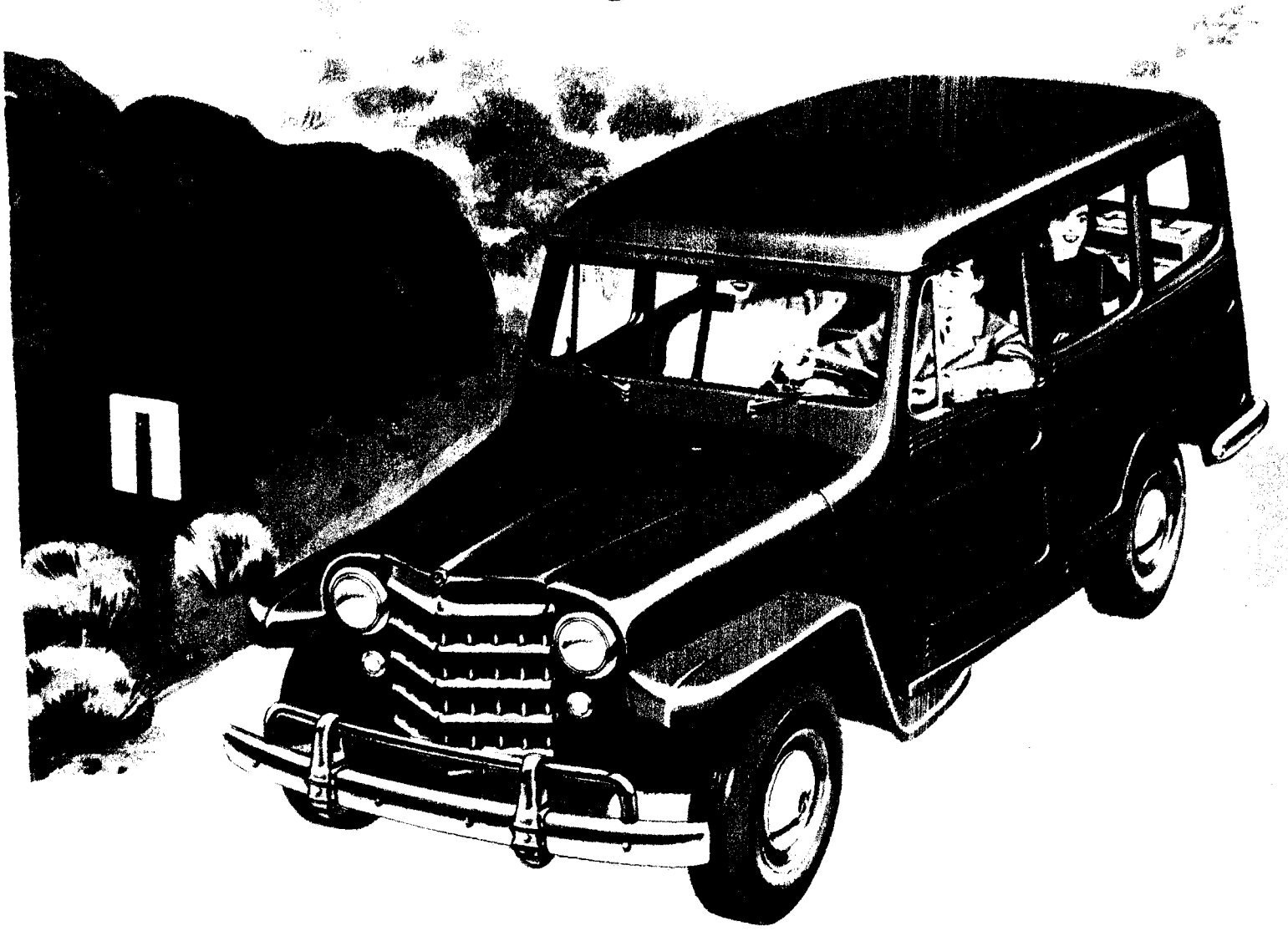


Goes a long, long way on a gallon



WILLYS *makes sense*

– IN DESIGN – IN ECONOMY – IN USEFULNESS

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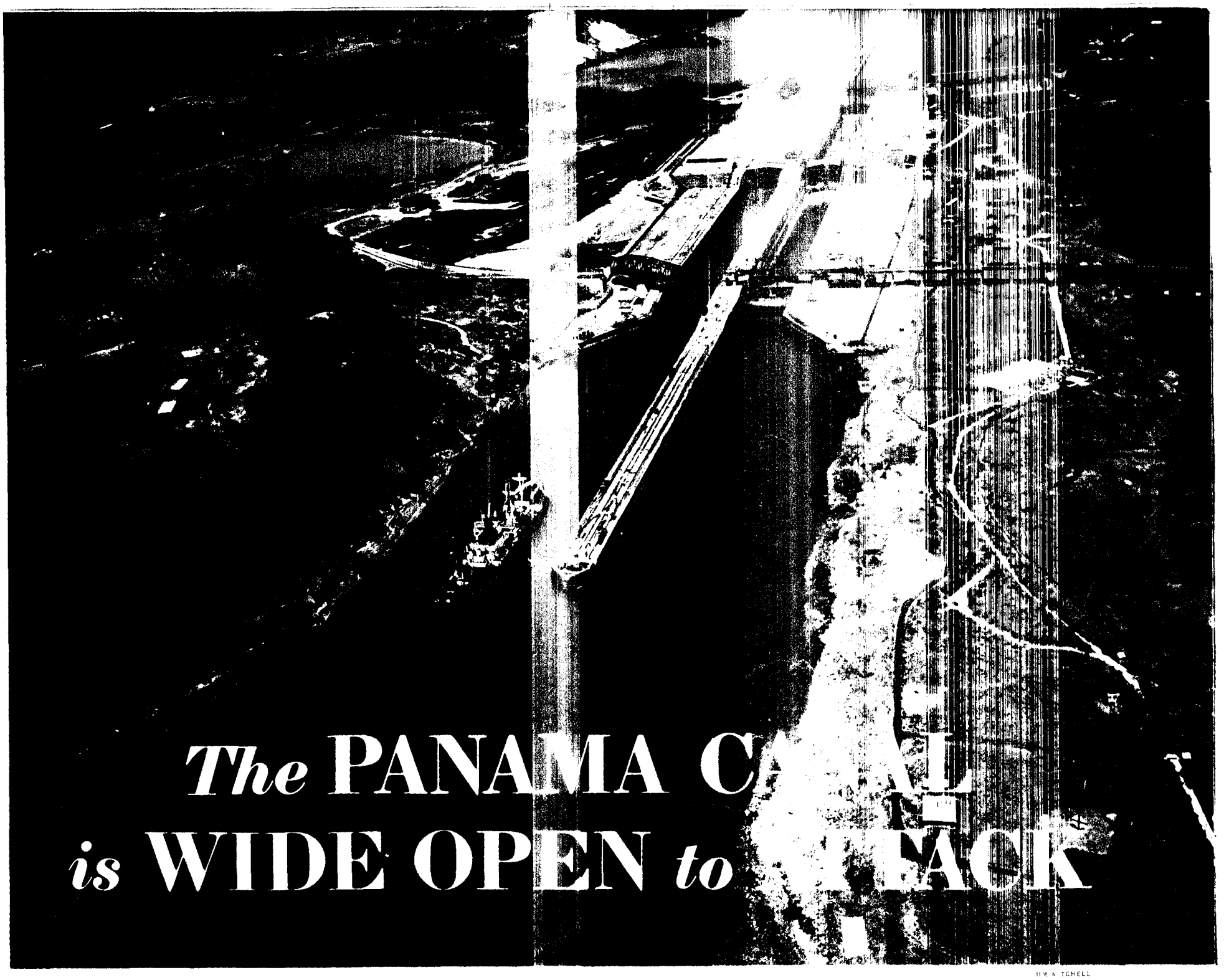

The PANAMA C[illegible]
is WIDE OPEN *to* [illegible]ACK

H.W.R. TCHELL

Enemy subs could hurl rockets at Miraflores locks, on the Pac[illegible]ic side of canal, and there's not one fighter plane to go after them

Forced to economize, the Army and Navy took a calculated risk and stripped the vital waterway of air and sea protection. It's a sitting duck for any kind of sneak attack

IF THE Japanese had knocked out the Panama Canal, they could have prolonged World War II for years. The Big Ditch was the life-saving artery through which naval fleets and supplies poured to Pacific bases. Had our ships been forced to travel the 13,000 miles it takes to round Cape Horn, supply lines would have been so choked and railroads so overburdened that victory would have been long delayed. So precious was the canal that 50,000 troops, buttressed by air and naval power, stood guard over it.

Today, the canal is still vital to our defense. But it is virtually unguarded. Stripped of practically all military protection, the Big Ditch—defensewise—is a sitting duck.

Enemy sneak bombers darting from a clandestine Latin-American base could hammer locks, gates and dams. No fighter planes would rise to challenge them.

"There isn't one combat plane at the canal," one general said in despair, "and the enemy knows it."

A submarine or surface vessel could lob guided missiles, or rockets or robot planes at the locks. No naval planes would spot the raider. There are no naval patrol planes at the canal. There are no naval vessels to go out and take a look; no hunter-killer teams to destroy or deter enemy subs. In fact, there is practically no Navy at the canal. Nor is there any regularly assigned Navy out where the defense of the canal begins—the arc of Antilles islands that stretches from Cuba to Venezuela.

At San Juan, Puerto Rico, I asked the commandant of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, Rear Admiral Marshall R. Greer:

"What would you do if a submarine started lobbing guided missiles or rockets from out there?"

"The only naval vessel I could send out," the admiral said, "is a seagoing salvage tug."

There is no radar to spot invaders seeking to seize and wreck canal power plants, communications, gates. No forward bases to sound the alarm or unleash pursuit planes. Only *after* the invaders had landed could our ground forces—one regimental combat team—come to grips with them.

Sabotage? No device exists that can detect a mine deep within a ship's cargo of, say ore or lumber. Unless you are prepared to dry-dock every ship and unload her cargo, an obvious impossibility, there is the ever-present danger that a merchantman, turned into a floating mine, will blow herself up in the canal.

To make matters worse, the canal has an Achilles heel. It is Gatun Lake, the part of the canal that is contained in a hill-rimmed cup 85 feet above sea level. The enemy who can breach the cup by smashing the Gatun locks or spillway that impound the lake's waters can drain the lake and spill most of the Panama Canal into the Atlantic Ocean. According to one official report, a "single direct hit by an atomic bomb" could do it. Airplanes attacking with conventional bombs or a mined merchantman blowing itself up in the Gatun locks could do it, too. And the canal could be knocked out for two or more years—the time it would take to refill Gatun Lake from surrounding watersheds.

"It is a bruising and shocking fact," said General

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Omar Bradley, head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently, "that Korea left us without an adequate margin of military strength to face an enemy at any other specific point."

Even more shocking is the fact that the Panama Canal, a military asset of critical strategic value, was left virtually defenseless *months before Korea.*

The valuable waterway, it turns out, is an orphan of the pinchpenny policies of pre-Korea. It is one of the most glaring of all the "calculated risks" forced on our military by a nation that was willing to take on global responsibilities but not willing to pay the military cost. Slashes during ex-Defense Secretary Louis Johnson's era cut defenses so far below safety requirements that anguished commanders at the canal protested vigorously, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff gave assurances in writing that they would take the rap if the canal were attacked. One officer went further. He carefully thought through what he'd tell a Congressional investigating committee if Pearl Harbor were repeated at the waterway.

This writer recently spent six weeks at the Panama Canal and in the Caribbean. To an American who cherishes vivid schoolboy impressions of the canal's importance, its present lack of defenses comes as a startling surprise. But there are others:

The canal lies in a defense area designated as the Caribbean Command whose eastern perimeter is the Antilles. Once bristling with our bases, Puerto Rico, Trinidad and other places are as bereft of air and naval power today as the Canal Zone itself. Not only is the canal exposed, but strategic oil, bauxite and ore installations and supply routes are imperiled as well.

Because of the large concentration of Americans in the Canal Zone it is the showcase of our Good Neighbor Policy. Latin-American eyes, fixed on the Isthmian crossroads, watch our relations with tiny Panama (pop. 800,000). Sometimes, what they see is not pretty. Jim Crow discrimination against 15,000-odd Panamanians employed in the Canal Zone and a double standard for paying "aliens" stir ill feeling. This was whipped up by agitators in 1947 to such a pitch that we were forced to abandon bases on Panama's soil.

And for good measure:

The time is near when the aging canal must be almost completely overhauled to cope with more and bigger ships and with atomic attack. Should the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth head with troops for the Far East, they would have to sail around Cape Horn. The Panama Canal locks, 110 feet across, are too narrow for the superliners. Similarly, aircraft carriers of the 45,000-ton Midway class are too big for the locks and would have to travel 13,000 additional miles to get from ocean to ocean. In a report to Congress, experts urge a 10-year canal rejuvenation effort that will require more men (37,000), more money ($2,500,000,000) and move more dirt than even the original mountain-moving operation.

Military commanders at the canal cooperated with this writer, withholding only secret information. At Albrook Air Force Base, the sole remaining active military airport at the canal, we climbed into a C-47 (the familiar, twin-engined DC-3 of the commercial air lines). In a three-hour flight over the area's once powerful bases we glimpsed the extent to which defenses had been "built down."

We picked our way between the tropical storm clouds sweeping in from the Pacific to view the cluster of islands in the Gulf of Panama where a sizable radar net had once been maintained. Now, below, only the cement installations remained. The electronic equipment, I later learned, had been unbolted when the Reds invaded Korea—and rushed north to protect home bases.

Near the Pacific mouth of the canal lies Howard Air Force Base where, as late as 1948, two squadrons of jet fighters nested. By October, 1949, the commanding air general could muster only four planes, and these he was told to regard as a squadron. (A regular squadron has 25 planes.) Now, the field was innocent of any craft, and infantry units had replaced fighter squadrons and Air Force personnel.

We headed for the Atlantic approach to the canal, flying over the green, matted jungle through which the Big Ditch wound like a mud-brown ribbon. Below us at the Coco Solo naval base stretched acres of maintenance shops, commissaries, a hospital, church, radio towers and the giant ramps and hangars of a great naval air station. From this station until early 1949 two squadrons of naval planes daily patrolled the waters of the Isthmus. A few years back a squadron of submarines berthed there. Now Coco Solo is deserted save for a handful of civilian and naval caretakers who keep it on a bare maintenance basis. Ex-Defense Secretary Johnson put Coco Solo in caretaker status and withdrew the only naval aircraft available for the canal's defense.

Now the only function Coco Solo serves is to take in the occasional navigational training planes that fly out from Jacksonville, Florida, or Norfolk, Virginia.

Economy wasn't the only reason for the wholesale abandonment of bases at the canal. Our hapless diplomatic relations with Panama forced us to abandon 13 bases in the republic's territory.

Flights over two such bases showed what was happening to all of them. At Madden Field, a stone's throw from the Caribbean, the tortuous road to the airstrip was already going back to the jungle from which it had been hacked. Grass was sprouting through the field's 5,000-foot runway. Buzzing the strip we found that an American pilot would have difficulty making an emergency landing there. The runway bristled with row upon row of rusted steel drums, big enough and numerous enough to cripple any craft that sought to land.

Next day I learned from Colonel José A. Remón, chief of Panama's national police, why the field was cluttered. The answer provided a swift glimpse into Latin-American politics. Colonel Remón, Panama's strong man, playing it safe, wanted no revolutionists flying in guns and ammunition from Panama's nearby good neighbors.

Most desolate of all was the abandoned base at Rio Hato, on the Pan American Highway bordering the Pacific. The 8,000-foot runways that once could take our biggest bombers were now pitted with green islands of jungle grass. No caretakers or guards had protected the 20-acre field. The jungle, tropical rains and unrestrained natives had got in their licks, and administration buildings, maintenance shops, hangars, barracks were falling to pieces. Where natives had stripped away the planks, only the bare wooden ribs of buildings remained.

When the Reds invaded southern Korea last June, and it looked as if World War III were near, our commanders at the canal improvised such defensive measures as they were able. These only underlined the sketchy nature of our protection there.

Rear Admiral Edward W. Hanson, the then commandant of the Panama Sector, Caribbean Sea Frontier, surveyed his naval resources. They consisted of several 45-foot picket boats (modified PTs), a mine layer, a salvage vessel and a net tender. Instead of naval air power with which to hunt and kill subs, he had a small plane, assigned to him for traveling. The admiral also had at his disposal a limited number of Marines.

These Marines the admiral posted around various naval installations. Then he deployed his minuscule flotilla.

To guard against submarines and other prowlers, he stationed picket boats at the canal's harbor approaches. But here a problem arose. Who was to man these craft? Naval personnel at the canal consisted of commanding officers, their office staffs and maintenance men. The Navy rose to the occasion. Into one picket boat (as commanding officer) went a yeoman stenographer. Into another went a painter from the deactivated Coco Solo base. Into still another went a press information officer. Lessons in firing the picket boats' guns came after the impromptu sailors took charge.

The canal's naval commanders laid down some antisubmarine nets at the harbor entrances. (They also had mines but no personnel to lay the mines.) Next, they sat down and framed some telegrams to Washington. Seagoing coastal vessels were urgently needed for submarine patrol work. This was the big worry. Could the Navy take several out of moth balls and rush them South? As this is written, none has been sent.

The commanding Air Force general at the canal looked over the air power available to him: three Sikorsky helicopters, a half-dozen C-47s and several B-26s. The helicopters, good for jungle rescue work, occasionally extricated ill natives from their jungle hilltops and flew them to a doctor. The C-47s and B-26s were for transport. None mounted even one gun.

The Air Force general, Brigadier General Emil C. Kiel, wrote Washington, "You have given me a job to do, but I have nothing to do it with."

The commanding general, U.S. Army, Caribbean, Major General Ray E. Porter, commanding general in the Antilles, was luckier than his Air and Navy colleagues. As commander of ground forces, he had units of infantry, mechanized cavalry, antiaircraft and other components which added up to somewhat more than a regimental combat team. The antiaircraft were deployed along the canal on a 24-hour alert and ordered to shoot down any unidentified aircraft over the waterway. Yet, with no early-warning radar to spot approaching planes, nor any forward bases to unloose jet fighters, the antiaircraft guns seemed a thin defense against sneak attack.

The Caribbean commander in chief, Lieutenant General William H. H. Morris, Jr., concentrated on antisabotage measures. But this involved the biggest headache of all.

Since the Panama Canal is the most publicized engineering feat in history, there is nothing secret about it. Official handbooks published by canal authorities reveal in minute technical detail—with charts and drawings—the position, dimensions and operations of gates, locks, dams, channels, control towers. To get them, an enemy has but to visit the nearest engineering library.

"The enemy knows the working of this thing," one general said. "That's why I can buy you post cards of the canal and its works that are much better than any pictures you might take."

Furthermore, there are *(Continued on page 60)*

TOM O'HALLORAN

Gen. M. B. Ridgway, former canal defense boss, replaced late Gen. W. H. Walker as Eighth Army chief in Korea

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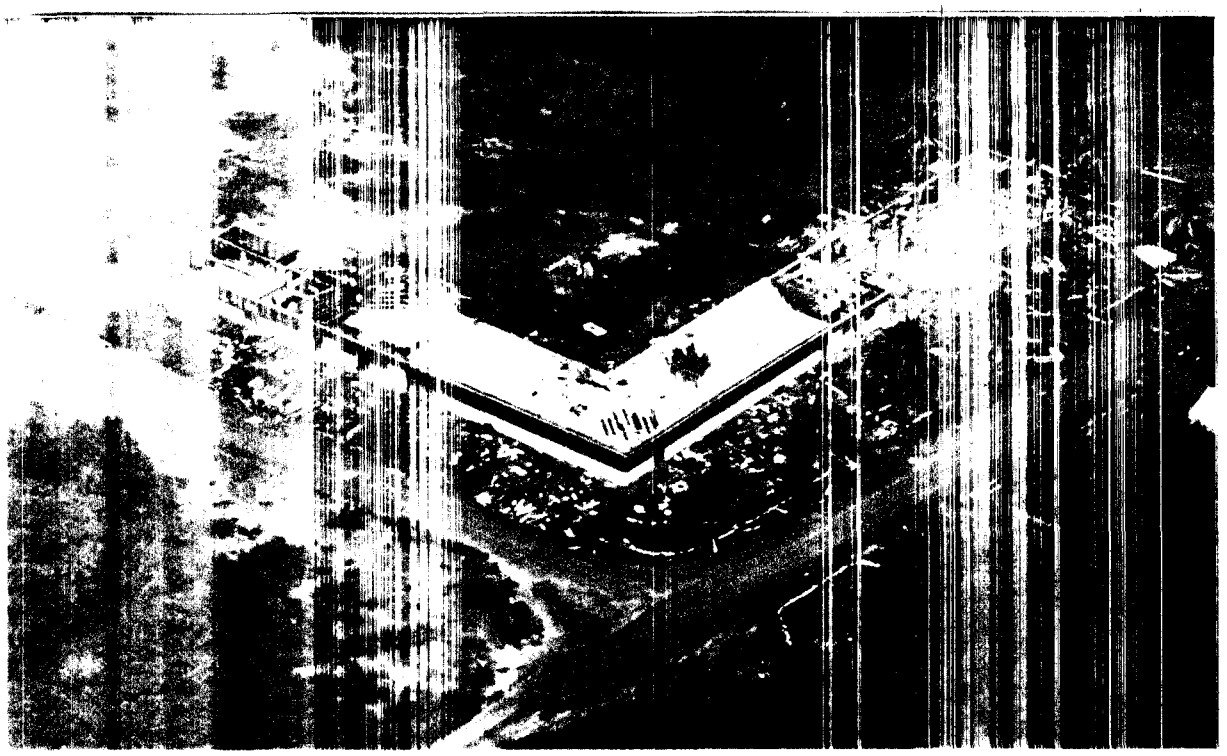
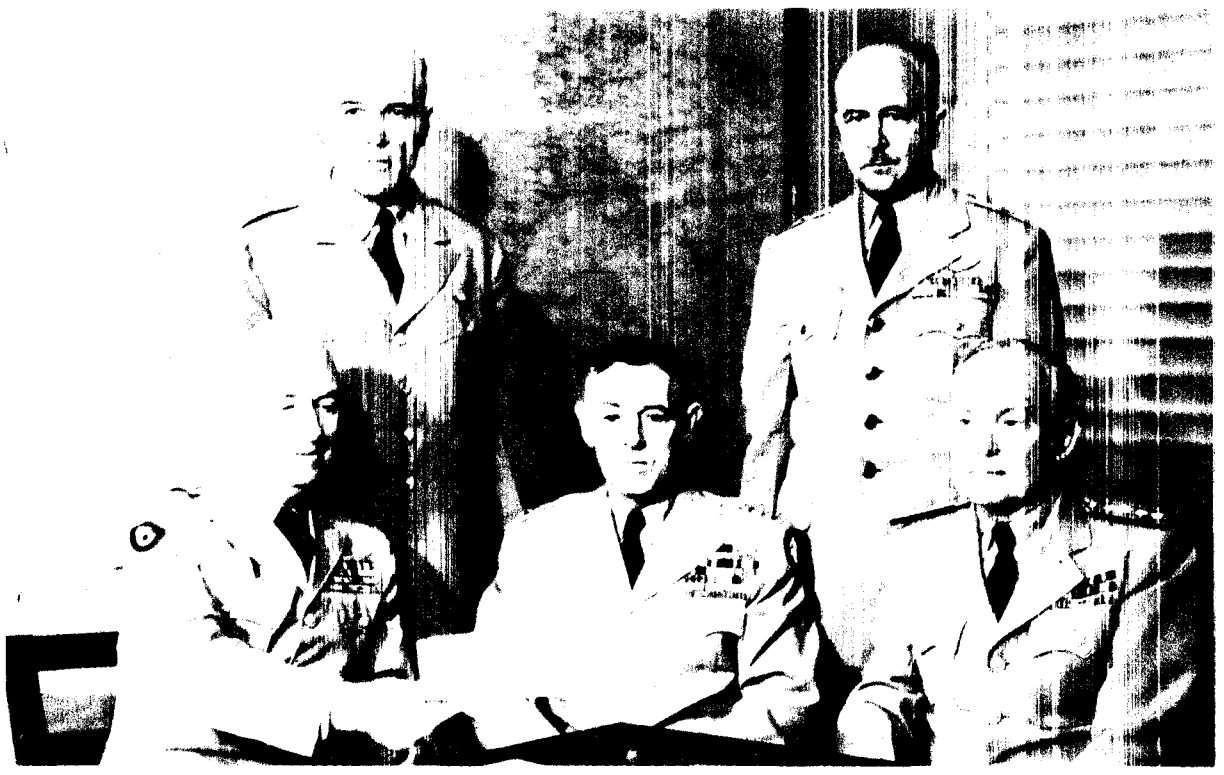


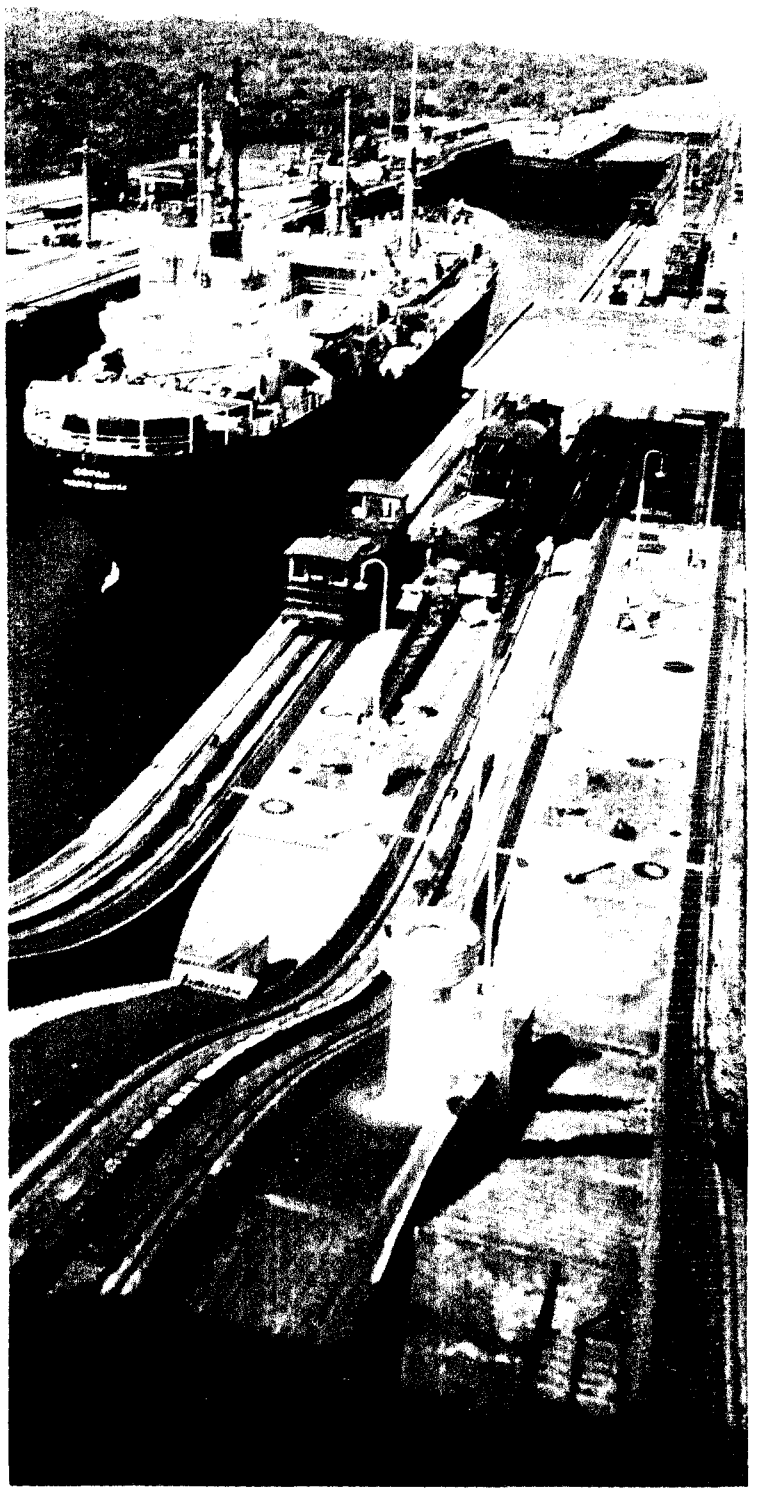
JIM MITCHELL

...to H. to...ield, one of the 13 ...ases in the Panama Republic we were forced to abandon in 1947 ...ecause ... anti-American f...eling, is going back to the jungle. Planes do not land there now



JIM MITCHELL

Assigned to defend the Panama sector are (seated l. to r.) Lieut. Gen. W. H. H. Morris, Maj. Gen. R. E. Porter, Adm. A. M. Bledsoe, (standing) Brig. Gen. B. M. Bryan, Brig. Gen. E. C. Kiel

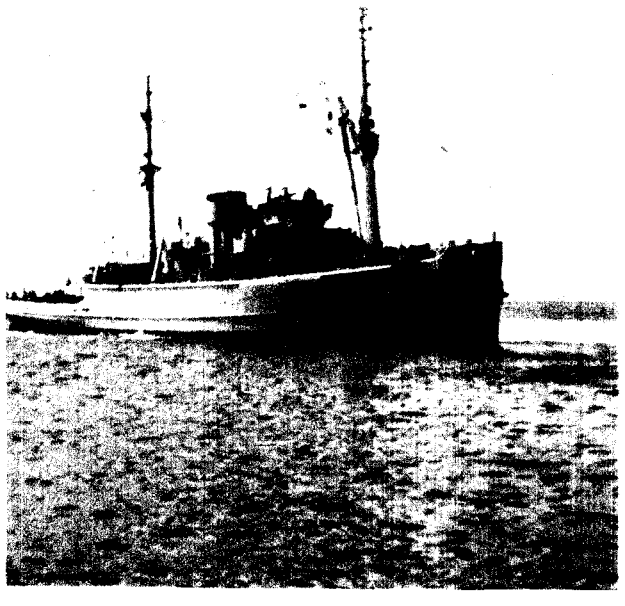


JIM MITCHELL

A single atom bomb hit would destroy Gatun locks, knocking out the canal for two years

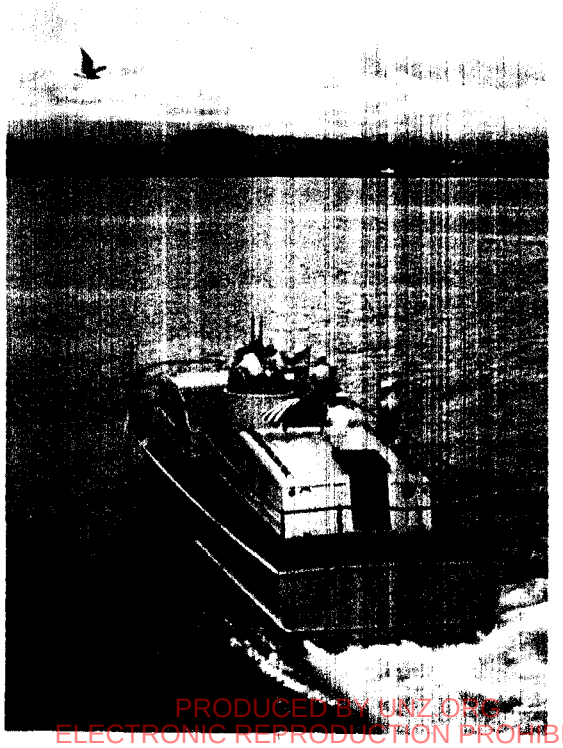
This salvage tug, stationed at Puerto Rico, is all the "navy" left to protect the canal

CARROLL SEGHERS



The sole patrol ship on the Pacific side of the canal, this P-6 has only .50 caliber guns

JIM MITCHELL



At Albrook Field, the only remaining active military strip, there are no fighter planes

JIM MITCHELL

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The Passionate Plowboy's Last Furrow

My old man was darned if he was going to have his wagon hitched to any movie star—least of all one like my handsome brother Foxhall, a full-time ham and part-time liar

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

MY OLD MAN is not a pretty sight when aroused. He turns funny colors and makes strange noises. One night he bulled through the front door clutching the latest issue of Screen Secrets and making sounds like a pressure cooker.

"Lightfoot, read it and retch!" He bellowed. "We're going to the Coast!"

Mother came boiling out of the library. She had that mongoose look in her eyes. "Don't you start that again!" she said. "You're leaving Foxhall alone. You're just trying to ruin his career!"

"Eleanor," the Old Man told her, "that young serpent has made his last pass at his old daddy. We're gonna pull out his fangs and—"

"—salt down his gums!" I finished it for him. I knew the routine by heart.

"Saw-bit him and double-cinch him! Where'd you hide my bottle, Eleanor?"

She yanked him away from the desk, where he's fumbling in a drawer after a bottle. "You listen to me! You're not going near Foxhall. You're both just horribly jealous of him. You—"

They went at it like a couple of mismated dragons. I picked up Screen Secrets and read the cause of it all—a double-page spread with pictures of Brother Foxxy. He was right in character. Beautiful women fawning all over him, and that wolf giving his cheap imitation of an altar boy trapped in a harem. The thing was labeled THE TRUTH ABOUT SI MONTAGUE'S BOY. It was written by Natalie Netherstone, a Hollywood gossip columnist who would do anything to turn an honest stomach.

This is what she had written: "Girls, here's what you've been waiting for, the real low-down on Foxhall Montague, that breath-taking young man who promises to make Hollywood forget Valentino. He has been tagged with such frothy labels as the Passionate Plowboy and the Cornfield Casanova during his meteoric rise to fame; but he's a serious young man, this blue-eyed son of old Si Montague.

"In his dressing room at Eureka he told Natalie everything, and what a thrilling story it is, the saga of a young man who would not be denied. (As though any one could deny Foxhall, eh, girls!)

"We go back to a little farm tucked away in the hills of old Kentucky. Here live Si and Eleanor Montague and their two boys, Foxhall and Rightfoot. It's a proud little family but poor, locked in eternal conflict with the soil. Each morning at three, Foxhall, the younger brother, makes his way through the darkness to the barn where the lowing cattle and the neighing horses await him.

"Plowing, sowing, reaping, mending fences, tending cattle, delivering lambs, these and many more are the tasks of young Foxhall but he still finds time for his play-acting in the barn . . . He sells his prize steer to help Rightfoot through school . . . His butter-and-egg money helps the little family over many a rough spot . . . Then comes the memorable day when he says to his old father: 'Father, I'm leaving it with you and Rightfoot. Take care of Mother. The stage is calling me!'

"Unlike the little old farm, Broadway yielded up a golden harvest. But first the struggle. And, oh, what a struggle . . . Finally the Age of Dissent, then The Wanton, then Hollywood calls . . . It's a long ways from the little old farm but Foxhall's is a long, long memory. Each week half his huge salary goes to the proud little old couple in Kentucky. 'I'm still just a farm boy at heart!' he says with a twinkle in those devastating blue eyes."

Now those were the high lights and, except for a few minor items, Natalie painted a very accurate picture. For instance my name is Lightfoot, not Rightfoot. The Old Man's name is Foxhall, Sr., not Simon. The little old farm is fifteen hundred acres of bluegrass land worth about fifteen hundred dollars an acre. It's one of the best horse farms in the country.

The only conflict the farm ever saw was when somebody tried to roust Master Foxhall out of bed before ten in the morning. The only plowing he ever did was on the night he missed the driveway and plowed up the front yard with his new convertible—a vehicle he had bought through the secret sale of my prize steer. The tender farewell scene Natalie described took place after the Old Man offered Foxhall fifty bucks a week to run away from home. The struggling he did on Broadway was done entirely at our Old Man's expense. And if Foxhall was exporting any money East, somebody was beating us to the mailbox.

Like I say, though, outside of those few things it was a brilliant piece of reporting. Mother, who had been reading over my shoulder started making sounds like a hatching hen. *(Continued on page 56)*

In they marched, all whooping for Foxhall. Aunt Ida reached us first. "Glad to see you," she said. "I ain't got my teeth in, but let me gum you, Foxhall"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURO SCALI

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Dance therapy helps patients vent repressed emotions, may speed cure. The classes are conducted by Miss Marian Chace (standing)

Kind treatment has brought excellent results among the criminally insane inmates of Howard Hall. Here Dr. Howard Cruvant leads group discussion

Mental Hospital with

A Washington institution accomplishes wonders with its patients by combining the very latest

DURING a recent convention of the American Psychiatric Association, the superintendent of a state hospital found himself intrigued by an exhibit which depicted a startling approach to the problem of dealing with the criminally insane.

Before him were photographs showing murderers, homicidal maniacs, rapists and sex perverts being encouraged to use chisels, hammers, saws, carving tools and baseball bats.

True, the patients were putting these potential weapons to their proper use, as a part of their occupational and recreational activities. Nonetheless, a chisel can rip a throat; a baseball bat can break a head.

"I don't see how you get away with taking such a chance," commented the state official to a representative of St. Elizabeths Hospital, which was sponsoring the exhibit. "We wouldn't dare do it at our hospital."

This comment neatly summarized the quality which sets St. Elizabeths—a mental institution operated by the federal government at Washington, D.C.,—apart from other hospitals of its kind: the willingness to take a chance on behalf of its patients.

It was at St. Elizabeths that doctors on this side of the Atlantic first tried treating paresis (syphilis of the brain) by inducing malarial fever in the patient. It was at St. Elizabeths, some years ago, that the late Dr. William Alanson White fought to give the then radical concepts of Sigmund Freud an opportunity to be tested. In recent times, this institution has tried out other newfangled ideas, such as the use of dancing and drama as therapy for the mentally unbalanced. Above all, St. Elizabeths charted a new course in the humane treatment of mental patients, particularly those who are considered dangerously insane.

This is in keeping with the principles on which the institution was founded in 1855. St. Elizabeths was ordered built by Congress as a place for "the most humane care and enlightened curative treatment" of the mentally ill. The moving spirit behind the establishment of the hospital was a gentle, kindly woman named Dorothea Lynde Dix. Retired from teaching by a physical disability, she was galvanized into leading a crusade for reform when she discovered the shocking plight of the insane of her day, most of whom were confined in jails, almshouses and even stables and kennels.

From 1840 to 1881, Miss Dix's inspiring energy initiated the founding or enlarging of 32 mental hospitals in this country and abroad. Virtually by herself, she persuaded Congress to construct in the nation's capital a government hospital for the insane. It was built, appropriately, on a tract named by its former owner for St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who was canonized for her work in behalf of the sorely afflicted. The name was retained for the hospital.

In keeping with the ideals of Dorothea Dix, St. Elizabeths through the years has been a pioneer in the still relatively unexplored field of mental illness. During the past half century, under Dr. White and his successor, Dr. Winfred Overholser, it has attained an outstanding reputation in its field for treatment, research and education.

St. Elizabeths serves some 7,000 "federal wards" from all over the country—primarily servicemen, veterans and residents of the District of Columbia, but also federal prisoners, merchant sailors, Virgin Islanders, Canal Zone residents and others. Although a large part of the institution's expenses are paid by the District of Columbia, the rest comes—through Congress—from taxpayers all over the nation. This circumstance, plus the fact that patients from every state of the Union are treated there, gives St. Elizabeths a distinctly national character. Even so, it is relatively little known to the American public. It rarely makes the headlines except when a notorious indicted traitor like Ezra Pound gets committed (and wins a prize for poetry, while an inmate), or when one of the press associations picks up a "White House case."

Washington, as the seat of the government, is visited "by more than its proportion of insane persons"—a phenomenon observed by the Washington Intelligencer as far back as 1835. Every year a score or more such persons find their way to the capital to demand payment of a pension, to seek relief from some fancied persecution, to claim some mythical fortune, to give advice on running the country, to proclaim an invention that will stop wars.

Most of the deranged visitors want to see the President, who symbolizes the authority of the federal government. Shortly after the sensational attempt to assassinate President Truman last fall,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

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Red Cross maintains a cl... at St. Elizabeths, under the di...on ... Margaret Gardner (left). he pianist is volunteer worker ...drey ...

In psychodrama, patients ...out their problems, ease mental conflicts. At left is Dr. W... d Overholser, the superintendent

a

By SAM STAVISKY

while hundreds of persons were still milling around the area, a cowboy-booted, gaudily dressed man was arrested in a phone booth only 600 yards away in the act of calling the FBI and demanding to see the President. He was unarmed and appeared to have no knowledge of the Puerto Ricans' attempt to storm Blair House. This man was placed under observation and then taken to St. Elizabeths.

Handling these "White House cases" is but a minor activity of St. Elizabeths. The significant story is the humane and enlightened manner in which the institution treats and cares for its patients —especially at a time when the nation is being roused by stories of horror about the degrading life led by many of the country's 700,000 patients in overcrowded, understaffed state and county mental hospitals.

Dr. William Menninger, of the famed Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, has pointed out lack of money is the principal reason for the low standards of so many public mental institutions. Congress has been liberal with St. Elizabeths. It gets, and spends, more money annually per patient than any comparable state or county mental hospital in the nation. A survey taken in 1949 disclosed that the average American state and Canadian provincial mental hospital was expending $1.85 a day per patient; St. Elizabeths was then spending $4.15 and now is spending $4.26. It also had the highest patient-personnel ratio—one employee for every 2.8 patients, compared with a national average of about one to five.

To those critics who insist that the state governments cannot afford to be as liberal with their mental hospital budgets as Uncle Sam, the experience of St. Elizabeths offers this lesson: In the long run it costs *less,* in terms of patient improvement and recovery, to operate an adequately financed mental hospital.

Overcrowded, undermanned, lacking in facilities and equipment, the state and county institutions often provide little more than a bed and meager board for their patients. In such hospitals the patients stay longer, and relatively fewer are discharged as improved or recovered.

During the past year, 1,648 persons were admitted to St. Elizabeths; over the same period, 960 patients were discharged as improved or recovered. During World War II, St. Elizabeths concentrated on mentally ill Navy personnel, achieving an 80 per cent recovery rate for some 5,000 of these patients.

One reason why St. Elizabeths has been able to get adequate funds—though not all it would like to get—is the ability of its superintendent, Dr. Overholser, to put over his program to the budget-scrutinizing Congressional committees.

The fifty-eight-year-old psychiatrist's success in the fiscal field may be partly due to the fact that he graduated from Harvard in 1912 with a *cum laude* in economics before deciding to turn to medicine and psychiatry. A big bear of a man, good-natured and capable, he rose to become Massachusetts Commissioner of Mental Diseases in 1934, then was squeezed out of the post two years later when he ran afoul of political maneuverings. The following year, at the recommendation of a panel of leading psychiatrists, the government named Dr. Overholser to succeed Dr. William Alanson White, who had recently died, as head of St. Elizabeths.

In that capacity, Dr. Overholser encourages disciples of all the schools of psychiatry—the followers of Freud, Jung, Adler, Meyer and the rest—to join the hospital staff. He believes that no one school of thought has all the answers. He has the same attitude toward treatment. St. Elizabeths utilizes every modern method and type of treatment, and is always willing to try out a new idea, or an old idea. Electroshock, insulin subshock, penicillin-malarial treatment, lobotomy (brain surgery), individual psychotherapy and group therapy, occupational and recreational therapy are all applied—discriminatingly—at St. Elizabeths.

"It's nonetheless a fact that many of the patients improve or get well apparently for no other reason than that they have responded to a friendly atmosphere," says Dr. Overholser. Such an atmosphere, the doctors at St. Elizabeths have found, helps to overcome the barriers of suspicion, hostility and hatred behind which the patient barricades himself in the course of his mental illness.

The warm spirit of St. Elizabeths manifests itself in many ways: in Mrs. Dixie Wright, a little gray-haired volunteer worker who has been taking depressive patients for a ride into the country every week for 22 years; in the nurses who, on their own time and at their own expense, baked two dozen cakes and threw a party for the patients of their wards; in the loyalty of *(Continued on page 67)*

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Just an Ignorant Foreigner

By EUSTACE COCKRELL

HE DIDN'T know who he was or where he came from. He didn't know his name or his nationality or the religion of his parents. He had been found at the end of the war by First Sergeant Elmer Lipscomb somewhere in Europe—Sergeant Lipscomb was weak on geography and he didn't know whether it was France or Germany; and, besides, the Sergeant had been awfully busy at the time.

In peacetime Sergeant Lipscomb was a distiller of illegal whisky, a gambler and rural con man from the piney hills of the middle South, with a weakness for kids.

In the Army—which Sergeant Lipscomb had found interesting and profitable—the Sergeant had given up the making of whisky. He was a superb first sergeant in combat, being fearless, cautious, ruthless, and completely free of psychological or ideological conflicts. He fought the war for wages and what he could pick up on the side.

When Sergeant Lipscomb found him, the boy could speak both German and French, neither of which the Sergeant could understand. The Sergeant spoke backwoods English which he broke to his requirements as he went along.

The boy was still thin, quite small for ten, with lank brown hair that lay flat on his bony, childish little skull. He was dressed in a suit that had obviously been intended for a larger child, and his pipestem legs emerged from cheap new shoes.

He called himself Huck and his speech was modeled on that of the Sergeant, who had kept him until a chance came to send him to America. . . .

There was a new head lady at the Interdenominational Refuge—she had taken over while he was living at the Phillipses'—and Huck was trying to explain it to her.

"So you're the little European Huck Finn."

"No'm," he said. "I'm pretty sure I ain't no Finn."

Mrs. Dexter, the present head of the refuge, waited.

"I beaten Major Steinberg four outta four playin' chess," Huck said, "and old Sarge he said I was by God a mental Hu'cules, an' I been callin' myself Huck ever since. All K Comp'ny called me Huck."

Mrs. Dexter looked at the file before her, started to say something, stopped, and started again.

Huck added, feeling the conversation dying, "Sarge win seven hunnert dollars that time; and the time I played the Russian brigadier all K Comp'ny win and the Major gotten his'n back. We was up to our— Everybody had a lotta East German marks."

"Colonel Hampton brought you to America and sent you here?" Mrs. Dexter said faintly. "I don't quite under—"

"Sarge had enough on the Colonel to get him broke two grades lower'n a corporal's orderly, though they was friends," Huck said. "Sarge told the Colonel I needed regular raisin' and he fetched me here. Sarge hadda finish out his hitch so he sent me with the Colonel when he was comin' home, and the Colonel brought me here."

"Coon'll catch a fish outen clear runnin' water and kill it and stick it back in and wash it before he eats it"

"How old are you?" Mrs. Dexter asked. "How old will you be your next birthday?"

"I don't know when I was birthed," Huck said. "And I don't know how old I am. Old Sarge, figgerin' from my teeth, aged me risin' seven when he named me Huck."

"And you went with the Castles," Mrs. Dexter said. "And they brought you back. And then the Phillipses. You seem like a nice—"

"I got this damn' curse, ma'am. It's like playin' chess. I can beat pretty near any tol'able chess player and the Russian brigadier was better'n tol'able and I beaten him, four to two and we drew eight. Mr. Castle he was a teacher, taught arithmetic, and it made him mad I could fetch the cube root from a long number jingle jangle bang outta my head. An' Mr. Phillips he said I oughtta be in vaudeville but not in no normal home."

"I see," Mrs. Dexter said weakly. "Well, I hope we find a home, some home where you'll be appreciated. It's—well, maybe a little more difficult to place a genius."

Huck looked at her. A little bitterness crept into his voice, bitterness he couldn't keep out. "I ain't no genius, ma'am, I'm a damn' freak. I ain't got no more chanct of bivouackin' down with regular folks than a ricket-kneed hound chasin' a rabbit on glare ice."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Dexter said helplessly.

Huck looked at her. "It ain't your fault," he said. He stood quietly a moment and Mrs. Dexter didn't say anything, so finally he walked away.

He sat down in a chair and looked out on the street. Little patches of memory, little hazy raggedy-edge pictures came back to him, and he remembered another street. But he couldn't remember any people who lived on it—maybe it was because he didn't want to, for he could remember K Company, down to the man. And old Sergeant Lipscomb's home address, though he'd only seen it once: Box 4, Route 2, Bristle Ridge. A tiny catalogue from Kansas City, advertising marked cards and crooked dice, with the coy admonition that "you fool your friends," had been weirdly forwarded to the Sergeant clear to Germany. He even remembered what the Sergeant said, thumbing idly through the catalogue. "Huck, I boughten some of this gear from these people oncet, but by the time I got through afoolin' my friends, they wasn't my friends no more."

MRS. DEXTER'S voice, speaking into the telephone, drifted to him. ". . . impossible to adjust . . ." Huck felt the tears back of his eyes and he thought of Sergeant Lipscomb, and of himself—found in fury, no home, no people, no nationality, nothing but a queer head where chess combinations would shape themselves, figures would align and hold themselves and drop into solution.

And you couldn't turn your brain off. "First thing a good hustler's gotta learn is how to lose," Sarge had told him, but Huck didn't know how. Sarge wanted him to lose the first game of chess he played with Major Steinberg and he hadn't been able to do it. It had come about a combination where a queen sacrifice set up a smothered mate five moves later; and from the position it had played that way, a thing of utter beauty. And at the Castles', it had been always, "Well, if you're so smart . . ." and then they'd check his answers on paper for a long time and then hate him just a little even when they didn't want to hate him.

He thought: I wish I knew how to pray; and suddenly a prayer came to him. "God tell me where to steal a post card," he said, not saying the words aloud but forming them with his lips, and almost immediately God reminded him there was a stack of them on the desk where Mrs. Dexter sat and he went over and asked for one. Didn't even have to steal it; she gave it to him.

He wrote on it Elmer Lipscomb, and Elmer Lipscomb's address and then he wrote his own, and then four words: *Come get me, Elmer.* He signed it *Huck.*

He went outside and dropped the post card in the box. It was getting dark out and the lights had come on, for the days were short now.

THEY had told about it, in a back area, and Huck had heard it—about a rich young private in K Company, a green replacement, who'd gone too far and too fast, trying to be a hero, and had got pinned down in a cellar where there was no house.

"Come get me, Elmer." He'd hollered it over and over and it had got to be a kind of byword in the company. The old Sergeant had got a D.S.C. for getting him, and it had embarrassed him.

"Hell, Huck, I couldn't let no rich kid get kilt," he told him long after. "Why, he's been worth over eight hunnert dollars to me at blackjack alone." . . .

People came and went away and Huck sat in the old brownstone house that was the refuge and watched the door.

He sat there four or five days, watching the door, and he didn't recognize him right away when he came in out of uniform but he did at last and Sergeant Lipscomb gave him the nod to walk outside and he heard him say to Mrs. Dexter, "I was lookin' for the Y.M.C.A."

And then pretty soon Sergeant Lipscomb came back out and nodded to an old touring car sitting by the curb, and Huck crawled in.

The Sergeant said, "Get in the back seat and lay down."

There were blankets back there and he burrowed down and he heard the car start and felt it start to roll.

After a long time Sergeant Lipscomb said, "You can get up front now. Keep them blankets around you."

Huck said, "Where we goin'?"

And Sergeant Lipscomb said, "Away."

They drove all that night and Sergeant Lipscomb never asked him what had happened or what was wrong. Once they saw an animal, and Huck asked what it was. Sergeant Lipscomb looked down at him with infinite pity.

"Possum," he said. Then he went on: "Possum ain't no bigger'n your finger when he gets borned and his ma carries him in a pocket in her vest. Then when the little possums get bigger they ride on their ma's back. She holds her tail over her back and they sit up there in a row, aholdin' on like strap-hangers on a trolley car." *(Continued on page 59)*

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When the U.S. Went Mad

Much has been printed in recent months about the predatory, vicious operations of the underworld's nation-wide gambling syndicate. Collier's has exposed its activities in numerous articles—and will continue to do so until the combine of gamblers, gangsters and venal public officials is smashed. There can be no compromise solution.

This week James Aswell reaches back into the last century to examine the nation's leading example of *legalized* gambling. His article throws revealing light on the occasionally proposed "solution" to today's problem —that gambling be legalized. His searching analysis of the Louisiana Lottery has very real meaning—and a clear warning—for the 1951 reader.

Last November, California and Arizona voters rejected proposals to legalize gambling. The legalization of slot machines was defeated in Montana, and a state lottery proposal lost in Massachusetts. Worth repeating is the comment of Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker during the California campaign: "No social structure founded on the weakness of its people can hope to survive." THE EDITOR

Legalized Gambling Once Brought Corruption and Tragedy to th

The LOUISIANA

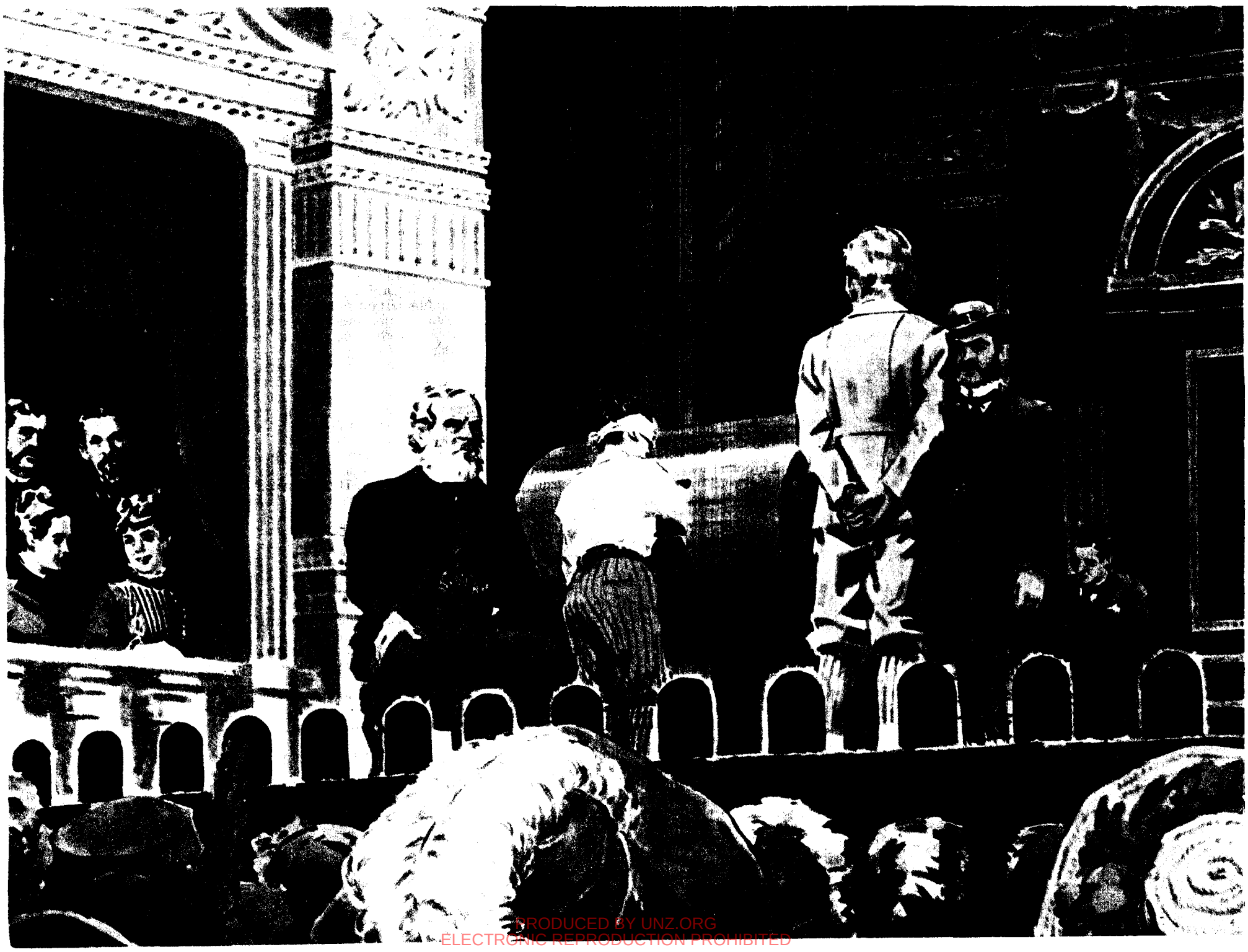
By JAMES ASWELL

THE shocking operations of a nation-wide gambling syndicate, revealed during recent months by Senator Estes Kefauver's crime investigating committee, has recalled to many the daddy of all American gambling syndicates—which took this country on the wildest, weirdest betting binge in history.

For almost 25 years, beginning in 1868, the Louisiana State Lottery rained tickets like leaves on the nation, reaching a $50,000,000 annual gross. New Orleans became a city rapt, glassy-eyed, in its long fever. All other business seemed to be conducted as a sort of side line to traffic in the magic tickets. The semiannual grand prize soared to the awesome tax-free bonanza of $600,000, at a time when the dollar would buy roughly three times what it will today.

Washington, Boston, Cincinnati, Denver and San Francisco had corps of hard-working agents, selling tickets at from 25 cents to $40; in faraway Boston alone, the take exceeded $50,000 a year. Uneasiness spread until even the Congress and the President of the United States got scared. Every state was affected. There had been numerous other "state" lotteries—Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Maryland, Virginia, for example, but nothing like this.

Louisiana legislators, who had arrived for their deliberations malnourished and in the shabby garments of reconstruction, soon blossomed in gaudy apparel. Judges handed down resounding decisions in favor of the Louisiana Lottery Company when it got into court, which was often. Obscure postal clerks, undone by the flood of envelopes addressed to the lottery company and often stuffed with cash, began to show up in the gambling dens and tony restaurants and some of them took boxes at the French Opera. The New Orleans post office, in 1888 and 1889, sold $125,000 worth of lottery postage alone.



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vation. There's a Warning in the Story of

LOTTERY

FORTIETH CLASS M
ONE DOLLAR
ONE
THIS FORTIETH CLASS TICKET ENTITLES THE HOLDER THEREOF TO ONE-FORTIETH OF SUCH PRIZE AS MAY BE DRAWN ON THE NUMBER IN THE WITHIN NAMED DRAWING, IF PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THREE MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF THE DRAWING.
THE SEMI-ANNUAL FORTY DOLLAR DRAWING
WILL DRAW AT NEW ORLEANS
TUESDAY
DEC. 16th 1890.
Louisiana State Lottery Co.
FORTY DOLLAR DRAWING K
ONE FOUR FOUR SIX SEVEN
(14467)
NOTICE.
This Ticket will not be held good with this Coupon pasted or pieced, unattached, or in any way cancelled, or if the number is altered, or if it does not bear the President's Signature.
We will personally supervise, manage and control the Drawing, and all the arrangements thereof, wherein the number representing this ticket, which appears on its face, may be drawn, and see that it is conducted honestly, fairly, and in good faith; and we authorize the use of this certificate on this ticket.
We, the undersigned, Banks and Bankers, will pay such Prize as may be drawn by this ticket, on presentation at either of our counters.
R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
CARL ROHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

Lottery tickets, selling at from 25 cents to $40, brought an annual gross of $50,000,000, and the semiannual grand prize was $600,000

Visitors to the city were fascinated and appalled. Booths were set up by the hundreds, in front of laundries, bars, markets, grocery stores and even churches. A "good location" was worth $5,000—room for a table and a chair. The mournful cry of the vendors mounted day and night into the humid delta air. These vendors were of all ages, from children of four to oldsters on crutches, with the tickets hung on long strings or wires. One ingenious salesman carried a parakeet which would obligingly pluck a "lucky" ticket out of the display—and he soon had many imitators.

The Louisiana Lottery was approved by the state legislature and its charter finally embedded in the state constitution. Two storied heroes of the Confederacy, Generals P. G. T. Beauregard and Jubal Early presided at the drawings—at $30,000 a year each. The drawings seem to have been honest. The winners got paid.

New Orleans in the years following the War between the States was a swampy, stinking city of open sewers and shocking mortality from every known disease. Federal troops occupied the city. The contrasts between rich and poor were appalling.

Ex-Confederate Generals Beauregard and Early, seated at opposite sides of the stage during the drawings, were paid $30,000 a year each. Two blindfold boys drew the numbers

The people needed something to take their minds off the ruin which had overtaken them. The Louisiana State Lottery offered them just that—and they seized upon it with an idiot joy unsurpassed since the dancing manias of the Middle Ages and the compulsions of the Children's Crusade. New Orleans—and the state—talked lottery, ate lottery and died lottery.

Children misappropriated their Sunday-school coins, beggars implored passers-by for "one more nickel" to complete a quarter so that they could participate in the daily drawings, with one chance in about 67,000 of winning a $1,200 prize.

Gay Nineties Belles Sold Tickets

According to a fevered exposé in the Century Magazine for February, 1892, women vendors of tickets, some of them shapely, canvassed the office buildings. "Inveterate players stop children in the streets to ask their age; consult voodoo doctors; if they see a strange dog, they play 6; a drunk, 14, a dead woman, 59, an exposed leg, 11 . . . a dream of fish, 13."

At the daily drawings, which were public, 75 to 78 numbers were spun in the wheel and 11 to 14 extracted, for a grand and smaller prizes. The big winner would be the holder of the three numbers in the order drawn out of the wheel.

There were complicated assortments of lesser prizes for those holding the numbers drawn in any order, for those holding two of the numbers, one number and so on. These were variously described as "gigs," "saddles," "capital saddles," and "day numbers."

When the frenzy was at its height, there were, it goes without saying, tragedies of financial ruin, broken homes, suicide and death.

The story of "Billygoat Gig Joe Desso" still pulses in his native red piney hills of north Louisiana. Joe was a quiet, hard-bitten farmer of lean land, poor before the war and destitute afterward, who won $10,000 with the "Billygoat Gig"—the numbers of which, alas, are lost to posterity. Joe, a staid and sober citizen, plunged forthwith into an incredible five-year drunk, during which he employed several boys in relays to siphon whisky down his throat whenever he showed signs of life. At last he showed none—permanently.

From earliest days, by lavish advertising and later by actual purchase of newspaper stock, the lottery company sought to get a sympathetic press. This it largely succeeded in doing.

John A. Morris and Charles T. Howard were the money man and front man, respectively, of the gigantic sucker trap. Historians alive in lottery days treated those early racketeers with extreme politeness. Alcée Fortier, a historian, gave to posterity a flowery biography of Morris, the man who bribed and masterminded the lottery charter through the state legislature. He glosses over Morris' role as original kingpin and number-one conspirator. The late Grace King, an archly well-bred littérateuse, was so alarmed by the lottery furor and the possibility of having to take a stand that she left the country.

The formal drawings, for the semiannual grand prizes, were flashy affairs. Tourists were drawn from all over the nation, and visiting journalists outdid one another in Victorian prose getting the scene on record. A New York newspaperman, Dr. William Shaw Bowen, came to sneer in 1890 but had his eyes popped by the proceedings. Unfortunately, when the drawing was made for the $300,000 grand prize the Lottery Company itself won it.

During its first unfettered years of operation, the Louisiana Lottery was a dismal flop. This despite the ingenious plan of John A. Morris to get his project enacted into law—an operation which cost him, according to a consensus of students of the time, at least $300,000.

How and why the lottery first failed, then succeeded beyond its sponsors' wildest dreams, is an absorbing slice of Americana.

No such wholesale degradation of an American state over so long a period has ever been approached in our history. There is a story that in New York, Boss Tweed expressed himself as shocked by the spectacle.

The Louisiana Lottery, most far-reaching experiment in legalized gambling ever attempted in the New World, roared to a dizzy climax which saw opposing pro- and anti-lottery factions drawn up for physical combat, revolution if need be, and received its final *coup de grâce* from a definitely frightened U.S. Congress.

The Louisiana Lottery Company paid dividends to stockholders of 110 per cent in 1887, 120 per cent in 1888, 170 per cent in 1889 and 125 per cent in 1890. Lush as these returns were, they probably did not adequately represent the real profits. The books of the company *(Continued on page 43)*

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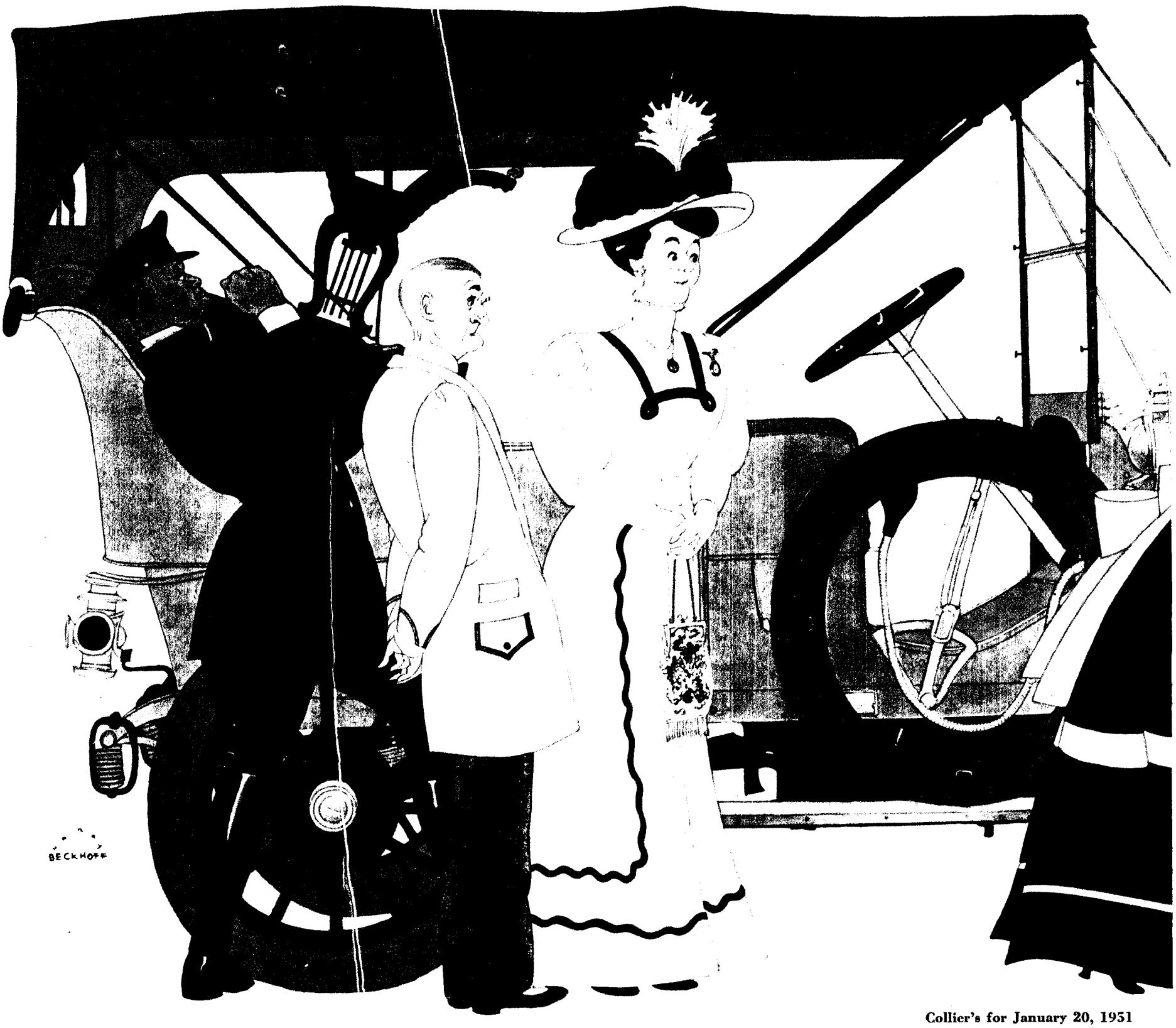
TABLE FOR ONE

By ROBERT McILOY

Hell had no fury like Miss Julie when her precious antique was scorned by Mrs. Purdie, an upstart who wouldn't know a Duncan Phyfe table if it walked up and slapped her in the face—which this one practically did



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THE 1909 falling out of Miss Julie Gerard and Miss Susan Williams, a seasonal occurrence, took place in the early fall of that year on a weekday forenoon and quite without any previous warning.

These tiffs were usually the result of indiscreet prying on the part of Miss Susan and were soon mended. This quarrel, however, resisted all early attempts at peacemaking.

The day on which it broke out was a still and sunny one. No one would have expected tempers to flare in such serene weather, which shows that you never can tell.

Miss Susan, Charleston's unofficial reporter of social calamities, had hobbled over between bouts of lumbago to try out her fund of gossip on Miss Julie and, if possible, to add to it. She was not having any marked success with either endeavor. For one thing Miss Julie, in theory at least, disapproved strongly of spreading scandal, and she always made it a point of honor not to gratify or encourage Susan Williams by admitting that anything the old talebearer reported was new or surprising. As for giving Miss Susan any information, she was always very careful about that, on the principle that a dog that will bring a bone will carry one away. Besides, if she had anything really good to tell her circle, she preferred to enjoy the thrill of telling it herself.

Mrs. Purdie's automobile stood at the curb; there was a look of triumph on her features. Miss Julie did not deign to notice. She went by, nose in air

Miss Susan was more or less aware of these hindrances, but being the earnest type of newshawk she had always persisted in the face of discouragement. But that morning she was really discouraged, and as a result not a little peevish.

Miss Julie's short answers and general air of detachment having finally convinced her that her time was being spent unprofitably, she was about to go when she noticed the little mahogany card table by the window. She hobbled over to look at it.

"It certainly is a pretty little table, Julie," she quavered.

At first Miss Julie felt annoyed that Miss Susan had found an excuse to prolong the visit, but the pride of ownership was too much for her and she unbent a little.

"That's me Duncan Phyfe table," she said. "The one I'm going to donate for the Bishop's office. That is," she added sourly, "if that confounded Mrs. Purdie approves. I suppose you know she's taken it on herself to decide what's good enough." And Miss Julie pouted in deep disdain.

Miss Susan, of course, knew all about the furnishing of the Bishop's office. "They say she's an authority on antiques," she offered.

"Authority my foot," said Miss Julie energetically, her blue eyes clouding and her usually jolly expression becoming severe with disapproval. "She's a know-all, that's what I call her. Many's the time only Christian charity has kept me from reading her title. Why, she even had the audacity to face me down on matters of family history. The idea!"

Miss Susan nodded to indicate that she realized this was little short of lese majesty, Miss Julie being an unchallenged court of last resort in any question of who was who.

"She ought to be here any minute," Miss Julie continued, looking meaningfully at her caller. She would have given anything not to have Susan Williams there at the critical moment. Not that she had any doubts of the outcome, but it was well to be prepared.

Hints of the sort, however, were wasted on the elderly courier. She wanted to see what would happen, and she temporized. "No doubt," she said, "it's a real Drum and Fife?"

Her malapropism went unnoticed. "Of course it is," said Miss Julie sharply. "Duncan Phyfe himself gave it to my poor husband's grandfather up in Connecticut. Though what difference all that makes to the Bishop's study I can't see for the life of me. Personally, I consider all this antique business a lot of falderal. I wouldn't swap my marble-topped bureau for a wagonload of their antiques, myself."

Miss Susan's interest in furniture was also strictly utilitarian. "It's just a fad," she declared.

"I can understand keeping something because it's been in the family," Miss Julie said. "But why anybody should want other people's secondhand stuff—"

At that moment the bell rang, and Miss Julie was alert. "There she is," she remarked.

A MOMENT later Sarah, the maid, ushered in a large female. Mrs. Purdie was tall, erect, somewhat showily dressed, and determined of aspect. In short, just the sort of woman who would usurp responsibility at the drop of a hat.

"Good morning, Mrs. Purdie," said Miss Julie with marked lack of cordiality.

Mrs. Purdie responded briskly, nodded to Miss Susan, and said, "I'd like to see the table, please."

Miss Julie was deeply offended by this lack of ceremony. She knew that Mrs. Purdie was a haughty woman, but, being a genealogist of parts, she knew also that Mrs. Purdie had no reason whatever for hauteur—quite the opposite in fact.

"That's it right behind you, Mrs. Purdie," she said coldly.

Mrs. Purdie glanced at the table as if it had been something a turkey buzzard had dropped at her feet. She looked under it, and felt the top and the carving, and then, with the condescending pity of the connoisseur, turned to Miss Julie.

"An interesting replica," she pronounced.

Miss Julie's hearing was not particularly good, and she took this for approval. "I'm glad you like it," she said. "I'll send it over whenever you want." Her relief, particularly as Susan Williams was there, was so great that for a fleeting moment she almost felt kindly toward Mrs. Purdie.

The latter looked surprised for a moment, and then, raising her voice much more than was necessary, she proceeded to correct Miss Julie's misapprehension.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand," she said. "We are collecting only genuine antiques for the Bishop's study. I couldn't put an imitation like this in his house."

"An imitation?"

"An imitation, of course."

"Well, let me tell you something," said Miss Julie, triumphantly. "That table was given to my husband's grandfather by Duncan Phyfe himself."

Mrs. Purdie smiled coolly. "Oh, these family legends," she said. "You can't rely on *them*, of course."

"What do you know about family legends," Miss Julie retorted, angrily.

Mrs. Purdie flushed, and for a moment it appeared that she might try to rival this rudeness. But stronger women than she had been known to quail under Miss Julie's look, and Mrs. Purdie did not stop to bicker. She bade the two ladies a hasty farewell and marched out.

THERE was an almost palpable silence for some moments. "Confound her unmitigated gall," said Miss Julie, recovering herself.

"Maybe she was wrong about it," said Miss Susan, hypocritically. Her manner was soothing, but the gleam in her eye said plainly that here was something to tell the girls. That, of course, was exactly what Miss Julie had dreaded.

"Wrong?" she snapped. "Of course she was wrong. I can understand her not knowing the difference, but doubting the word of my husband's grandfather—" She realized that this would do no good. "At least," she said, trying to force a chuckle, "I can keep it. I didn't want to give it away, naturally. Only for the Bishop."

This, however, obviously failed to impress Miss Susan, who, in fact, was now the one with an air of detachment. She was too plainly anxious to be off on her rounds, telling every Tom, Dick and Harry that Miss Julie's table had been pronounced a mere imitation and rejected as a candidate for the Bishop's office. Miss Julie remembered that she had often boasted about the table, and as she pictured the sniggering delight with which Miss Susan's bulletin would be received, her patience suddenly gave out.

"You weren't in such a hurry to go when you thought you could pick up something," she said, bitingly.

Miss Susan's little black eyes looked all innocence. "I don't understand what you mean," she said.

"Well, then," Miss Julie retorted, "you must be very stupid. That's the best I can say for you."

Miss Susan drew herself up as well as she could. "I'm surprised at you," she said, "insulting me in your own house. Well, well."

"You provoked me," said Miss Julie, not the less angry because she knew she had, from the standpoint of manners, been in the wrong. "That evil tongue of yours will get you into mischief one of these days. Woe unto him by whom scandal cometh. It's a wonder to me your tongue don't drop out. And if one word of this comes back to me, I'll know who's responsible. I've never said anything about it, but I know who told that deliberate lie about my cousin Gertrude having pellagra. And I'll never forgive it."

Miss Susan, though awed, stood her ground. "You don't need to say any more," she replied, and she went out, banging the door for emphasis.

Only the strictest exercise of Christian charity and the recollection of her dignity and the dignity of her son-in-law, Henry O'Donnell, whose house it was, kept Miss Julie from going out and continuing the argument in the street. She had left a good many things unsaid.

"But at least I told her what she ought to know," she reflected, trying to see some good in the morning's events. "She needed it, Heaven knows. That tongue of hers isn't afraid of anything but hot hominy."

Still, Miss Julie derived little comfort from her outburst. She knew that Susan Williams would now tell about that table to the four corners of the earth, and she felt furious *(Continued on page 71)*

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Concluding WHEN YOU'RE OLD—

Life Can Begin

By DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN and HERBERT YAHRAES

III

ONE raw morning last winter a thin, worried-looking old man we'll call David Kroll hurried up Second Avenue on New York City's East Side. Despite his quick step, he was bound nowhere. After some hours, he would trudge back to his solitary apartment, take a nap, then come out and walk again. It had been this way for a year, ever since his wife died and the little store where he kept books eased him out—all in the same month.

Near Thirteenth Street a truck backfired. Kroll, startled, looked across the avenue. A sign on a building caught his eye. He could make out only the biggest words: *Sirovich Day Center . . . Come In.* Curious, he crossed over and read the rest of it: *Open to All Over 60 . . . Regardless of Race, Nationality, or Religion . . . No Charge.*

"Maybe," he told himself, "it wouldn't hurt to go in and get warm a minute."

What Kroll saw inside bewildered him. Groups of old men and women stood in a corridor talking and laughing. In a big room upstairs, dozens of others were sitting around, reading or playing dominoes or cards. Kroll peeked into other rooms and saw women making coffee, men and women painting pictures, women sewing, men working

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

Older ladies enjoy bowling on a raised miniature alley at a Salvation Army center in Philadelphia

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

A Philadelphia art class: Ellen Ruby, Mrs. Joe Moorhead, teacher Mary Shepherd, Catherine Zepp

ZINN ARTHUR

They're 77 to 84 years, but these St. Petersburg, Florida, residents play a heads-up game of softball

Life Begins at 80 ABC-TV show (l. to r.): Fred Stein, Georgiana Carhart, John Draney, M.C. Jack Barry

ZINN ARTHUR

Mrs. Betty Tompkins, 63, does a Highland fling for other members of Club 60, Newburgh, N.Y.

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

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WHAT THEN?

at 65

with wood. Many looked older than he, but all seemed to be having fun.

On his way out a good-looking young woman came up. "Leaving so soon?" she asked. "Won't you let me introduce you to a few people?"

"Some other time, maybe," Kroll replied. "Today I'm not feeling well."

"Oh, I'm sorry. What's wrong?"

"What I got can't be cured," he said, and hurried out.

What David Kroll was suffering from is the commonest affliction of old age. Nobody has found a name for it, but it's a compound of loneliness, an ache to be understood, a yearning for the prestige other people acquire simply by holding down a job, and a fear that one is no longer good for anything. This nameless ailment is increasingly prevalent because, on the one hand, more of us are living longer, and, on the other, society is pushing more of us to the side lines before we are ready to be pushed.

Today, 11,500,000 Americans are at least 65—which is old age as defined by most pension plans and the Social Security system. Before another 50 years, statisticians estimate, well over 25,000,000 Americans will be chronologically old and therefore potential sufferers from David Kroll's affliction —unless something is done about it.

Something can be done; for this ailment, fortunately, there is both a preventive and a cure. The first basic step is to take an interest in our older folks. This is where most communities and many families fail. Here and there, however, bright patches loom up in the picture. Communities and other groups are showing how a person's later years can be happy even if he must quit his job.

Expert Opinions About Retirement

The old dream of finding contentment simply by retiring is often a snare and a delusion. Listen to some expert testimony on this point compiled by New York State's Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging:

Says Dr. Theodore G. Klumpp, head of the Winthrop-Stearns Chemical Company and a student of aging: "It is a biological fact that functions and living tissues that are not used decline and atrophy."

Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, Washington, D.C., geriatrician, declares: "Premature retirement while one is still vigorous, ambitious and anxious to serve can be a major disease."

Herman E. Hilleboe, New York State Health Commissioner, adds: "Very often the old person does not deteriorate physically and mentally until he is told his usefulness is past and is asked to retire. Then the meaning goes out of life and he begins to reach for the hand of death."

Fortunately, retirement from a job need not mean retirement from life. New York City has demonstrated this convincingly by setting up day centers like the one old David Kroll wandered into.

They spring from an idea of Harry Levine, administrator of special services for the aged under the city's welfare department. Visiting elderly people, he noticed that many seemed especially lonely or irritable between the hours of nine and five, the period they used to spend at work. "What older people need most," he concluded, "is something that will substitute for the loss of the working day."

The first such substitute—Hodson Day Center, in the Bronx, named after the late William Hodson, welfare commissioner—was opened seven years ago. The Sirovich Center, *(Continued on page 65)*

...ired British army officer, bowls at a Beverly Hills, Calif., playground

...72, Phoebe Van Inwegin, 65, Joe Bell, 83, play in Newburgh, N.Y., band

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He's after Your 'HOT BUTTON'.....

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

IN CHICAGO'S stockyard district of 1900, where you had to be tough to survive, there was a goggle-eyed runt of a kid sometimes known as Barney Google. It was a name that Billy De Beck, aged eleven, later creator of the famous comic-page character, made up for his good pal Jack Lacy, aged ten.

Lacy's pint size, his big bespectacled eyes, and his innate Irish fighting prowess—proved conclusively when he licked each of the five older Clancy boys in turn in an epic battle for the newspaper sale rights at Forty-third and Wabash—inspired De Beck to sketch on a wall at that corner what must now be regarded as a historic caricature. He captioned it Jack Barney Google Lacy, His Pitch. It was the first published Google cartoon.

Now sixty years old, Jack Lacy recalls that cartoon with pride. It is not often that a man can boast a physiognomy that inspires a career. Mr. Lacy has ample reason to believe that his, today further enhanced by a bald head and mellowed by the half century, is continuing to inspire thousands. In the field of teaching salesmanship, which is his "pitch" today, he is what South Pacific is to Broadway or the Golden Gate is to San Francisco. And you may emphasize Golden.

Since World War II, some 213,000 sales executives and salesmen have paid to hear him expound the Lacy technique of supersalesmanship. Another 10,000 college students have bought his written courses. Lacy's 10-hour sales clinics in various cities have drawn about 63,000 salesmen, who paid $15 each. He has received $150,000 for special company courses. More than 150,000 salesmen have paid $225,000 to hear him at conventions.

In all. drinkers at the Lacy font of learning have shelled out about $1,420,000 for the privilege since the war. His share has been about $860,000. He has estimated that his 1950 income would be about $200,000—before taxes.

A one-man road show, Lacy, whose home is in Newton Center, Massachusetts, travels more than 60,000 miles yearly. He is booked more than two years ahead. Admirers compare him variously with Will Rogers, Bob Hope and the late evangelist Billy Sunday in the versatility of his platform style. He is the most imitated salesman in America.

All of which, he will tell you modestly, represents a triumph for the Lacy technique rather than for Lacy.

"A good salesman must face facts," he explains, "and I face them every time I shave. In my mirror I see an aging, shopworn, weak-eyed, bald little guy who looks like what? A funny-page character! I know that his stomach is weak, his speech is affected by sinus trouble, and that any beverage stronger than skimmed milk is liable to bring on the gout. And I say, 'Lacy, if you can put over Jack Lacy, you can sell anything under the sun.'

"And when a lot of husky salesmen look at me up on the platform billed as a hot-shot, what do they say? They say, 'If that poor goof is a star salesman, I must be Superman!' "

With his Irish wit, the zeal of a missionary, and a lifetime's experience in selling everything from books to boxcars, Jack Barney Google Lacy burst upon big-time sales training five years ago like a fresh breeze in a smoke-filled room.

Lacy tells a Los Angeles clinic a salesman can succeed or fail in the first 30 seconds

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Our sales machine had been allowed to rust during the war. Countless salesmen had drifted into other work. Others had retired or died. Untrained clerks and bored explainers of why-you-can't-get-it had taken over. Consumers were beginning to mutter of mass murder.

Leading sales managers were worried. Ahead was a Gargantuan task. A million new salesmen had to be hired and trained. Another million needed retraining to standards undreamed in prewar days. For into the situation had come two new factors—sky-high costs, and some grim facts. Prewar records showed an incredible overload of poor salesmen. One fourth of the salesmen had sold three fourths of the goods, which meant that most salesmen had been out chiefly for the ride.

With some exceptions, we had never perfected a sales system capable of moving goods year in and year out in undiminished volume. Production techniques had outdistanced selling by years. Professional courses in salesmanship were almost nonexistent, in colleges that were turning out scientists and engineers by the tens of thousands.

Selling Methods Must Be Modernized

A return to old methods, analysts warned, would be disastrous. Our great producing plant might bog down under a mass of unsold goods. Even a few employers, clinging to outworn practices, might loosen rocks that would start the landslide. A handful of spectacular failures could do it.

And so there came about a shift in business thinking, the biggest change induced by the war's end, according to Robert A. Whitney, president of the National Sales Executives group. The prewar idea was that periodic gluts of the market, followed by unemployment and depressions, were inevitable. Today, that is looked upon as horse-and-buggy thinking.

"We've never had such a thing as more goods on hand than we could use," says Whitney. "We overproduced not in terms of wants but in terms of our selling ability. Our problem is to bring our selling capacity up to our capacities in production and consumption."

National Sales Executives, with headquarters in New York City, took on the job of awakening business to the changed conditions. Its membership was built up to 14,000 sales managers covering every major industry. Through local business groups they held rallies and set up training clinics in important distributing areas. Scholarships were offered and colleges were urged to establish sales schools. Leaders went into high schools to herald salesmanship as the newest profession. Executives took to the road like candidates running for office.

But in 1945 more than pep talks by the boss was needed to start the fires of revival among salesmen in the field. Even good men were rusty. The house cleaning of misfits was not helping morale. Recruits had to be inspired. Needed was a crusader who could preach the new salesmanship as a sort of religion. And he had to be somebody to whom the most cynical old-timer would be willing to listen.

Salesmen make hypercritical audiences. They are accustomed to doing the talking themselves, and they have heard most of the funny stories. Their response to the academic is a loud "Oh, yeah?" The man capable of arousing them had to be of their kind, one who had been over the same bumps, eaten the same soggy meals, put his foot in the same doors, slept in the same beds. Furthermore, said New York, he had to be of that rare

That's your Desire of the Moment, and the harder a saleman presses it, the more money he makes. Jack Lacy shows thousands how to do it

Lacy inspired Bill De Beck to create the character Barney Google when both were boys

school of stars who are known reverently to their fellows as born salesmen.

That was when Jack Lacy became the postwar version of a Paul Revere with a traveling bag. It was a job for which he had been preparing since the distant days in Southside Chicago.

What started him was simple. The slim Lacy assets were badly in need of bolstering. "I wasn't the kind of boy," he reminds you, "who causes people to stop on the street and say, 'Oh, what a lovely child, let's buy our papers from him.'" He soon learned that he could sell a lot more papers by copying the tested methods of more experienced hawkers. From that time on, he began making it his business to study the ways of smarter men and to adapt them to his own uses.

"Done on a small scale, that sort of thing might be called stealing," he says. "On the scale that I've practiced it for 50 years, you call it research."

He estimates that he has compiled and analyzed the methods of 20,000 star salesmen, ranging from carnival pitchmen to industry's most gifted performers. Principles evolved as a result of this ceaseless probing he has applied in training some 8,000 salesmen who have been variously under his charge, either as a sales director or as a consultant for such companies as American Airlines, Corning Glass, Shell Oil, Royal Typewriter and others. Lacy says that at times even he has been amazed by how well the methods work.

When depression paralyzed business in 1930, Acme Fast Freight of New York, for which he was then general sales manager, went right ahead to increase its business by 10 times. How? By pressing what Lacy calls "hot buttons."

If you want something badly, that desire is your "hot button" in the Lacy book. Your hot button may change from day to day, but in the thirties the hot button in almost every businessman's head was to cut expenses. Lacy and his men pressed that button from the Hudson to the Mississippi by cutting days off the time that merchandise was bumping around the country in freight cars.

It was then, too, that he began writing the training manual that today is his sales bible. Its premise is that the key to successful selling is to do more for the customer than he does for you. "That's elemental," Lacy grants, "but you'd be surprised at how many people haven't found it out."

Our troops were invading Normandy when he set out on a one-man invasion of business. He proposed sales training on a mass scale that would match postwar mass production.

Plan Tested in Training Clinic

Sales managers listened skeptically. A common practice before the war had been to hire a hundred salesmen in the hope of getting 10 who were of the "born" variety and would train themselves by experience. That, Lacy argued, was like sending out a hundred men with medicine kits to find out how many had natural aptitudes to be doctors. Finally, the Sales Executives Club of Providence, Rhode Island, organized a training clinic to test the Lacy plan. For five nights he held a group of 150 executives and salesmen bound to their seats.

Soon reports began coming into National Sales Executives headquarters in New York that caused the worried sales managers there to sit up. Lacy had wowed another sales audience in Worcester, Massachusetts. Providence had invited him back. At Birmingham, a packed house of Alabamans had sat through five nights of Jack Lacy and had wound up cheering.

The reports were like the answer to a prayer. Lacy was asked to talk under the sponsorship of the New York Sales Executives Club, bellwether of the national federation. The grand ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt was engaged for five nights. The opening-night audience numbered 700. They included scores of the top figures in selling, and represented most of America's great businesses. It was Lacy's screen test.

A spattering of applause, chiefly from old friends, greeted his introduction, then bleak silence. The bald little man who peered out at them through eyeglasses was far from the Hollywood conception of a supersalesman. A few confessed afterward that they thought the management must have made a mistake. Lacy began:

"A lot of you guys are wondering who let me in, and why."

His smile broadened.

"I am living evidence that anybody can be a top salesman as long as he can walk, talk, think, and is willing to work."

The whole 700 smiled then. Lacy says that those first 30 seconds were the most important in his life.

"You go over or you don't as a rule in those first thirty seconds," he says. "If you're liked then, you may wind up by selling your bill of goods. If they don't like you, you've got two strikes called before you lift your bat. Eighty-five per cent of all salesmen who fail do so in that opening half minute."

By the fifth night, Lacy's New York audience stood at 1,200 paying customers. His training clinics in the big town since have become annual events that attract 1,500. In some other cities his audiences are even larger.

Last year, Lacy conducted clinics in San Francisco, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Chicago and Cleveland, and addressed sales groups in Philadelphia, Washington, Louisville and other cities.

We are all salesmen, Lacy says, and three personal factors usually measure our success: knowledge of what we are trying to sell, how hard we work at it, and personality. He tells his audiences that the idea of personality being a God-given gift is complete tommyrot.

Young Barney Google Lacy was an earnest student of star performers long before he shed knee pants. The old Vendome Hotel was across the street from his Chicago home. It housed not only drummers, in from afar with their sample cases, but also in season the Chicago White Sox. Evenings, seated in front of the hotel, the goggle-eyed urchin listened to the after-the-game discussions of such of baseball's great as pitcher Ed Walsh, catcher Billy Sullivan, Frank Isbell and others. He shagged balls for Walsh and Griffith when they practiced pitching at a nailhead in the fence of the Sox park at Thirty-ninth Street and Wentworth Avenue. He was awed by how much the big stars practiced.

"Practice gives you the stuff that gives you the confidence that makes you *(Continued on page 73)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

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30

PLAYER DEAL

The old Buffalo didn't have to let them trade him to a last-place team. He could quit right now if he wanted to, and nobody would blame him a

By SCOTT YOUNG

ON THE way into the big station I stopped and bought the evening papers to read on the train. I had a few minutes and I walked slowly through the doors, flipping back to the sports pages, and then I saw the pictures of four hockey players. The biggest picture was of me. My eyes had taken in that much when the headline hit me.

KOSKA TRADED:
NATIONALS GET 3
FOR THE BUFFALO

I stopped abruptly in midstream while I read the story. If they happened to see me in time the women stepped carefully around me, and the men muttered a little, but only under their breaths, until I noticed I was blocking traffic and got out of the way.

So they'd done it; dealt me from the first-place Nationals to the last-place Wasps. The managing director of the Nationals, the only club I'd ever played for in the big league, had told me two weeks ago that if they could get what they wanted for me, I might be traded. He'd said he was sorry, this was an aspect of professional hockey he'd always disliked, but that for the long-term good of the club he thought it was a good deal.

Maybe he was right. Old as I was, thirty, with ten good years behind me and not too many left, the Wasps had given three good rookies to get me. I'd brought a good price.

I shoved through the crowd toward the gate to platform eight, where the club always met. The guys were standing around in groups of three or four, looking like nothing so much as what they were: professional hockey players, some wearing polo coats, most of them big, with broad shoulders, and some with patches of white adhesive covering last night's cuts and bruises on foreheads and cheeks and chins. They watched me. They were my friends, but friendship is no barrier to curiosity, and they wanted to see how Buffalo Koska would take being traded.

I don't think I showed any emotion. When I'm faced with a situation which would call for emotion in another man, I think of the way I look. I'm five feet eleven. I weigh two hundred pounds. I've got a big red face, with scars here and there, and other scars show white and patchy through my close-cut dark hair from the sixty-six stitches, in twos and threes and fours, in my face and scalp. A man who looks like me can't go off in a corner and cry like a kid cut from his high-school team.

"Hi," I said to some of the guys.

"Hi, Buff," Casey said. Red said, "The damn' fools!" Steve Parsons, a kid defenseman who'd been playing alongside me this year, looked at me hard and I'll be damned if there weren't tears in his eyes. The others, more than a dozen of them, just watched and waited, not talking.

Jocko Henderson, the coach, walked quickly toward me; a big guy, his face lined with six years of coaching the Nationals. Before that, he'd been my first defense partner. The others faded back a few feet. "I'm sorry about this, Buff," Jocko said.

"Yeah," I said. "Me, too."

"When the boss phoned at noon to say the deal was clinched, I tried to call your hotel to let you know before you read it in the papers. Couldn't get you." I couldn't fathom the question in his eyes.

"I was at a show," I said. "When do I go?"

His head came up, his eyes showing quick relief.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Think I was going to refuse to go, or something?"

He was embarrassed. "Well, I knew about that sporting goods store you got in Winnipeg. Maybe I feel so bad about it I thought you'd feel that bad, too."

"I feel bad, all right," I said. "But I'm not sure it's quite that bad."

He pulled an envelope from his pocket. "Here's a plane ticket. Go up tonight."

I knew how he felt from the way he looked.

As my friend, he hated to see me go. As the coach, trying to hold the Nationals at the top of the league, trying to fit promising rookies into the line-up in the ceaseless *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

Still we couldn't score. We outplayed them, in the second period and again in the third, but Sutherland kept kicking out the shots

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Doris Duke, aged 17, escaped photogs, but not Tony

MORRIS GORDON

Camera-carrying Sarnos with their mother (l. to r.): Harry, Mrs. Sarno and John, front; Dick, Tony and Jerry, center; Arthur, rear. Dick sold them all on photographic careers

Six Snap-Happy

There's an inside story to tell for every exclusiv

JAMES JOSEPH SARNO bears a unique distinction among the Sarnos of Yonkers, New York. He has never been shot at by Japs, threatened by gangsters, pushed around by Russians or slugged by strikebreakers. He has never even fallen out of an airplane or had a socially prominent New England matron throw things at his head. Among his limited circle of acquaintances in Westchester County and its surrounding territory he is known as James, the staid and unknown Sarno brother.

James, fifty-one, the eldest of seven brothers, took over his father's prosperous contracting firm many years ago. He has done extremely well with the business; but, for a Sarno, his life has been comparatively dull.

The remaining six Sarno brothers are news photographers, and among the best in their business, individually or collectively. These six have produced spot news pictures that have amazed, awed, entertained and frequently aggravated almost the entire world.

The two oldest, and best-known, brothers are rampaging Richard and adroitly affable Anthony. They are stalwart survivors of the Era of Wonderful Nonsense.

Richard, forty-eight and somewhat tamer than he used to be, is now director of photography for the Hearst Newspapers, boss of 300 photographers throughout the country.

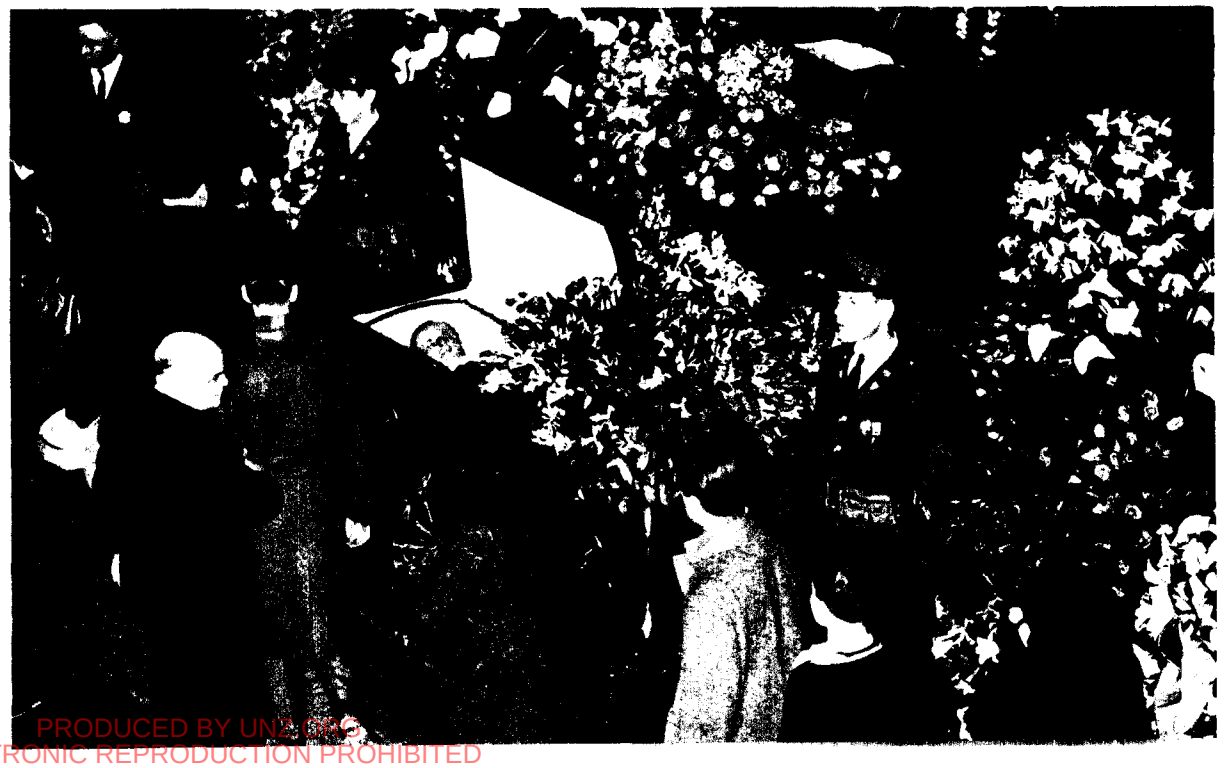
Tony, forty-six, is chief photographer for The American Weekly, a job which also nowadays encompasses more executive than actual leg work.

The four other brothers have scored fewer "beats," but during World War II they made magnificent contributions to the archives of Marine combat photography. Now these four have also shot their way to prominence in civilian news photography.

Richard is a rough-and-ready entrepreneur, a firm believer in the value of the *fait accompli*. Tony exercises an artful amalgam of Machiavellian charm and Tom Sawyeresque ingenuity at getting other people to do what he wants them to do. Both Sarno methods have been eminently successful.

Mrs. Anna Hauptmann learns husband died in chair

Dick hid in balcony closet, slipped out to get this photo at funeral of Calvin Coolidge



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Greta Garbo attempted to confound Dick's attempts to take a pic[illegible]her and escort Robert Reud by hiding behind a hat. Mirrors to one side made p[illegible] this rare shot

Br[illegible]'s

By CHARLES SAMUELS

news photo by a Sarno—and there have been plenty

The day Calvin Coolidge was buried, Richard felt called upon to try his skill. This husky six-footer, a sort of physical composite of Cary Grant and Jack Dempsey, crept up the balcony stairs of the Edwards Congregational Church in Northampton, Massachusetts, with a camera hidden under his oversize coat. The ex-President's body was lying in state below. From the balcony Richard could look down on the Secret Service men sent from Washington to guard the mortal remains of the former chief executive. The coffin had been kept closed at the request of the widow. But Mrs. Coolidge had consented to its being opened briefly before the funeral ceremony to permit her husband's old neighbors to pay their final respects.

Moving noiselessly, Richard stepped into a closet used for storing hymnbooks. Closing the door behind him, with only a slit open for air and reconnaissance, he remained there for a solid hour and a half without stirring. Only when he finally heard the shuffling footsteps of the townsfolk approaching the bier on the floor below did he come out.

Tiptoeing to the front of the balcony, he aimed his camera at the coffin, now open. There was a blinding flash. The startled Secret Service men looked up. Then they streaked upstairs and took the intruder and his flashlight camera into custody.

The husky photographer identified himself and protested his journalistic privilege. "Millions of people who voted for President Coolidge have as much right to see him in his coffin as these people," he declared righteously.

But the Secret Service men were unimpressed. One of them removed the plate from the holder and held it up to the light to fog the picture.

"We will detain you until after the funeral cortege leaves for Vermont," Richard was told, "just to make sure you get no more pictures today."

When Dick was finally released, he hastened to a telephone, called Boston and asked that a plane be sent to the Northampton airport for him.

Then he walked back to the church. From among the hymnbooks in the balcony closet he retrieved the plate holder he had *(Continued on page 63)*

John D. Rockefel[illegible] celebrating his 88th birthday

At Yalta, Dick got rare photo of Stalin laughing

From running board of a moving car, Dick snapped heavily guarded Jon Lindbergh in 1935

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It was a long walk, some 500 feet, to the left field clubhouse, and whenever Durocher whirled to shout at the umpires, bayonets of Cuban police prodded him on

PLAY

When Yuba plays the baseball down

LEO DUROCHER was arguing with an umpire, practically a reflex action with the Lip, even back in 1942. Eventually, the umpire wearied, as all umpires must, and decorated Leo with the Order of the Thumb. Durocher lingered for a final word, but this was a Cuban umpire and at his gesture a couple of soldiers appeared behind Leo, pointed fixed bayonets at the seat of his pants and growled a few words. The Lip went, and stood not upon the order of his going. Durocher doesn't understand Spanish but cold steel has a language which is universal.

It was a long walk, some 500 feet, to the left-field clubhouse in Havana's La Tropical Stadium. Every time Leo whirled to shout something at the umpire, the bayonets prodded him on his way. The 10,000 fans whistled shrilly at every foot of the journey, the whistle being the *habaneros'* equivalent of the boo, the jeer, the catcall and the Bronx cheer.

So far, no National League umpire has had to call out the militia to drive home a point in a debate with Durocher, but umpires in Cuba learned long ago that it pays to be prepared. The Cuban player is likely to be somewhat more impulsive and impetuous than his North American counterpart, and the Cuban fan is far more demonstrative than his brethren in the States.

In some American cities, notably Brooklyn, a fan's enthusiasm sometimes reaches a point, particularly around Independence Day, when he feels impelled to toss a lighted firecracker on the playing field. The fan feels there is something extremely amusing about the leap of an enemy coach as a two-inch salute explodes behind him in the coachers' box. But no major-league fan, not even in Ebbets Field, has yet reached the point where his exuberance caused him to set a skyrocket swooshing into the air during a game, a practice which is looked upon with favor in Havana.

The bald truth of the matter is that fans in the United States and/or Brooklyn must take a back seat to the Cubans in baseball enthusiasm. One fan threatened to kill himself if his team lost—and did! Another, clad only in a covering of Mercurochrome, ascended a tree in the heart of downtown Havana, vowing to remain there until the Lions, who had lost five in a row, ended his disgrace. A city judge approved a petition for divorce on grounds of incompatibility—the husband rooted for Almendares, the wife for Havana.

Much has been made of the seriousness with which women fans take their baseball in this country since they have been introduced to it by radio. Their shrill yelps on Ladies' Days have caused them to become known in the press boxes as the "shrieker sex." Yet our distaff fans, Hilda Chester with her clanging cowbell in Brooklyn, Mary Ott with her barking cheers in St. Louis, and Lolly Hopkins with her megaphone in Boston—they and their unnumbered sisters must take a back seat to the señoritas and señoras of Havana.

So sorely beset were the Havana police and military at a Ladies' Night when those bitter rivals, Almendares and Havana, played at Gran Stadium in downtown Havana that the police department made a formal request to the league that these teams never be scheduled on a night when the female fans were to be admitted free. The league, having had a taste of dynamite, agreed never again to put such a burden upon the police.

Loan Speech Didn't Have a Chance

Dr. Carlos Prio Socarras, President of Cuba, refused to deliver his history-making speech discussing the possibility of a loan of $200,000,000 from the United States at a time when it would compete with a ball game in Havana.

"There would have been 5,000,000 Cubans listening to the ball game," shrugged *El Presidente*. "I would have been talking to myself."

Unless one has attended a ball game in Havana, it is impossible to appreciate the enthusiasm of the Cuban fan. Kids play ball on every vacant lot in Havana with rocks for bases and not a blade of grass in sight. And play good baseball, too.

Fresco Thompson, new vice-president of the Dodgers, was scouting in Havana a few years ago and was tipped off by a friend about a good sand-lot ballplayer and went out to look the boy over.

"I expected to scout this boy in a semipro ball park like Dyckman Oval in upper Manhattan or, at the very least, a public park or playground," related Tommy. "Instead, he was playing on what literally was a sand lot. When we talk of sand-lot players in the States we mean boys who are playing on regulation diamonds, with bases, backstops, foul lines and all the other refinements. This was just a lot—bumpy, pitted with stones, broken bottles, rusted bedsprings and all the other junk which finds its way to vacant lots. And the boys were playing exceptionally good baseball, remarkable baseball for the conditions under which it was played."

Cuban fans have a genuine knowledge of baseball, a sounder and more widespread knowledge than American fans. The dyed-in-the-wool American fan, of course, knows as much as the dyed-in-the-wool Cuban fan but there are proportionately more of the latter. There is no such thing as a casual fan of Cuban baseball. All are true *aficionados*.

Fans Know Fine Points of the Game

Baseball in Havana is written more studiously, if less breezily, than here in the States. The Cuban baseball writer is as solemn in his approach to the game as the conductor of a column on chess or bridge. This keen analytical appreciation of the subject has made Cuban fans quite aware of the subtle percentages of the game, of bunting, of stealing a base or switching a pitcher. They anticipate the stratagems called for by the percentages and are quick to whistle blasts at the manager who does not employ them.

There is, as might be expected in a country in which there is a federal lottery with tickets sold on every street corner, considerable gambling on Cuban baseball games. There are those who insist that there is just as much gambling on baseball in the United States, which well may be so, but in Cuba the wagering is not undercover.

Back in 1937, the writers who accompanied Bill Terry's Giants to Havana were amazed to find tickets on gambling pools being sold throughout the stands. The tickets cost a nickel and 18 were sold, one for each position on the home and visiting teams. If the man playing the position you drew scored the first run of the ball game, you received 75 cents. This left the pool operator with a profit of 15 cents, a percentage of slightly better than 16 per cent, which is no worse than the mutuel "bite" at the average race track.

The pool hustlers and the bookies are colorful characters. *El Sopo* (Soupy) was long a favorite around the Havana ball parks for his raucous voice and his winning gold-toothed smile. He was a streetcar conductor in civil life and wore his uniform while selling tickets as well as while collecting them. Another, with a wooden leg, had a fistful of bills, which he kept folded lengthwise between his knuckles. He made friends with the visiting writers and always managed to obtain the names of the pitchers in advance. This was good judgment, since all big-league managers at the start of spring training used pitchers only three innings at a stretch and Peg Leg would arrange his betting odds to suit the pitching rotation.

Gambling, of course, is frowned on in American baseball but every once in so often an ambitious D.A. rounds up a bookie and throws him in the clink, learning in subsequent disclosures that the bookie has been handling thousands and hundreds of thousands of bets on ball games throughout the country.

That the enthusiasm of the Cuban for baseball stems from gambling isn't wholly true. Whether in Havana or in Chicago, a rooter with a bet on a ball game is obviously going to be more intense in his feelings, but in Havana, as in Chicago or elsewhere, the percentage of spectators with a bet riding is small. The only real difference is that in Cuba the betting is not furtive.

A ballplayer enjoys far more prestige in Havanna than he does here in the cradle of baseball. Part of this is due to the national pride Cubans felt in its early pioneers who made good in the major leagues —Adolfo Luque, Miguel Gonzalez, Baldomero Acosta. These men were able to return to their native island wealthy by Cuban standards and soon

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

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BALL, AMIGOS

By [illegible]

In Cuba, anything can happen. Havana's colorful *aficionados* are a hot-blooded lot and they know the game cold

rose to high positions, Acosta becoming a member of the Senate in later life.

Because of linguistic barriers, the road was, and is, hard for the Cubans who break into baseball in the United States. Spencer Abbott, managing at Trenton, New Jersey, a few years ago found one of his Cuban players in an appalling slump and began an investigation.

"I found," said Spence, "that the only American dish the kid could order was ham and eggs and that's what he had three times a day. Eventually it began to pall on him, and his batting fell off."

Bert Niehoff, managing at Chattanooga in the Southern Association, recently was trailing Birmingham by two runs in the last half of the ninth with one out and the bases filled.

The batter poled a tremendously deep fly which enabled all the base runners to advance, putting Chattanooga only a run behind, with men on second and third. The runner who reached third was a Cuban.

The Birmingham pitcher intentionally walked the next batter and, to the consternation of Niehoff who was coaching at third, the Cuban runner on that base nonchalantly ambled home, under the impression, no doubt, that the bases were still filled and that the intentional pass had forced him home. Bert yelled frantically for him to retreat but the boy spoke no English. He was, of course, an easy out and the game was over.

"It was the first game I ever lost because I couldn't yell, 'Get back!' in Spanish," declared Niehoff.

Linguistic difficulties can work both ways. Vernon (Lefty) Gomez was hired to manage in the Cuban Winter League because the officials of the club which sought his services made the perfectly understandable mistake of thinking that a man named Gomez would have at least a working knowledge of Spanish.

What Lefty's new bosses didn't know was that Gomez is half-Irish and couldn't speak a word of Spanish. *(Continued on page 69)*

Enthusiasm of rabid Havana fans often knows no bounds. They may invade a diamond at any time to honor players, or private planes may strew field with their team's colors

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Revolt of the TRIFFIDS

Fear lurked in every side street, and death hovered in shadowy doorways. Bill and Josella watched while men fought against men—the blind against those who could see. And all the while the triffids waited . . .

The Story: This is a personal record and it must be told in personal terms, even though it is concerned with events which changed—and almost ended—the whole history of mankind. I am a scientist of sorts and my name is BILL MASEN. I was one of the scattered handful of people in London who were not stricken blind on the fateful night when the skies all over the world blazed with green flashes, with myriad sparks of what the astronomers of the time presumed to be comet debris falling down to the earth.

I escaped the general blindness because I was lying in a hospital with bandages on my eyes. A week before, I had been attacked by a triffid, one of those strange and sinister plants which had taken root all over the globe some years before; the triffids came originally from the planet Venus, where colonizers from the earth cultivated them because of their value in yielding food and medicinal substances. The triffids were the only plants the earth had ever seen which could actually pick up their roots and walk. Worse than that, they were equipped with long stingers which they lashed to men, striking usually at the eyes. I was something of an expert on triffids, since I was a research worker for a firm that raised them on farms.

On the morning after the brilliant debris from the comets fell, I took the bandages from my eyes and soon discovered that almost everyone I met in London was blind. The city was still as death and just as horrifying. Mobs of blind people roamed the streets trying to capture those who could see, and force them to forage for food and other necessaries.

I rescued a beautiful girl, JOSELLA PLAYTON, from a frenzied blind man; and even apart from the plight we were sharing, I was attracted by Josella. We went together to her home in the suburbs and found her father lying dead of triffid wounds. The place was alive with triffids, and we went back to the city. We spent the night in a deserted apartment, from whose window in the small hours we saw a searchlight flashing from the tower of London University.

The next morning, Josella and I went to the university. At its gates we saw a crowd of blind people, led by an angry young man who could see. The leader was demanding that the sighted people inside the gates agree to help the blind. Josella and I were hidden in the shrubbery near by, when a burst of gunfire came from inside the gates.

III

JOSELLA and I crouched, hoping that we were safe from stray or ricocheted bullets. One thing was in our favor: it was obvious that the shooting was deliberately high. But we were nevertheless scared; the noise alone was enough to frighten us, and accidents can always happen when panicky people are using guns. We weren't the only ones who were scared—and that was just as well. One single burst of machine-gun fire settled the matter; we raised our heads and saw that the crowd of blind people was dispersing. Pathetically, the members of the crowd were groping in various directions.

The leader's bright and rather drunken eyes at once took in what was happening. He paused and shouted something at the crowd, but we couldn't quite catch what he said. Then he too gave up. He turned and ran up Malet Street, haranguing his followers as he ran.

I sat still, and looked at Josella. She looked thoughtfully back at me, and then at the ground before her. It was some minutes before either of us spoke.

"Well?" I asked, at last.

She raised her head to look across the road, and then at the last stragglers from the crowd pathetically fumbling away.

"He was right," she said. "You know he was right."

I nodded. "He was right—and yet he was quite wrong, too. There is no 'they' to come and clear up this mess—I'm sure of that now. It won't be cleared up. We could do as he wants—show some, but only some, of these people where there is food. We could do that for a few days, perhaps for a few weeks, but after that—what?"

"It seems so awful, so callous . . ."

"But it's a callous thing. If we face it squarely, there's a choice between two ways. Either we can set out to save what can be saved from the wreck, including ourselves; or we can devote ourselves to stretching the lives of these people a little longer. That is the most objective view I can take. And I can see, too, that the more obvious humanity is probably also the road to suicide. To prolong misery without the chance of saving the people in the end."

She nodded. "I suppose you're right, but I have a feeling that there's something very wrong about anything that starts with shooting."

"He shot to miss—and probably saved fighting," I pointed out.

The crowd had all gone now. I climbed over the wall and helped Josella down on the other side. A man at the gate opened it to let us in.

"How many of you?" he asked.

"Just two. We saw your signal last night," I told him.

"Okay. Come along, and we'll find the Colonel," he said, leading us across the forecourt. . . .

The Colonel had set himself up in a small room not far from the entrance. He was a chubby man, just turned fifty or thereabouts. His hair was plentiful but well trimmed, and gray. His mustache matched, looking as if no single hair of it dare break the ranks. His complexion was so pink, healthy and fresh that it might have belonged to a much younger man.

He sat behind a table with a quantity of paper arranged on it in mathematically exact blocks, and an unsoiled sheet of pink blotting paper squarely before him.

As we came in, he turned upon us one after the other an intense, steady look, and held it there a little longer than was necessary.

The Colonel picked up his pen. "Your names, please?"

We gave them.

"And address?"

"In the present circumstances I fear they won't be very useful," I said. "But if you really want them—" We gave them.

He murmured something about system, organization and relatives, and wrote them down. Age, occupation and all the rest of it followed. He bent his searching look upon us again, scribbled a note on each piece of paper, and put them in a file.

"Need good men. Nasty business. Plenty to do here, though. Plenty. Mr. Beadley'll tell you what's wanted."

We came out into the hall again. Josella giggled.

"He forgot to ask for references in triplicate, but I gather we've got the job," she said.

MICHAEL BEADLEY, when we discovered him, turned out to be in decided contrast to the Colonel. He was lean, tall, broad-shouldered, and slightly stooping. In repose his face took on an expression of mild gloom from the darkness of his large eyes, but it was seldom that one glimpsed it in repose. Occasional streaks of gray helped very little in judging his age. He might have been anything between thirty-five and fifty, and his obvious weariness when we first saw him made an estimate more difficult. He must have been up all night. Nevertheless, he greeted us cheerfully and introduced us to a young woman who took down our names again.

"Sandra Telmont," he said. "Sandra is our professional remembrancer—she's keeping a history of our little movement."

The young woman nodded to me and Josella. Beadley turned back to the table. "Now to get on with things. You've seen the Colonel?"

I nodded.

"Good," he said. "Now I'll give you a rough idea of how things stand. Up to the present there are about thirty-five of us. We hope and expect that some more will come in during the day. Out of those already here, twenty-eight can see. The others are wives or husbands who cannot. At the moment the general idea is that we move away from here sometime tomorrow if we can—to be on the safe side, you understand?"

I nodded. "We'd planned to get away this evening ourselves for the same reason," I told him.

"What have you for transport?"

I told him of the station wagon and its present position. "We were going to stock up today," I explained. "So far we've got practically nothing except a quantity of anti-triffid gear."

He raised his eyebrows. "That's a queer thing to make your first essential," he remarked.

I told them the reasons. He nodded casually, and went on:

"Well, if you're coming in with us, here's what I suggest. Bring in your car, dump your stuff and then drive off and swap it for a big truck. Does either of you know anything about doctoring?"

We shook our heads.

"That's a pity." He frowned slightly. "So far we've got no one who does. It'll surprise me if we aren't needing a doctor before long—and anyway, we all of us ought to have inoculations. Still, it's not much good sending you two off on a medical supplies scrounge. What about food and general stores? Suit you?"

He flipped through some pages on a clip, detached one of them, and handed it across. It was headed No. 15, and below was typed a list of canned goods, pots and pans, and bedding.

"Not rigid, but keep reasonably close to it and we'll avoid too many duplications. I suggest you try warehouses and big wholesalers." He took back the list and scribbled two or three addresses on it. "Do what you can before dark. There'll be a general meeting and discussion here about nine thirty this evening."

As we turned to go: "Got a pistol?" he asked.

"I didn't think of it," I admitted.

"Better—just in case. *(Continued on page 50)*

The shifty-eyed man fingered his butcher's knife with unnecessary ostentation. "Come on," he said. We went down a number of flights

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Symphonies For Small Fry

A benevolent Pied Piper, Alfred Wallenstein attracts hundreds of Los Angeles youngsters every week with no lure except good music

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

EVERY Saturday during the winter season, when most kids are playing games, some 2,300 Los Angeles youngsters forsake their usual week-end haunts and troop eagerly into the Philharmonic Auditorium to spend an hour listening to the weightier works of the great composers, as played by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. During this hour, they pay close attention to the music, applauding lustily and spontaneously, and emerging, as one fourth-grader expressed it, feeling that they have had "more fun than at *two* cowboy movies."

The same attitude apparently prevails among the countless other children who hear these "Symphonies for Youth" concerts through more than 400 stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System in this country, Hawaii and Canada. The mail response is heavy and highly laudatory.

This enthusiasm for the symphonic masters among the younger set is a tribute not only to the universal appeal of the music, but also to the uncompromising approach of Alfred Wallenstein, the man principally responsible for bringing the music to the attention of children.

Wallenstein has directed the concerts since their inception, shortly after he became conductor of the Philharmonic in 1943. From the start, he set a tough standard for the programs: He determined to avoid, so far as possible, the somewhat lightweight "children's selections" which usually characterize such concerts, concentrating instead on precisely the same music offered to adult concertgoers. To lead his juvenile listeners through the intricacies of these compositions, he presents an informal and lucid commentary before each number. Another feature aimed at sustaining youthful interest is a musical quiz in which contestants drawn from the visible audience answer questions submitted by the radio listeners. The prizes are government bonds.

The Philharmonic's leader was born in Chicago 52 years ago—which makes him one of the youngest major symphonic conductors in this country, and one of the few who were born here. Witty and unpretentious, he becomes intense when discussing music. Of his children's concerts, he says:

"Music has rightly been called the 'universal language' of mankind; as such it rates just as important a place in our education system as the three R's. I like to think that the 'Symphonies for Youth' represent an investment in the cultural future of our country which will return dividends when the millions of children who listen to the concerts today become the concertgoers of tomorrow."

Wallenstein's method of achieving this goal has received an enthusiastic response from adults, as well as from children. From 1945 through 1947 the magazine Musical America, in its annual poll of some 700 radio editors, asked them to name their choice for the best musical broadcasts of an educational nature. Symphonies for Youth placed second the first year, and first for the two following years. In addition, the programs have been consistently singled out for praise by parent-teacher organizations all over the country.

The 13-week series, which starts this year on January 20th, is jointly supported by the Los Angeles public-school system, the County Board of Supervisors, the Southern California Symphony Association and the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce. Basically intended as a music-appreciation course for local school children, the programs are worked out so as to complement classroom work, with special instruction supplements issued to teachers before each concert. "Briefing" concerts are presented twice a week over a local radio station and piped into the schools, to prepare the students for the selections they will hear on Saturday.

Despite this sectional emphasis, approving letters continue to arrive from children all over the country. One of Wallenstein's favorites is a note he received from a very young lady in Texas who, unbeknownst to her, seemed to be developing into a devotee of Johannes Brahms. She requested several numbers, among them the "Bronze Lullaby."

Youngsters flock around the high-school doors before a concert. Busses which brought them are lined up for half a mile

Wallenstein frequently visits classrooms to answer questions posed by the students. William Hartshorn, school system's supervisor of music, is at the piano

The conductor also sponsors informal chamber concerts at his own home. His wife is at his right; the musicians are all school children

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Debussy selection draws rapt attention. Conductor Wallenstein says kids make appreciative audience, respond wonderfully to music

Wallenstein and his wife, Virginia, met in Chicago. They were attracted by a mutual love for dogs and Mozart

National Music Council picked Wallenstein for its annual award this year, citing his efforts on behalf of native-born composers

On each program a panel of children is selected to take part in a musical quiz. The winners get U.S. bonds; listeners who submit questions get records

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ROBERT J. LEE

Everyone knew Old Man Redik was "not right," but Pete wasn't afraid of him

The Rich Old Man

OLD MAN REDIK was a city hermit. His cave was a tar-papered shack on the outskirts of the town, and if you looked inside you could see that it held nothing but a pile of newspapers which was Old Man Redik's bed, and another pile of the junk he collected in the knapsack he always carried slung over his shoulder. There was no table, no stove, no chair, no sink in Old Man Redik's cave.

Every day of the year, whether the sun shone or the rain rained or snow covered the ground, Old Man Redik walked all day out of doors. He walked with his old-man's combination of shuffle and toddle; shush-shush-shush, his feet stirred the dust or the mud, whichever it was. His fluffy white beard reached nearly to his waist, and his white, curly uncut hair was gathered in by a careless string at the back of his neck. His hat was black felt with a high crown, and in summer he wore a long white cotton coat and in winter a long black woolen one.

Old Man Redik did not wash, but he was Pete's friend. The friendship dated back two years to the time when Pete was six and his kitten was hit by a car. Pete sat on the sidewalk beside his kitten and cried. Suddenly Old Man Redik was standing over him and looking down. Pete felt a little tremor of fear for it was common knowledge that the old man was "not right." But it was silly to be afraid of an old, old man with such bright blue eyes.

"What are you crying for?" the old man asked in a high, sweet voice.

"My cat," said Pete, snuffling.

The old man looked at the kitten lying in mock sleep, its fur already flattening to its small body.

"Was this here a healthy cat?" the old man asked.

Pete nodded.

"Eat his food good? Climb trees? Sit in your lap and purr?"

Pete nodded again, his tears growing in volume.

"Then *what you crying for?*" the old man asked again.

Pete gave a mighty gulp and tried to think. "I'm crying because I can't have him any more."

The old man nodded slowly. "Long as you know why you're cryin', why, cry then. But don't tell yourself no lies, boy." He walked on past Pete, his knapsack flapping against his coat; a few feet up the road he stopped and came back. "*Your* cat is dead, boy," he said seriously, "but *cats* ain't dead." . . .

Pete was eight now, almost nine, and he knew enough to keep his friendship with Old Man Redik a secret. At first he had tried to share it with his family. He'd burst excitedly into the house, holding up the blue feather or the cocoon or the perfectly round, pink pebble. "See what Old Man Redik gave me!" he would say.

"Throw it away, Peter," his mother would order him sharply, the harsh words sounding odd in her gentle mouth. "Wash your hands." Then she would talk to him, searching for words. Of course they were to love everybody, but Old Man Redik—he was too much for her. "I want you to stay away from him entirely," she would say at last. "He's so dirty. He—he smells so bad."

"He doesn't smell nearly as bad as some dogs I know," Peter would answer, bewildered. He would be ashamed, then, to go on and explain to her how the feather was from a blue jay, who eats the eggs and babies of other birds but who evens it up by fighting hawks and owls.

SOMETIMES while Pete and his father and mother were sitting at breakfast, Old Man Redik passed the window. He had a curious dignity, looking at no one, his coat flapping about his feet in their stout boots.

"Tch-tch-tch," Pete's mother would say, shaking her head. "Look at him, now. He's just standing, staring into space, staring at nothing."

It would have done no good at all for Peter to tell her that Old Man Redik was looking at the Goodmans' fir tree, the only one in the block.

"They cut 'em all down to make their factories with," the old man had said. "But even *they*"—with a contemptuous glance toward the houses where mothers peeked from behind curtains to be sure the old man did not speak to their little children—"even they had to leave one to look at. You start at the trunk, boy, and then move your eyes slow, see how the shape of it goes up and up—and the color of it. If your eyes is ever tired, that's what that tree is there for. To rest 'em."

Having rested his eyes, Old Man Redik would go on about his business of picking up papers and string and bits of scrap iron, and Peter's mother would sit drumming her fingers on the clean tablecloth, her eyes resentful.

"It's not fair," she would probably burst out, "that decent people pay their taxes and keep their places clean, and then some old man like that—some dirty old beggar—can roam the streets, spreading germs and—and lice, probably."

"I don't know what can be done about it," Peter's father might answer, getting into his coat. "He's way over eighty, and time and again one person or another has tried to have him committed to an institution where they'd clean him up and take care of him. But he's got a little money in the bank, and there's not a thing anybody can do so long as he doesn't commit any crime. And so far as we know, he never has."

ON a bitter night in the late fall Peter and his parents were driving home from the early show. When they rounded a corner near their house, they saw a little crowd hovering about a figure that lay in the street. Cars were parked along the curb. As they drove slowly by, Peter put a hand on the door handle. "Let me out," he said loudly. "It's Old Man Redik lying there in the street. Somebody hit Old Man Redik."

His mother reached over and held his wrist in a firm grasp.

"Never mind, son," she said gently. "It's no place for you. There's nothing you can do. It was bound to happen someday."

Peter sat trembling, his mother's hand holding his arm, until his father put the car in the garage and they all got out; then he ducked under her arm suddenly and ran as fast as he could, with her voice trailing him down the street.

He came to the small crowd and pushed his way violently through, butting stubborn people with his head and kicking one person who would not move. Old Man Redik lay in the street. Somebody had thrown a car robe over him and someone else had put something under his head. His eyes were shut and he looked alone and discarded. Peter reached for one of his hands, his dirty, tough, old-man's hands.

"It's me," he said in Old Man Redik's ear.

The old man opened his eyes; the bright blue of them was dimmed and there was in them a flash of fear. "They're going to get me, boy," he said in a whisper. "What can I do?"

"Can't you get up?" asked Peter.

"Can't feel my legs," said Old Man Redik.

Peter looked up hopelessly at the faces crowding around. One man was saying over and over, "I couldn't see that black coat, you know I couldn't see it. I couldn't see that black coat." Everyone looked impatient, disgusted, harassed at being called out into the night for this old, old man. Peter wanted to shout: He didn't do it on purpose— What are you so mad about?

He turned back to Old Man Redik. "You could—" he began, and then he stopped, because he had been going to say: You could die, sir. But in this crowd the words seemed stark and wicked. But Old Man Redik smiled faintly, and the ghost of a chuckle escaped his lips through his beard. "You're right, boy," he said. "I think that's just what I'll do. Been thinking about it for quite a spell now."

Then Pete's mother and father were there, and the ambulance too; and when the men lifted Old Man Redik, Peter knew that he was dead.

They walked home silently, past the Goodmans' fir tree, past the place where the kitten had been hit by a car. Peter went up to his room. "Wash your hands, Peter!" his mother called after him. He opened his bureau drawer and took a little box from beneath his underwear and socks. Carefully, neatly, he arranged the contents on top of his bureau—the feather, the pine cone, the beetle, and all the other common perfect gifts. His lips moved as he recited to himself the things Old Man Redik had told him about each one. There was a thought he was trying to remember, and after a while he did.

Old Man Redik is dead, thought Peter, but *good old men* are not dead. THE END

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She snares the man her best friend loves
...with kiss...with cunning...with claw!

LIZABETH SCOTT
JANE GREER · DENNIS O'KEEFE

in

The Company She Keeps

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN · Directed by JOHN CROMWELL
Story and Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

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Read all about Yourself!

What the papers will say depends upon where you live

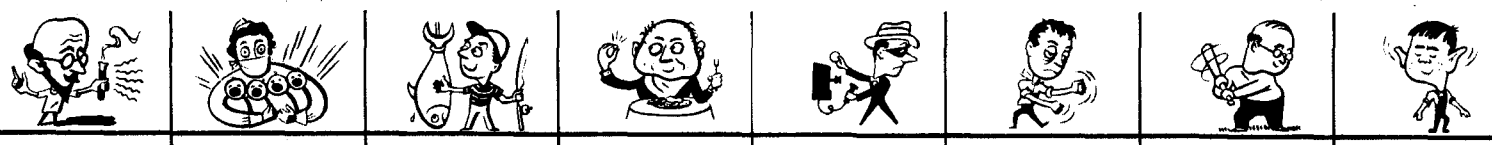
By PARKE CUMMINGS

FOR years I have been intrigued by newspapers. I have been particularly fascinated by trying to figure out just what news a given paper will print, and what it will reject. And, after all this study, I am gratified to report that I have found some of the answers. First of all, I have discovered a *general* answer which may be expressed in the form of Cummings' law.

It reads: "A citizen's chances of getting his name in the paper are in inverse proportion to the population of the city or town in which he resides."

Having devised this general law and tested it (it holds true better than 95 per cent of the time), my next step was to formulate its specific applications. I accordingly got hold of papers from all sizes of cities—from New York to East Burlap—and studied them assiduously. I broke down the types of news carried, and made charts and graphs, correlating the population in each instance. Combining them, I got my master chart which is herewith reproduced. Oh, I grant you there may be exceptions now and then—an occasional paper is unusually drastic or lenient—but, by and large, this table shows the *minimum* achievement which will get you a newspaper write-up in a city of a given size. Note the word minimum. It goes without saying that anything more noteworthy would also do the trick in the lower population centers, no matter where they may be located.

Across the top of the chart you will find divisions of population, beginning with the largest. Reading down are the various necessary exploits or accomplishments. Read all about yourself!



Nature of Achievement	Class A (1,000,000 or over)	Class B (500,000–1,000,000)	Class C (100,000–500,000)	Class D (50,000–100,000)	Class E (25,000–50,000)	Class F (10,000–25,000)	Class G (5,000–10,000)	Unrestricted (under 5,000)
Crime	First-class murder with political repercussions	Common murder	Assault with deadly weapon	Burglary, embezzlement, forgery	Putting slugs in phone booth	Drunkenness, fist fighting	Parking ticket	Throwing litter on street
Social	Coming-out party (total cost: at least $5,000)	Seen at night club in company of celebrities	Give dance at country club	Dinner for eight or more people	Officership in local Women's Club	Guests spending week end	Friends in for pinochle	Received postcard from friend in Paris (France)
Sports	Star on major-league baseball team	Score winning touchdown in important college game	Catch tuna fish (minimum weight: 500 pounds)	Hole in one	Make college minor team (soccer, wrestling, lacrosse, etc.)	Semifinalist or better in local tennis tournament	Play in softball game between married and single men (Beavers' picnic)	Learn to swim. Catch catfish.
Unpleasant Experiences	Victim, fatal accident	Residence burned down (3-alarm fire minimum)	Taken to hospital for major operation	Sued for divorce	Injured, automobile accident	House burglarized	Sprained ankle	Skunk under front porch
Unique Accomplishments	Major scientific invention or medical discovery	Give birth to quadruplets	Hold thirteen spades in bridge hand	Grow prize vegetables	Shoot deer	Admitted to first-rate college	Find $10 bill	Learn to wiggle ears
Political Office	Presidency, Congress, Supreme Court	State Senate, state treasurer	Mayor	Tax collector	City planning board	Librarian	Dog catcher	Appointed to watch polls and count ballots
Aesthetic Triumphs	Awarded movie Oscar	First prize, major art exhibition	First novel accepted by publisher	Make high-school orchestra	Best arrangement at local flower show	In cast, amateur play	Poem written, and accepted by local editor	Poem written
Travel	Round-the-world flight	World cruise	Trip to Bermuda, Jamaica, etc.	Coast to coast, (plane, train or auto)	Visit Niagara Falls or Atlantic City	Called out of state on business	Trip to county seat	To neighboring town to attend movie
Feats of bravery	Battle action (Purple Heart)	Foil holdup at point of gun	Rescue person from drowning	Flag train	Capture escaped bull	Volunteer as blood donor	Attempt to get rid of wasps' nest	Capture live garter snake
Good luck	Win $100,000 sweepstakes	Mentioned in will of rich relative	Win prize on giveaway program	Find pearl in oyster	Win electric iron in raffle	Become engaged	Stolen car recovered	Win Kewpie doll, carnival ring-toss game

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The Louisiana Lottery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

were always secret. In the final panicky days, stockholders were asked to authorize by signing a slip the destruction of all books and records of the outfit. Perhaps they agreed; in any event the books disappeared.

From the beginning there was opposition to the lottery in Louisiana. Much of this was sincere, based on a conviction that all gambling was sin and doubly heinous when blessed by a charter written into the basic law. Some of the opposition was undoubtedly in the shakedown groove. But a good deal of the feeling was factional in an incendiary atmosphere.

However, the alibi advanced by many historians and widely held among citizens of the state, that the lottery could only have been authorized by a bunch of illiterate Negroes and larcenous Yankee interlopers, holds little historical water.

Tax Stamp Legalized Tickets

The fact is that "the last white man's legislature," of 1866, blazed the trail in lottery legislation and possibly gave Morris his idea. This meeting authorized the holding of lotteries by anyone so minded, as long as a stamp tax was paid on each ticket sold. And it does not appear from the record that later legislatures proved any less vulnerable to the wiles of the lottery lobby. Right up to the end, succeeding legislatures truckled to the will of Morris et al., wobbling now and then but always correcting impulsive defections.

The Lottery Company delighted in publishing the names of prominent antilottery crusaders in big type when they won prizes in the drawings. An anecdote survives concerning a violent foe of the lottery who sat on the stage waiting his turn to speak during one of the monster mass meetings which were frequent during the hectic final battle. His coachman slipped up behind him and whispered in the good man's ear. Thereupon the lottery foe leaped up with a wild glitter in his eye and bounded away from the proscenium with such ebullience that he tripped, fell on his face and tore an ear. He had just been informed that his ticket had been drawn for $10,000 up the street.

The great lottery in Louisiana did not just happen; it did not follow automatically as the result of enabling legislation. Other raffles, with the blessing of the secular arm and even of some religious authorities, had come croppers.

The lottery charter was "conceived in the miscegenation of reconstruction and born in iniquity," cried the Reverend R. R. Mallard in The Southwest Presbyterian, May 2, 1895. It is true that the moment in history was propitious: poverty in chaos. However, the "miscegenation" line was fatuous. This country was, to a degree, midwifed by a lottery. A thumping lottery was run in England to help finance the Virginia Company. Thomas Jefferson, broke in his last days, sought and got permission from the U.S. Congress to dispose of his real estate, including Monticello, in a big raffle, but the great man died and the scheme fizzled.

During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress several times resorted to lotteries. To sweeten the pot of an $800,000 bond issue, Congress in 1779 provided an additional $276,000 in "obligations" to be distributed by lot among the subscribers, in addition to the 4 per cent interest. European rulers often harnessed private frailty to public weal.

Ben Franklin, equipped with a nice moral sense, would have been astounded to hear that the lottery he ran in 1784 to finance a cluster of cannon on the Delaware River was "immoral." The concept of sin in connection with lotteries developed much later; it is even sometimes said to have been invented by one John R. Tyson, of Philadelphia, in 1833, as a tenet for his antilottery movement.

During the infancy of the Republic lotteries built churches, hospitals, roads, bridges, schools and libraries. Not because lotteries were "wicked" but because they were so often out-and-out swindles, they declined in popularity. The Boston Mercantile Journal in 1833 estimated that Americans were sinking $66,000,000 annually in lotteries, five times what it cost to operate the government. A comparable lottery business today would run to $250 billion. At last the public, fed up, had outlawed lottery through most of the land by the time the Louisiana caper got under way in 1868.

In the first years of the lottery, the business limped, despite large sums spent to set it up as a monopoly and furious efforts to put down competing ticket salesmen for other drawings outside the state—the Kentucky and Alabama lotteries were still spinning and the Cuban draw resisted expulsion. Moreover, several hundred New Orleans gambling houses scrambled for the citizens' hazarded dollar: it has been estimated that card, dice and three-card-monte men relieved the occupying troops, particularly the higher officers under General Butler, of almost enough cash to pay for the loot being liberated and shipped North.

The chance which brought John A. Morris, Charles T. Howard and Dr. Maximilian A. Dauphin together was as unfathomable as the emergence of any unlikely number from a lottery wheel. Morris and Howard were Northerners but not, technically, carpetbaggers, since they had come to Louisiana before the war and married girls of good family. In the surviving steel engravings the three worthies, large, well-fleshed and hirsute, bear a vague resemblance, although they were unrelated.

Dauphin came to America from his native Alsace at sixteen, got his medical degree in New Orleans and, after seven years of unenthusiastic practice, laid down his scapel and dosing spoon for lottery as his true métier.

Morris, who was thirty-two in 1868, conceived the master plan. It was natural that he should. His father, Francis Morris, was a big shot in racing circles in New York; he was also a social light in his mature years, buttressed by solid commercial properties. He was one of the founders of New York's Jerome Park race track, a tony oval in its day, and with Ten Brock sent the first American race horses to England. His three fleet fillies, Ruthless, Remorseless and Merciless, all by the immortal Barbarity, still figure in the studbooks.

A Nice Estate to Inherit

Young Morris was graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard Scientific School. He probably came South well-heeled, but if he didn't, that was no matter, for he promptly married Miss Cora Hennen, daughter of a New Orleans judge whose country estate was measured in square miles. Moreover, the judge seems to have been one of the few rich squires who wasn't ruined by the Civil War—his thousands of acres descended intact to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who stocked them with pheasants, filled the stables with choice blooded horses and turned loose deer in the woods for the sport of guests.

In New York, Morris also built Morris Park race track from his bulging coffers and added land to his ancestral estate at Throgs Neck. He erected the first "skyscrapers" in New Orleans (and the South), the Morris and Hennen Buildings, the latter a behemoth of 11 stories.

There is something at once awe-inspiring and appalling in the spectacle of this man in his early thirties, already rich, calmly plotting to set up a monopolistic gambling racket through wholesale bribery. And what did it get Morris? Destruction by the Furies? Not noticeably. John Morris died peaceably at sixty; his children married

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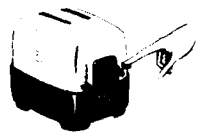

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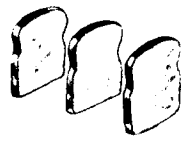

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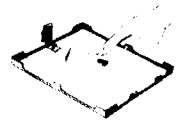

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well and throve; he became enshrined in the history books as a philanthropist. However, Morris could not have pulled off his monstrous shenanigan without talents and backgrounds supplied by two other men: Dr. Dauphin, an obscure functionary who timidly suggested how the setup could be made to work; and Charles T. Howard, adventurer, promoter, blusterer.

Howard, in his way, was a purpler patch than Morris. Like many such men he emerged from shadow; like Morris he was of English stock and laid claim to connections with the landed gentry. He was born in Baltimore and showed up in New Orleans 20 years later, in 1852.

Nowhere in the National Cyclopedia of American Biography is there any hint that Howard was ever connected with any lottery anywhere. When Morris picked him up Howard was broke. He had had his ups and downs as a lottery agent and vendor; at least he knew the business. He was reputed to be hard as nails. When Howard finally got in the chips he gave lavishly to many charities—to win social recognition. His marriage in 1854 to Floiselle Boullement, a Creole belle, had set him up in the Vieux Carré. At last he even tamed the uptown dowagers and was crowned Rex of Mardi Gras in 1877.

As official whipping boy and front man for Morris, Howard had to absorb some energetic pummeling. Thus the New Orleans Democrat:

"(As for) Howard and his brother thieves . . . We shall not be surprised to see some fine morning the Lottery Company's imposing palace of vice torn down by a band of resolute citizens and Howard and his pals treated to a short shrift and long rope."

Howard sued for $90,000 and watched Albert C. Janin, Democratic editor, yanked on the mat by a grand jury for overcharging as state printer—a maneuver Janin claimed was set in motion by lottery influence. Finally the lottery boys got control of the Democrat.

Howard let his friends know that he would entertain an invitation to join the ultraexclusive Metairie Racing Club. His name was proposed and greeted with a fistful of blackballs. He was so enraged that he vowed he would turn the race course into a graveyard. This he proceeded to do. Today Howard himself lies buried there—in perpetual calm triumph.

Object: Absolute Monopoly

In the popular mind Howard represented the lottery, but Morris stood always in the background. What the two men wanted, of course, was not the legalization of lotteries in Louisiana—there was already such a law. They wanted an absolute monopoly. And that was what they got.

Act 25 of the 1868 legislature was couched in pious terms—"to increase the revenues of the state," to "insure fairness." Six "incorporators," who later appeared to have been dummies and dupes, were named in Act 25. Most of them in time fell out with Howard and Morris, and their affidavits and charges of bribery and fraud furnish the most plausible and circumstantial accounts of what went on.

Capital stock was fixed at $1,000,000—10,000 shares at $100 each—of which one tenth had to be subscribed before operations began. Howard, with the backing of Morris, borrowed $100,000 from Charles H. Murray, of Jersey City, New Jersey, a veteran financier in lottery affairs, who had dealt with both in earlier enterprises. The money was deposited in a Jersey City bank for *one day* to the credit of the Louisiana Lottery Company.

Then, according to Dave Johnston, a rival agent for the Kentucky "pitch," who fought a bitter but losing battle with the Louisiana Company and finally joined the crowd he couldn't lick, "the stock was mostly given away to the board of directors, to members of the legislature and to C. T. Howard, he taking the lion's share."

There were even, it appears, gloomy groups of legislators who woke up suddenly to the fact that there was no market for their honor, the lottery company having already purchased sufficient votes.

Jesse R. Irwin, an original lottery director, who fell out with the big boys over disposition of the take, swore that Howard spent $300,000 in the first seven years of the lottery's existence for bribing legislators. F. F. Wilder, another dissident incorporator, made affidavit to the same effect. Irwin claimed that $40,000 was written off on the books as "expenditures" for getting a State Supreme Court decision.

Howard, according to many stories, kept a "little black book" in which he put down the names of members purchased, with the sums paid. In another generation Governor and Senator Huey P. Long, who

bragged that he could buy legislators "like sacks of potatoes," is said to have carried a little black book of his own.

For several years the concern barely was able to pay off its prizes and statesmen. Enter Dr. Maximilian Dauphin. When he saw the depression of his bosses, he suggested that, given the chance and $50,000 expense money, he could put the draw on its feet. Desperate, Morris and Howard agreed.

Dauphin hired Generals Beauregard and Early, and staged drawings which combined the best features of an Opera House melodrama and a patriotic fete. On one side of the stage was a large mahogany drum, on the other a smaller brass wheel. The two ex-generals presided as two blindfolded boys drew the numbers.

Meanwhile, there loomed the ever-present menace of federal interference via a crackdown on the mails. There was already a federal law against use of the mails by lotteries, but only "illegal" and "fraudulent" drawings. Through this loophole the Louisiana Company drove its team for years.

From '68 through '92 the company had every legislature in its pocket when the showdowns came. The minority, nevertheless, was troublesome. Members charged colleagues with accepting bribes. Numbers of repeal bills were introduced. Parties claiming to be "partners" rose up to demand a share. Morris offered a startling defense: "Lottery gambling was contrary to good morals and could not be adjudicated upon by a court of justice." This sardonic plea was upheld.

No fad, no sport, no popular craze ever captured the imagination of Americans to the extent of the lottery; from one end of the country to the other, thousands of players clutched the slips and sweated out the drawings. In fact, 90 per cent of the tickets were sold *outside* Louisiana.

Within Louisiana, no other power was able to fight it on equal terms, not even the victorious federal government, with its militia. Indeed, thirty or forty thousand dollars—at least—of lottery money went to elect Governor Francis T. Nicholls. After election Nicholls switched to the anti-lottery side.

How many Representatives and Senators Morris and Howard bought outright will probably never be known. No one then or afterward doubted, however, that they were bought in droves. There was, for example, J. Fisher Smith, a Senator of immaculate character, who pledged his sacred honor not to be bought by the lottery or wheeled into support of the upcoming bill to propose an extension of the charter in the '92 constitutional vote.

Senator Smith was a well-meaning man but, alas, he was very, very broke, with a large and ravenous family. The poor man twitched, groaned, hesitated—and gave the lottery a green-light vote. He immediately collapsed from the rigors of conscience and died soon afterward. As his body was being prepared for burial, a money belt containing $18,000 was discovered on his person—important money in those hard-dollar days.

The Reverend N. W. Warren, of Bienville Parish (county), elected to the legislature, astounded his constituents by voting with the lottery interests. Hauled on the mat, he confessed to receiving tainted gold, although he insisted it was for a new roof for his tabernacle. His deacons not only tossed him out of his pastorate but out of the congregation. These sad stories could be multiplied.

Some statesmen resisted every conceivable blandishment. Still green in memory is the doughty J. M. McCain, of Winn, Louisiana. His resistance to bribes was legendary. He could not stir abroad without finding bundles of currency in his coat, under his hat wherever he set it down, thrust at him from alleys or dropped from windows. At a breakfast for New Orleans politicos, he discovered $20,000 under his plate. He refused or returned all bribes with indignant blasts.

There was the fabulous Minnie Lou Wallace, a redhead of stupendous amperage and great beauty, supposed to have been imported to work her wiles on politicians who could not be toppled by cash. Some say she had assistant beauties.

The Louisiana Lottery had other weapons. At one time, of 108 daily and weekly papers in the state, it was claimed that 103 were either prolottery or had no opinion. Moreover, there was the lottery payroll, which included thousands of deadheads.

The stamp of the lottery is still upon the face of New Orleans—some of the research for this article was done in the impressive Charles T. Howard Memorial Library, on Howard Avenue.

The lottery supported the French Opera House, built the first decent waterworks and also the first large-scale cotton mills and mass-production sugar plants. Come flood or pestilence, Howard was always ready to shell out. On top of all this, lottery partisans could cry, "State rights!" All the New Orleans bankers supported and defended the lottery.

But national opposition was building. In 1878, a chill blast blew over the lottery lords out of Washington: vigorous measures would be taken to enforce extant laws. Howard, alarmed, hired the brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Treasury to fight the law—and rushed to Washington. Here he was guilty of the first of two boners made by the Lottery Company.

The boner was not so much in what he did as in getting caught at it.

Gossip Smirches a President

Howard conferred with President Rutherford B. Hayes and with the Secretary of the Treasury. Gossip spread that Hayes had truckled to Howard's supposed political power. This, then, perhaps, was the real "Second Louisiana Purchase."

Newspapers, especially in New York and Philadelphia, raged against the "understanding," prophesying dire results for a country whose President could be manipulated by the head of a gambling syndicate.

Morris began upping the annual sum the company was prepared to offer the state in return for renewal of its charter. He went to $500,000, to $1,000,000, to $1,250,000. There were fist fights, duels, violent quarrels about the lottery in towns, cities and hamlets.

What really cracked the lottery was a blunder by Dauphin. Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, had been having at the institution with cudgels. Dauphin sued, and when McClure visited the Cotton Centennial Exposition he was served with papers.

Dauphin's libel suit soon looked so feeble he withdrew it and paid $8,500 to McClure for "expenses." McClure, back home, roused up his good friends, Senators Edmunds and Hawley and Representative Bingham, who promptly huddled and introduced a bill with teeth in it in the U.S. Congress.

On September 19, 1890, the bill became law and the Louisiana Lottery's goose was cooked. True, it staggered on until 1893, but the great days were over. Only one of the three founders, Morris, was still alive in 1893. (Howard had died in 1885, Dauphin in 1890.) He tried to transfer operations south of the border, but after he was refused licenses by Mexico, Colombia and Nicaragua he gave up. One of his obscure employees took over and moved the remnants of the organization to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, in 1894, and there it remained until its final dissolution in 1907.

Mayor deLesseps Morrison, of New Orleans, a young man of experience in such matters, with a reputation for probity, said this when I asked him whether gambling should be legalized:

"I thought so—like O'Dwyer (William O'Dwyer, ambassador to Mexico and former mayor of New York)—four years back. I have changed my mind. Legalized gambling is the road to destruction for a city, a state or a nation. Morality aside, it is bad business to make a city into a honky-tonk. The racket boys would have the drop on me, once gambling was legal. This way I can at least worry them a good deal—and worry my cops who don't help worry them."

He added thoughtfully: "Look what happened with the Louisiana Lottery."

Yes. Look. THE END

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NOW! DAV's GLORIOUS 4th ANNUAL CONTEST

$100,000

to be awarded by the

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS Service Foundation

New Contest! New Puzzle! ENTER TODAY!

YOU MAY WIN $50,000 OR $46,500 OR $45,000

Must be won — — ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS *Cash!*

3 PRIZE GROUPS — You may win a prize in each group

GROUP NO. 1 — 1st Prize $5,000.00
2nd Prize $1,500.00 3rd Prize $750.00
4th Prize $500.00 5th Prize $200.00
6th to 8th Prizes, each $100.00. 9th Prize, $50.00. 10th Prize, $40.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $25.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $15.00. 254 Prizes, each $5.

GROUP NO. 2 — 1st Prize $15,000.00
2nd Prize $3,500.00 3rd Prize $1,750.00
4th Prize $1,250.00 5th Prize $500.00
6th to 8th Prizes, each $250.00. 9th Prize, $135.00. 10th Prize, $125.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $75.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $25.00. 254 Prizes, each $15.

GROUP NO. 3 — 1st Prize $30,000.00
2nd Prize $7,500.00 3rd Prize $3,500.00
4th Prize $2,500.00 5th Prize $1,000.00
6th to 8th Prizes, each $500.00. 9th Prize, $250.00. 10th Prize, $200.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $150.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $50.00. 254 Prizes, each $30.

Grand Total of This Official Prize List Is $100,000

You May Also Win a Brand New 1951 BUICK CONVERTIBLE

as an EXTRA PRIZE for ACTION

To become eligible for this extra award, your original entry must be postmarked before midnight, February 6, 1951. Your best solution (**original or substitute**) will then be judged in competition with those submitted by all other contestants who meet this deadline and who have not been awarded any other automobile as an extra prize. If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rules apply) you will win a brand new 1951 Buick Convertible. In addition you may be one of the cash prize winners. So send in your entry now! Remember—if later you find you can improve your score, you may send in substitute solution free of extra cost.

Help Us to Help Our Disabled Veterans!

The Trustees of the DAV Service Foundation are proud to report that out of the revenues raised in previous contests, the DAV has been enabled to extend to scores of thousands of war-handicapped veterans (and to their dependents and to widows and orphans) sorely needed technical advice, counsel and aid to "help them to help themselves".

Yet much more is needed to support DAV's nationwide service set-up to help rehabilitate America's three million war wounded and disabled veterans. Their number is still increasing! They need help to establish and prove legal entitlement to medical care, hospitalization, disability compensation and appropriate vocational training.

Your generosity is needed now more than ever, our disabled veterans need the DAV! The DAV needs the DAV Service Foundation! The Foundation needs your continued generous support.

And your generosity and skill may win you a fortune! So send in your contribution and your contest entry TODAY!

HERE is the DAV's glorious 4th Annual Contest! Well it may be that the DAV's *"4th"* may mean *your independence!*

For now, after awarding a Quarter Million Dollars in previous DAV Contests, comes this great *new* contest with another *Hundred Thousand Dollars* in prizes—and the opportunity for YOU to win *$50,000.00* or *$46,500.00* or *$45,000.00* or any other one, two or combination of three cash awards among those listed at left.

Just as others have won $50,000.00, $33,000.00 and other huge cash sums (as well as smart new automobiles) in preceding DAV Contests, this new contest makes it possible for YOU to win *new* cash awards—huge enough to assure *your* financial independence and freedom from money cares!

Grasp this opportunity today. See the Official Puzzle at the right. Read the instructions carefully. Study the Sample Puzzle-Solution and explanation. Send in your puzzle solution promptly. Remember $100,000.00 MUST BE WON!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

1. Exactly identify each of the six objects at the top of the puzzle with a seven-letter word—42 letters altogether—but in doing so use only 15 **different letters** of the alphabet (11 letters of the 26 in the alphabet not being used).

2. Each letter has a point value as set forth in the Table of Letter Values printed below the puzzle. If you have exactly identified the objects as instructed you will find that the total value of the 42 letters that spell out the names of the six objects is 961 points; otherwise one or more of your object identification words is not correct for the puzzle.

3. Now fill in your six identification words into the six shaded letter paths, each of which has space for seven letters. You may insert them in any arrangement you consider to your best advantage—however, each word must of course be correctly spelled and must read from left to right or from top to bottom.

4. You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now fill in those 13 white squares with 13 letters of your own choosing, so that by combining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, you spell out 5 extra, different, complete words (3 five-letter words and 2 four-letter words). Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

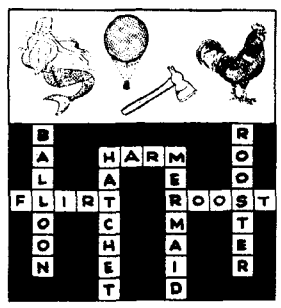
5. Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words (a total of 11 differently spelled words), but your job is to use 13 letters that will give you the highest possible score when the value of those extra letters (as shown in the Table of Letter Values) is added to the 961 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW AND READ HOW WE SOLVED IT!

We have worked out below a typical puzzle to show you how to go about solving DAVogram puzzles of this kind, and we have also worked out alternate answers to get higher scores. Read below, then try your skill on the Official Puzzle.

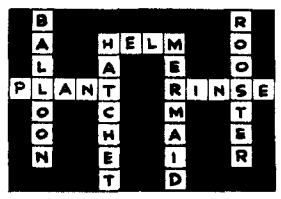
First, we identified the objects pictured: MERMAID . . . BALLOON . . . HATCHET . . . ROOSTER . . . and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 724 points. Next, as you can see in Diagram No. 1, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 8 extra letters which gave us three extra words: FLIRT . . . HARM . . . ROOST . . . These 8 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 195 points, thus giving us a total score of 919 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

DIAGRAM No. 1



We felt we could do better by a little further work, so with some thought we changed our 8 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed FLIRT to PLANT, HARM to HELM and ROOST to RINSE. We thus attained a total of 213 points for the 8 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 937 points.

DIAGRAM No. 2



Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM

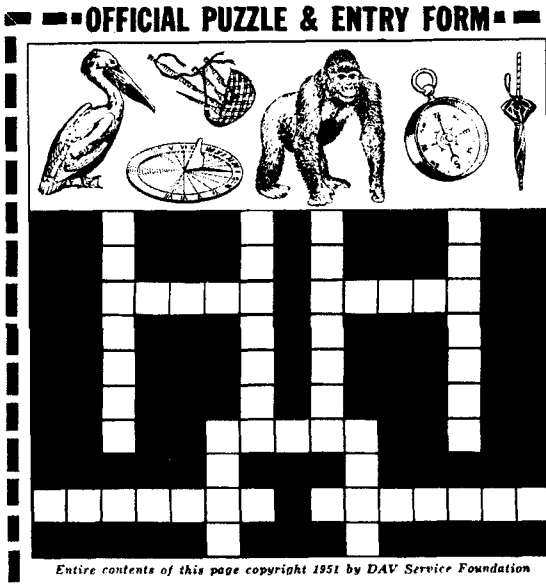


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TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—14	F—13	K—28	P—30	U—20
B—26	G—24	L—22	Q—16	V—18
C—15	H—35	M—23	R—34	W—31
D—27	I—25	N—29	S—19	X—17
E—32	J—11	O—21	T—33	Y—10
				Z—12

My Total Score is _____ POINTS

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away, for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY FORM. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000 4th Annual Contest
Dept. 301 Washington 6, D. C.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

Please enter me in your Fourth DAVogram Puzzle Contest, for which I enclose entry fee contribution in the sum of $_____. I have filled in the diagram and my score above, obtained in conformance with the Official Contest Rules and Instructions. Please enter me for competition in the Prize Group or Prize Groups checked below:

( ) Prize Group No. 1, which requires $2.50 contribution. (First Prize $5,000.00)
( ) Prize Group No. 2, which requires $5 contribution. (First Prize $15,000.00)
( ) Prize Group No. 3, which requires $10 contribution. (First Prize $30,000.00)

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups:

Group No. 1 ($5,000.00 First Prize) $2.50 contributed
Group No. 2 ($15,000.00 First Prize) $5 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($20,000.00 combined first prizes) $7.50 contributed
Group No. 3 ($30,000.00 First Prize) $10 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($35,000.00 combined first prizes) $12.50 contributed
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($45,000.00 combined first prizes) $15 contributed
Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 ($50,000.00 combined first prizes) $17.50 contributed

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 4.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED _____

Name _____
Please Print Plainly

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you have previously entered this 1951 DAV $100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, **DO NOT USE THIS FORM** for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 3 to 4 weeks). Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry forms will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500.)

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR BUICK CONVERTIBLE, ENTER BY MIDNIGHT FEBRUARY 6, 1951

THE OFFICIAL RULES Please Read Carefully!

$100,000.00, now on deposit at the American Security and Trust Co., Washington, D. C. will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules:

1. Fill in your solution on puzzle form together with your name and permanent home address in Continental U. S. to which all contest mail will be sent.
2. Send with answer minimum donation to Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation of $2.50 to enter Group 1; $5 for Group 2; $10 for Group 3. You may compete in any one, two or all 3 prize groups and may win a prize in each group. You may transfer from any group or groups to another (or others) by submitting required additional donation before deadline date. (See Rule 4.) Prize groups judged separately. Highest valid score in Group 1 wins first prize in Group 1, second highest wins 2nd prize, etc., until all prizes in Group 1 awarded. Prizes in groups 2 and 3 awarded similarly.
3. Ties are expected and if you are among those tied, you will be sent a series of five tie-breaking puzzles to be solved, in which each succeeding puzzle will be judged only if ties still remain after preceding puzzle has been judged. Naturally, the tie-breakers, including more numerous objects, will be similar but more difficult and credit will be given for partial solutions. With one or more of the tie-breaking puzzles, we will supply object identifications. (NOTE: Only first tie-breaking puzzle had to be judged in two of previous DAV contests.) Prizes then awarded if no remaining ties—otherwise a second, third and fourth series (if needed) will be used. Time limit for solving tie-breakers will be no less than 14 nor more than 21 days from date of mailing for 1st tie-breaking series. Not less than 3 nor more than 7 days for 2nd, 3rd or 4th series (if needed). Release of tie-breakers in mails will be scheduled so they should reach all tied contestants on same day. In case of final ties, duplicate prizes awarded. No additional contributions required with tie-breakers.
4. Solutions must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and mailed and postmarked not later than March 31, 1951, and received by us before April 16. At no extra cost, you may send in one substitute solution on Official Numbered Substitute Solution Form which you will receive with acknowledgement of your entry. Should you fail to receive your acknowledgement of entry within 30 days of the date you enter, you are required promptly to mail your request for a duplicate acknowledgement. You will also be supplied with an Official Claimed Score Card which you may later be required to submit. Where individual submits more than one entry only his or her highest valid score will be considered in group or groups in which that score is entered. An extra two months from the dates above (May 31 and June 16) will be allowed for substitute solutions and donations to transfer into other group or groups.
5. In solving puzzle, practically any word that fits may be used. Do not use any hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combining form, abbreviation or contraction. Final word source authority is Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, 2nd Edition (any printing from 1947 through 1951). With exceptions noted, any word is usable, including a word that appears only as part of a two or more word phrase or expression (like "suey" in "chop suey"), provided it actually appears as a complete word in bold-face type anywhere on any page within A-Z main alphabetical section of above dictionary. No plural or other inflectional form acceptable unless it appears in bold-face type. Names and definitions of the objects also covered by this entire rule.

   Sponsor will not enter into any individual correspondence about eligibility of words, but failure of contestants upon our request to furnish correct page-source of any questioned word may make said word inadmissible.
6. Contestant may not get help from anyone (same family or household excepted, who also may not get such help). Write us of change of address. Not responsible for lost or delayed mail. Only one member of a family may compete. Not eligible to enter are employees of ours or our agents or anyone who has won $500.00 or more in any other contest prior to entering in this contest, or members of families of such persons. Sworn statements to this effect required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule. Not open to members of the Armed Forces on active duty. We reserve right to reject any entry for non-compliance with the rules and to refund all money received with such entry. Unsigned or illegible entries will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. A contestant will not receive more points than claimed nor more than earned. By entering you agree that our decisions and/or those of the Committee of Awards, under the rules, are final. Address all mail to DAV Service Foundation, 4th Annual Contest, Washington 6, D. C.

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Boy having met girl, they revel in the sun and spray of Miami Beach as they water-ski in their matched swim suits of bright plaid cotton

Equally well attired for the slopes of Mont Tremblant, they wear ski jackets made of warm, long-lasting nylon in a candy-striped pattern

North to South in 30 Minutes

By BEUT BAILEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAGANO

IT'S winter vacation time. Not all of us are fortunate enough to get away for a respite from work, but an ever-increasing number are learning the pepping-up value of a bit of sunshine, on beach or ski slope, in the middle of winter. If you happen to be one of those who take a winter vacation, shop for your clothes carefully, for they will add immeasurably to your enjoyment.

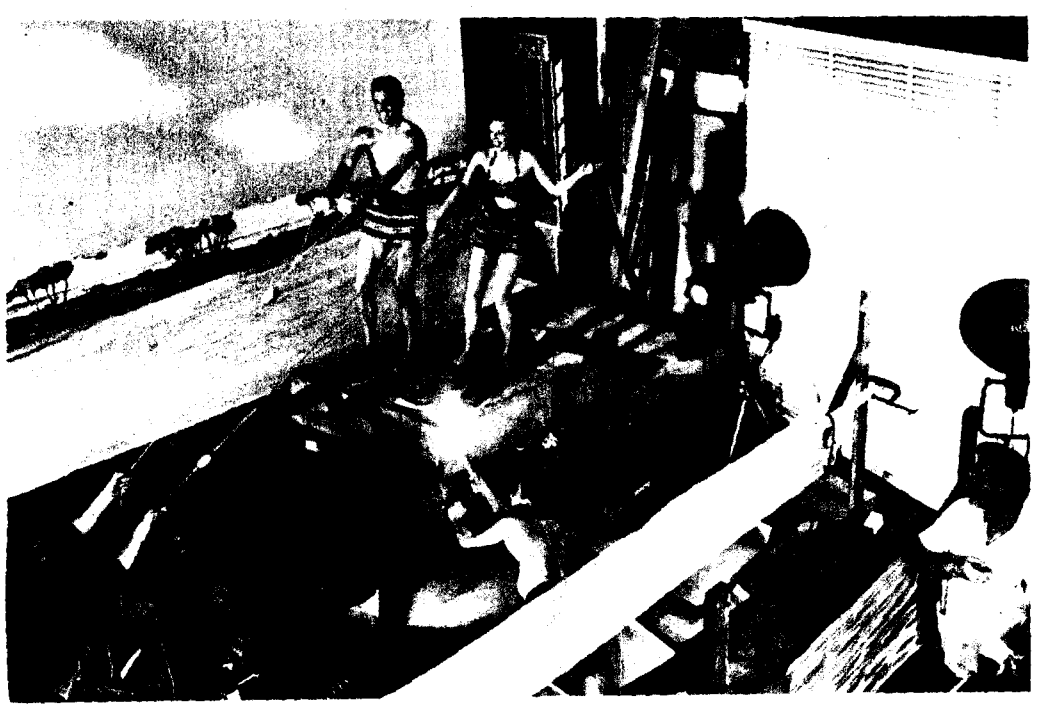
Color, comfort, better appearance and practicality are high lights of the new apparel for Southern and Northern resorts that is now being shown in your local stores.

Beach wear, while vividly colorful, stays within the bounds of good taste. Boxer shorts and matching shirts for men run the gamut from floral designs of many colors to neat foulard patterns and plain colors. Knitted trunks are growing in popularity. Nylon, Orlon and other new fibers and blends provide quick-drying qualities and lightness of weight. Terry warmup pull-overs and shorts or slacks are new and smart.

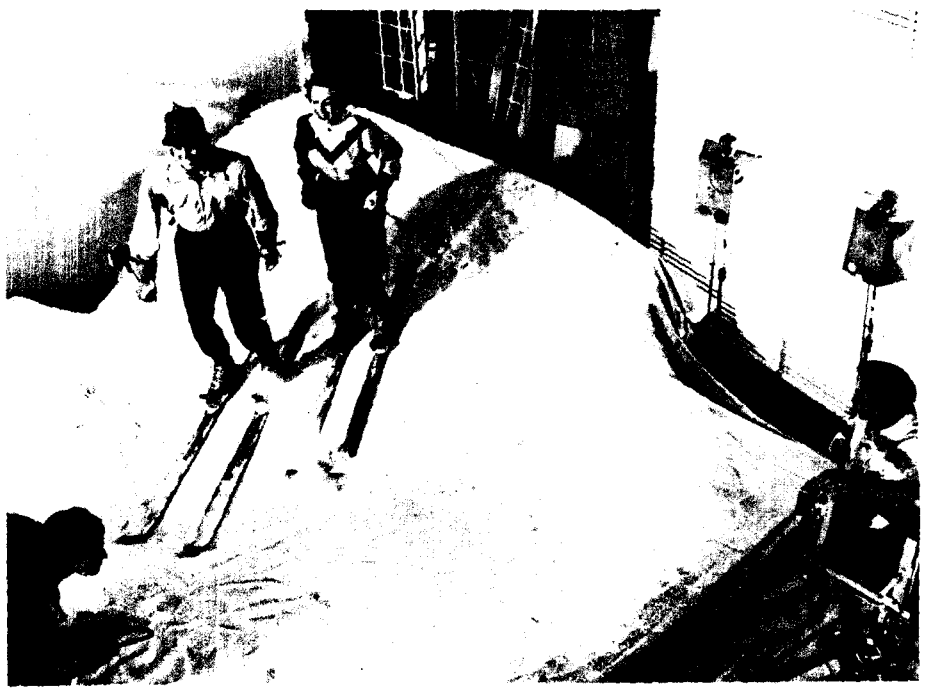
For skiing, you can now select apparel that is warm and weather-resistant without being bulky and heavy. Wear a Byrd Cloth, nylon or acetate jacket over a gabardine shirt or sweater, whipcord trousers with cap and mitts that match—and you'll be a comfortable, professional-looking figure on any ski slope.

. . . *and here's how we did it!*

They really weren't having fun in Florida, but posing in a New York studio, where kliegs provided the sunshine and a hose the salt spray



Skiers often are disappointed to find there's no snow on the hills, and it's a pity they can't use bleached cornflakes, as we did here



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Player Deal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

transfusion of youth that any good team needs for survival, he was glad that I wouldn't go temperamental and refuse to report, nullifying the deal. It was that simple.

Now there seemed nothing left to talk about, no matter what our thoughts were. He looked at the clock. "We gotta get moving," he said. He gripped my hand. "Good luck, boy. We play the Wasps there Saturday night. See you then."

"So long," I said.

He turned away. The other players came to say good-by. I grabbed hands, listened to the fumbling words of the rookies to whom I was still more a name from their boyhoods than a real man, met the pity and regret in the eyes of the ones who'd been with the club almost as long as me. I didn't allow myself to think of them one by one. I had to be unmoved, offhand, the tough, ugly old Buffalo. Then I was alone with my plane ticket. I shoved it in the pocket of my polo coat and pushed out through the crowd.

BEFORE I checked out of the hotel, I phoned Addie, my wife, in Winnipeg. She's a Norwegian girl with clear skin and blue eyes and blond hair, and I had never stopped marveling that she'd said yes seven years ago when I asked her to marry me. I never would have asked her if I hadn't been in the Air Force then, leaving for Europe, and I thought and thought about it and finally decided that I couldn't lose anything, she could only say no. But she'd said yes, and now she couldn't follow me down for the winter because our oldest boy, Billy, was in school.

It was Billy who answered the phone, at home.

"Hello," he said hesitantly. "Hello?"

"It's your daddy, Billy," I said. "Is Mummy there?"

"My daddy's not here," he said in the high voice he used only for talking on the phone. "My daddy plays defense for the Nationals, but they said tonight on the radio that—"

I heard Addie's voice then and a slight scuffle as she got him away from the phone. "Hello," she said.

"Honey," I said, "you heard about it?"

"Oh, Buff! I heard it on the radio." She sounded sort of scared, and I knew she was scared for me, because she knew what the Nationals meant to me, more than anyone else could know. She knew all the things that had happened that had made this club my adult life, because at noontime and in bed in the summer nights we had talked hockey, and on the winter nights when she came East with me she saw every game and knew the players and their wives and our slumps and peaks and all the feeling men have for one another when they play side by side, winter after winter, seventy games a winter, to win. I had even met her, the first time, when I was sweaty and dirty and had blood on my chin, one night in the Garden, when she gave a figure-skating exhibition in an intermission, and a photographer took a picture of me with her. The caption on it in the paper the next day said, "Beauty and the Beast."

"It's okay, honey," I said. "Now, don't worry. I'm sorry you had to hear it on the radio."

"I didn't believe it when you said in your letter that it might happen," she said. "How could they do it?"

The answer—that it was pure good business—I couldn't say to her. The business aspect of sport always had eluded her. She'd seen us sweat and swear and break our bones, and she'd never believed money had too much to do with it.

"I've been thinking," she said hesitantly, "that maybe you'd decide to retire." She was feeling her way, knowing how hard I'd be hit by this, trying to say that whatever I wanted to do was all right with her.

"I haven't thought about it," I said.

Her voice was urgent, and half angry. "I think you should think about it. I mean, I know you would have played for the Nationals until you dropped, but that was different."

"I don't know, honey," I said. "I just don't know."

"But will you think about it?"

I hesitated and something inside me suddenly wanted to give in right then, to admit that the team had been what counted for everything, to say I'd go home and take over my store and sell skates and hockey sticks and shotgun shells and fishing rods. Finally, not knowing exactly what I felt—reluctance maybe, and pain—I said, "I'll think about it."

"When will you decide?"

"I'm going up there tonight," I said. "I'll decide in a few days."

She said, "Do what you think best. But I hope you come home, darling."

There was a pause. She didn't ask about Red and Casey and the others she knew, or about Jocko, whose wife had been her best friend during the winters she had spent East with me. I noticed that—the quick reaction of a woman who thinks her husband has been scorned.

"Billy wants to say good night," she said. "Here he is."

"Good night!" said Billy.

"Good night, son," I said.

"Bjørn wants to say good night, too," Billy said. "Here, Bjørn! No, this way."

I could hear Addie and Billy urging Bjørn, who is four, to speak into the phone, but he didn't. "Good night, Bjørn," I said. "Be good."

Then Addie said good night to me softly and I hung up the phone and looked around the room. I folded the picture of Addie and Billy and Bjørn and put it in the bottom of my bag. I wrapped my radio, a gift from the club years ago, in a pair of pajamas and packed it. I opened all the drawers and threw in shirts and socks and handkerchiefs, and then packed my suits in another bag. In fifteen minutes I was ready to move, so I moved.

I SAT on the plane and thought that both Jocko and Addie had thought maybe I wouldn't take this move, that I'd quit first. A man can think a lot in a two-hour plane ride, late at night, and the thought of retiring, packing up now and going home, was interwoven with all the other thoughts.

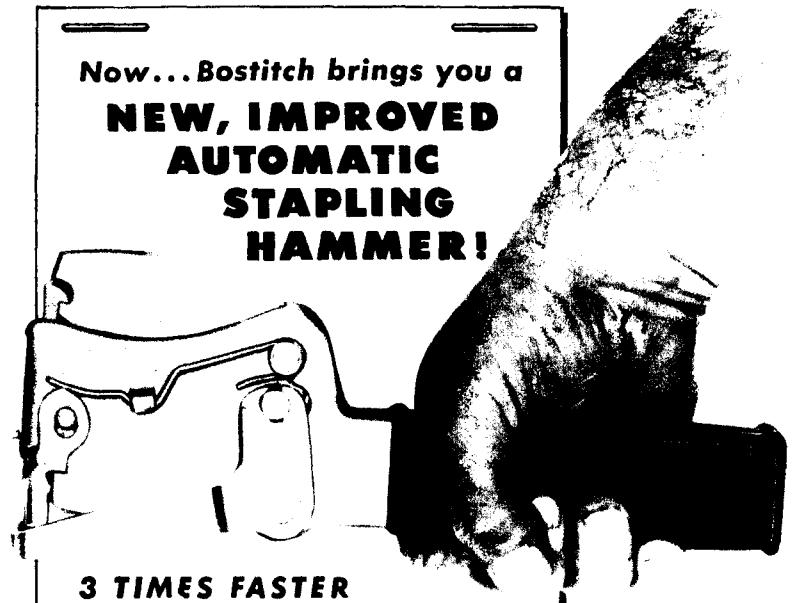
I thought how I hadn't even been able to say "so long," properly, to guys like Casey and Red and Parsons and Sutherland. Too much to remember. Casey . . . I grinned. When Casey got married I took a present up to his apartment and found that he'd spent so much money on a diamond ring that he and Gloria didn't have a stick of furniture when they got back from a one-night honeymoon, except a bed. Casey had always been grateful I'd never told the jokers on the club about that.

I remembered the heavy slumped weight of Red in my arms on the ice the night he got cross-checked across the face in Detroit, his jaw so badly broken they had to feed him through a tube for two months. And Parsons, the kid, who hit the big time a little too hard at first and had to be rescued from wine and women before he wore himself right back into the minor leagues. Sutherland . . . a guy with a name like that, with a French-Canadian accent you could cut with a knife. I remembered one night before the last game in a Stanley Cup final, when he knelt on the bench by his locker, in the sight of twenty hard-talking athletes, and prayed. That night he shut out the Volants 1-0 and we won the cup, and his prayer had never been mentioned then or since.

And I thought: This is one hell of a way to leave ten years behind—traded.

The Wasps' coach, Al Jones, met me at

Now . . . Bostitch brings you a
NEW, IMPROVED AUTOMATIC STAPLING HAMMER!



3 TIMES FASTER than ordinary tacking or nailing on many building, shipping and assembly jobs.

BOSTITCH H2B HAMMER is improved twenty ways for continuous, trouble-free service in high-speed tacking and light nailing operations. Drives ¼" and ⅜", or ½" staples.

Now . . . you can be surer than ever before of getting your tacking and light nailing jobs done faster, at lower cost. Twenty improvements in this new Bostitch H2B self-feeding hammer make its time-tested, one-hand operation even more practical. New accelerated driver multiplies the force of each effortless blow . . . drives each staple all the way home . . . into hard or gummy wood without buckling. New positively locked loading door can't snap open in use . . . means quicker, easier loading. Other parts are improved, strengthened and plated to prevent jamming, reduce wear and resist rust. Why delay? Switch now from slow tacking and nailing to better, faster Bostitch automatic stapling. One hand free for holding work. No bruised fingers. No mouth infection. Investigate! Use coupon below.

APPLYING INSULATION faster and better with a Bostitch H2B stapling hammer. Each easy blow drives a staple all the way home. Fastening in close corners is no problem at all.

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the airport, midnight and all as it was. He's a middle-sized wiry guy, with a nice smile; he had been a center for the Wasps when I first broke into the league. He was the first player I'd ever met who could shift either way. He just about tied my legs in knots the first time I tried to check him. There was a legend in the league that Al Jones once had shifted a rookie defenseman right out of his athletic supporter, and I could believe it.

He shook hands, and people looked at us, and I could hear some of them saying our names when we walked out of the customs to his car.

When we were on the road, he said, "How do you feel about this deal, Buff?"

I chose to think he was asking me about the business aspect of it, not the personal aspect. "You gave three good rookies for one old guy," I said.

He laughed. "We could have given 'em six rookies for you," he said. "We need a guy who can play defense right now, not next year or the year after that."

"It's been pretty tough, I guess," I said.

"Sixth place is always tough."

"What's the trouble?"

"You've seen them. They skate like wild geese and never get anywhere."

He stopped short of saying that they needed a leader. I felt he was thinking that, but that some understanding of the way I felt prevented him from saying it, because he didn't want to put it up to me that way. He was an old player himself. He'd know how I felt.

A LITTLE later he said, "Did you know there was a report in one of the local sports columns that you were going to quit hockey rather than accept the trade?"

"I didn't know that," I said.

He wasn't looking at me. "It's in the deal that if you don't stay with the club at least two weeks, we get our players back. After that, we're on our own."

I was thinking that if they put that right in the deal there must have been a few other people who found it as hard as I did to be certain that Buff Koska would play for anyone but the Nationals.

He drove fast, seventy and eighty. At this time of night the roads were deserted. I glanced at him once or twice and he had the coach's face, too. He had the tight drawn look that Jocko Henderson had, and all the other coaches, and the dim light from the dash made his face look somber and worried.

We didn't talk much more on the way in. When we got to the hotel, he said, "There's a room waiting for you inside. Practice at ten in the morning."

I closed the car door and he pulled away fast. A porter took my bag and I followed him in. The room clerk said, "Hello, Mister Koska. Glad to have you with us, instead of against us."

I didn't sleep for a while. I lay on my back and listened to the trains shunting and thought that about now in the Nationals' sleeping car, halfway to Montreal, the long swaying aisle would be quiet. My friends would be sleeping the sleep of the winning team, not worried over the game in Montreal tonight or the game here against the Wasps tomorrow night. I thought: Maybe by this time forty-eight hours from now I'll be here thinking about how the Nationals murdered us, thinking of the checks I missed, the goals I should have got, playing the game over and over again as I always did.

But I still couldn't quite believe that I'd ever worry about the Nationals winning, when for so long I'd worried only when they lost. Before I went to sleep I knew that in the next two days I had to decide something in my mind. The trouble was that I didn't know quite what it was I had to decide.

The next morning the early doorman at the Arena went into an exaggerated salute when I got there a little after nine, and I walked around and into the home-club dressing room. It was warm and brightly lighted, the benches and lockers and walls freshly painted and clean. The fat old trainer was wandering around bossing the stick boy, and along the hall I could hear the grinding buzz of the skate-sharpening machine. It was familiar and yet strange. I tossed my skates to a dressing table and said to the trainer, "Which is my locker?"

"Get them skates off the table, you bum," the trainer said. "Damn' Nationals, no breedin'."

"I'd rather have no breeding any time than be in sixth place," I said.

He chewed his cigar over that, pointed out a locker, and started sorting through trunks and throwing equipment over to me.

The first players who came in eyed me sort of warily. Some said hello and some didn't. I guess I'd powdered some of these kids pretty hard at one time or another, but that wasn't why they were quiet. They were quiet because they were a losing team, and therefore deeply miserable. I understood. I'd known losing streaks, when every shot hit the post, every break was bad, every opposition team seemed at its peak, checking and checking and checking until you felt you would never win another game.

Everything I did in the practice was automatic and I knew it. Years ago I'd given up practicing hard, with the assurance that I knew what I was doing and I'd save it for the game. I knew Jones, the coach, was watching me anxiously, but I felt no desire to impress him or anyone else there.

After the practice, after my shower, he called me into his office and asked me what I thought of the team.

"They're better than they look in the standings," I said.

He fiddled with some papers on his desk and then spoke suddenly.

"I remember that first Stanley Cup you played in. That was your first year up, the year we beat you, and the Nationals went dead in the play-offs and you were the only guy who kept trying, kept on picking up that puck and bashing into us and rushing and shooting and checking and yelling at the other guys on your club. I never forgot that. Remember? Lytle, the sports writer, said it the next day. He said that this kid Koska, the rookie, was the only guy in the Nationals' line-up who looked as if he belonged in the Stanley Cup."

"I remember," I said, and for an instant I felt grateful to him for remembering. And then I almost grinned as I realized why he was talking this way. He was trying to make me remember whatever it was inside of me that had made me a good hockey player. He was waiting for me to say something, and I tried to answer the unspoken question that had been in his words.

"I don't know if I'm that kind of a guy any more, Jonesy," I said. "I just don't know. I could do it for the Nationals, but maybe I left it behind."

He didn't say anything more, just looked at me, and after a minute or two I got up and went out. I read on the notice board outside his office that all players were to report by seven o'clock, ninety minutes before game time, on game nights. That, for us, was tomorrow night. And the opposition would be the Nationals.

I WENT to a show that afternoon. At night I wrote to Addie. Saturday morning I walked around the downtown district and lounged for a while in the sports department of one of the big department stores, looking at guns, alone. The Nationals had won last night in Montreal. They would have got in this morning on the overnight train from Montreal but I didn't want to see them. I wasn't part of them any more; their problems and hopes and injuries weren't mine. The other Wasp players lived in apartments if they were married, or boardinghouses if they were single. Jones had suggested a boardinghouse where some of the other players lived but I'd decided to stay in the hotel a while.

When I got back to the hotel a couple of sports writers were waiting. They asked me a lot of questions about how I felt about coming to the Wasps, and so on, and I told them I felt all right, because how could I say anything else?

And then it was seven o'clock. I had eaten about four, and had slept an hour in my room. At the Arena a crowd was beginning to gather, lining up in hopes of getting late ticket cancellations. In the dressing room, the old trainer wandered around in his baggy coat-sweater. Jones looked in and asked if I was getting everything I wanted. Before I could answer, the trainer growled, "Anything he ain't got, he can ask. can't he?"

Al Jones left again. These kids dressed quietly, without unnecessary talk. I couldn't help comparing this to the dressing room of the Nationals, full of horseplay and laughter and talking about last night's goals and the goals to be scored tonight, talking about the long shot that won the fifth at Santa Anita, about somebody on this team tonight who had to be watched.

Ed Hill, the rawboned kid goalkeeper who broke in last year after George Rockaway lost his eye, was dressed first and then sat in a corner with his head in his hands and stared at the scarred wooden floor.

"How about a shutout tonight, Hill?" one of the players asked.

Hill said, not looking up, "I always try."

Jones came back and looked around. Most of the players were dressed. "Jackson," he said. "Come here."

A big rookie with a crew cut got up and stood beside the coach, waiting.

"You play beside Koska tonight on the starting line-up," he said. "Keep your eyes open and you might learn something."

"Okay, coach," Jackson said.

"Okay, let's go!" Jones said.

I waited so that I was the last man to reach the ice. This was habit, the habit of ten years, and maybe there was some superstition in it now. I could hear the crowd cheer halfheartedly as Hill led the Wasps to the ice. Before me in the passageway, our white sweaters with blue numbers and crests bobbed and weaved and we all looked like giants from the padding and the elevation of our skates.

When I stepped on the ice there was a special roar and I looked around this rink that I knew pretty well—I'd played here often enough—and I thought of the years these people had hated me because I was rough and tough and because I was the enemy. But the fans of a losing team will grab at any straw, and when the first welcome for me died down there was an urgent murmur in the fifteen thousand people and I could even hear some of the voices as I skated along the boards, one, a man's voice, saying, "That's Koska. By God, he looks tough!"

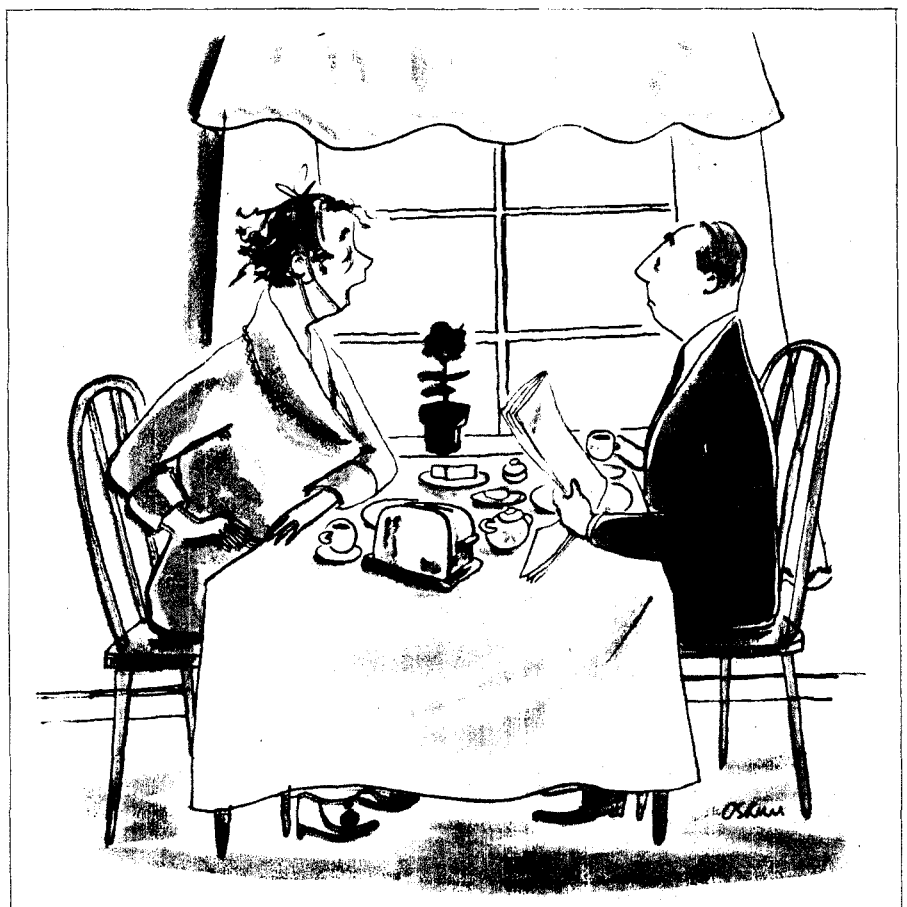
A puck came out to me and I skated across the blue line and let go a shot and Hill caught it and tossed it off to the side.

We lined up on the blue line and took turns skating in on goal, and in the pauses I looked up at the great crowd. This was one of the best hockey cities in the league; they packed the place for every game, and the faces reached up tier on tier to the vast domed roof. A band high at one end played with the artificial lilt that any military band has when it plays a popular air. Behind the band, flags hung limply.

The Nationals came on the ice.

THEY looked big, solid and confident in their blue road uniforms. I glanced at them quickly, recognizing every stride, every swagger, every mannerism, and I could feel even stronger the difference in the two clubs, the leaders and the tailenders. I thought of Red and Casey and all the others, my friends, and how we'd come in here earlier this season, counting each game with the Wasps as a sure two points to keep us on top. The puck came out to me and I shot on goal and Hill stopped it again. I picked up a puck and shot in against the boards at various places in our defense zone, watching the rebounds closely to refresh my memory of what these boards would do. All automatic. The lights were dimmed and a wind machine made the flags stand out straight behind the band, and the band began to play the national anthem. We stood in a line at attention at the blue line and faced the flags, and behind us the Nationals were doing the same. When the anthem was over, the crowd yelled with the sudden release of excitement and anticipation that comes at the beginning of every game, and then six players of each starting team took their positions and the spares skated to the benches.

Casey was playing in my old spot with young Parsons on the Nationals' starting



COLLIER'S "I must look a sight! Why don't you make me eat breakfast in bed?" KATE OSANN

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defense. Sutherland, behind them, in goal, was leaning on the crossbar, relaxed and confident, and to look at him you'd never know that he took this game so seriously that once, or maybe more than once, but once openly, he'd discussed it in prayer. Red went to center, the big rangy redhead who'd come up to the Nationals only two years after me. His wings spread out at the sides, facing our wings, and a husky black-haired kid named Jamieson went to center for the Wasps to face off with Red.

I stood about ten feet from Jackson at the blue line which enclosed our defensive zone, one third of the 210-foot ice surface. I thought of the hundreds of times I had stood at the blue line for the Nationals, waiting for the puck to be dropped, the twisting elation of approaching battle making my feet and hands and stick move nervously. Not quietly waiting, as now.

THE referee blew his whistle and dropped the puck. Red snared it for the Nationals and passed to a wing, and a play was developing toward our goal. One of our wingers was checking the puck carrier and I saw Red coming in alone and I figured he'd get the return pass, and he did. He took it ten feet away from me, head up, glancing quickly to place his wings and then he was coming in on me with that open-legged wide stance I knew so well, waiting for me to move, ready to shift the other way as soon as I made my move. I didn't move. His check was driving in on him, forcing him in on me, and as he tried desperately to slip by I hit him with my shoulder and chest and he went down and the puck went loose and I was on it, charging down the ice, our wings speeding to catch up. I cut across the defense and held my pass until I sucked in Casey and Parsons toward me and then I hit Parsons and bounced into Casey and our winger was in for a hard shot on Sutherland, who wasn't leaning on the back pipe now.

I dug in and got back and Red cut across in front of me, swerving, and I threw a shoulder into him again and he went down and the crowd roared harder, the rising blood-roar, and bellowed my name.

I leaned forward slightly at our blue line, watching the play at the other end, breathing rapidly, sweating a little now—the beginning. And I was thinking: This is all automatic, this is just something I know how to do.

Perhaps a man has to put a thought like that into words before he realizes how ridiculous it is. Because as I thought those words Parsons broke up our play and stormed down the ice toward me and I could feel my whole squat, strong, scarred body tense with the tenseness of a hunter with his quarry in view. I hit him and felt the sudden smashing shock, and I remembered that when I first played with the Nationals I knew none of them but I had played my best, and that each year the Nationals had been a different team from the team of the year before, and that to each changing group I had given all I had. I had been the constant, not the team. Parsons was on his knees before me, struggling doggedly and painfully to get up, and I scarcely noticed this kid I'd worked so hard with, because I was yelling at Jamieson to draw his pass, so we could get the puck out of our zone, and when the pass went bad I was on my knees to stop a shot by Red.

I wondered what Addie and Dad and Mother were thinking when the radio said I was playing for the Wasps the way I had played for the Nationals and all around me was the sound of my trade, the urgent cut-cut of skates on ice, the whacking of stick on stick, hard breath, grunted curses.

Then I was replaced and I sat on the bench and watched the Nationals bottle the Wasps up behind our own blue line and pour shots in on Hill, and he stopped them, but I was thinking: He can't stop them all; and I was on my feet and Jones, behind me, was looking at me questioningly, and I said, "Let me back on."

"Go!" he yelled. "Go to it, Buff!"

I shouted as one of our defensemen came by and he jumped over the boards to the bench and I jumped to the ice again, and a minute later the referee told me I'd have to watch my language or he'd have to fine me. And he sort of grinned.

I don't know what I felt then. I was on the ice until my breath wouldn't come, and then I was off for a minute, and then I was on again, and Jones told me afterward that about halfway through the first period he started to see the change; his kids started to skate the way they did in practice, checking ferociously, forcing the play, and the Nationals, surprised, off balance, had lost their poise. I don't remember noticing it. I only remember that they cleared six feet of bench for me to stretch out on after the first period and that the kids were quiet watching me. And that in the second period I went past my old friend Sutherland and said, "Start praying, boy," although I made sure nobody around could hear me.

Still we couldn't score. We outplayed them, in the second and again in the third, but maybe Sutherland had taken my advice, because he kept kicking out the shots, and catching them, and batting them away with his stick, until there were only three minutes left in the game and they forced a face-off in our end.

The puck was dropped and our kid Jamieson got it and was away, straight down center, and I was after him. Casey and Parsons, playing up to our blue line for this face-off, were trying hard to get back but Casey couldn't and Parsons could only get a piece of Jamieson, not enough. The kid faked a shot to draw Sutherland to one side but slipped the puck across to me and I just about tore a hole in the back of the net with my shot.

I thought the roof would fall in. These kids, the Wasps, climbed all over me. They slapped my back and grabbed my arm and roughed up my hair. I skated past Casey, who hadn't been able to get back in time, and I said, "You slacker, Casey," and he said a very foul word to me, his old friend. I looked to the Nationals' bench to where Jocko Henderson was standing, but he was talking to a player, bending over him urgently, not looking at me.

In the two minutes to go, Jones left me on the ice. The Nationals came storming up the ice in rush after rush to try to get the goal back, trying to pin the puck in our zone on a power play, and we knocked them down and spoiled their passes and twice our kids broke away and where their shots had been missing by inches before, now they found the holes. I don't know why. It goes like that. We won 3-0, beating the league-leading Nationals, the first time they'd been shut out in the eight weeks of this season.

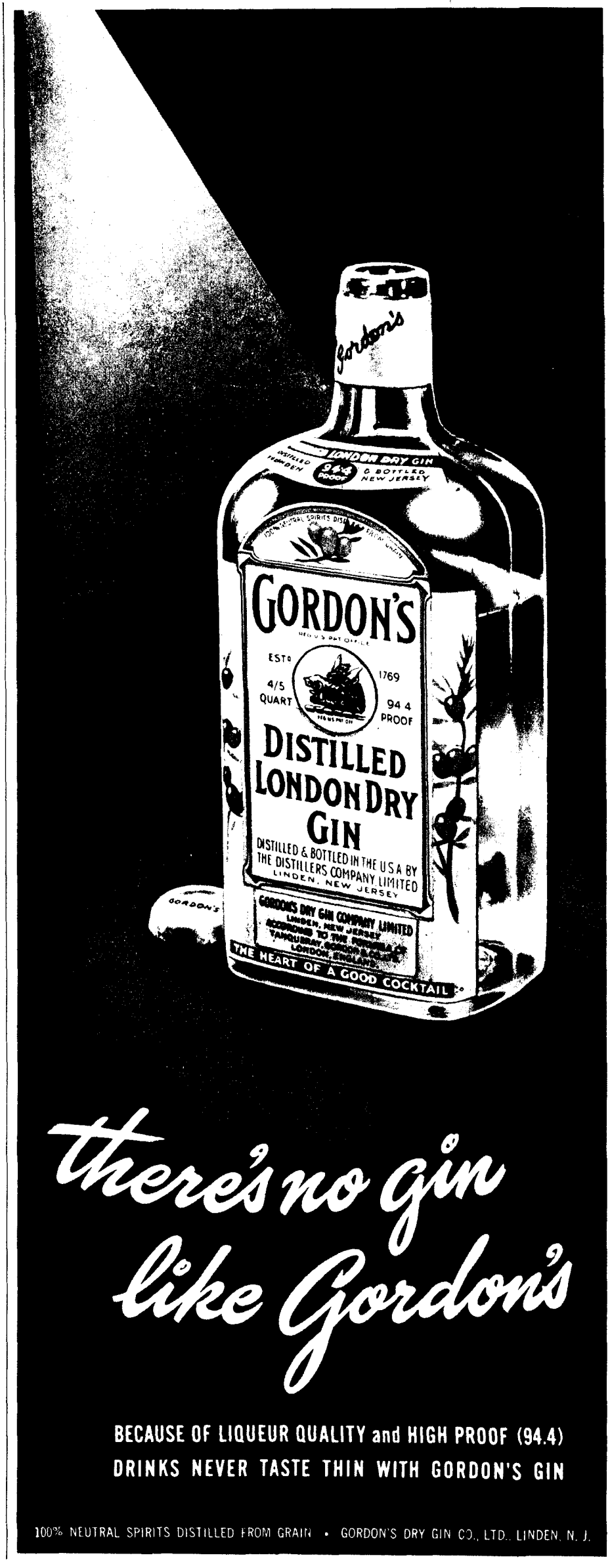
I STARTED off the ice with the others, but I had trouble getting through the crowd, which had pushed aside the ushers to get at me. The dressing room was full of noise, the trainer yelling that the train for Chicago left in forty minutes and for the love of God to quit shooting the bull and hurry off with them pads so he could pack them. But the noise stopped suddenly when they saw me and the quiet tugged at my insides in a way I had known often before when men saw and recognized whatever it is that makes a man play this game hard.

Jones dropped a hand on my shoulder. "Thanks, Buffalo, boy," he said.

I thought of what he had said about that first season of mine, ten years ago, the Stanley Cup game when I played my best and we lost. I thought: Now I've got another night to remember, a new one. The stick boy handed me a telegram and I read it. It was from Addie, and all it said was: *I guess old buffaloes never die.*

When my head came up after I pulled off my sweater, half a dozen kids were looking at me, grinning, some of them whose names I didn't even know for sure yet. But only Hill, the goalie, had anything to say right then. He dropped to the bench beside me and unbuckled his goal pads, and keeping his eyes down he said, "Boy, am I glad we got you."

THE END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Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Quite effective if simply fired into the air," he said. He took two pistols from a drawer in the table, and pushed them across. "Less messy than that," he added, with a look at Josella's handsome knife. "Good scrounging." . . .

When we set out after unloading the station wagon we found that there were fewer people about than on the previous day. Those who were showed an inclination to get onto the sidewalks at the sound of the engine rather than to molest us.

The first truck which took our fancy proved useless, being filled with wooden cases too heavy for us to remove. Our next find was luckier—a five-tonner almost new, and empty. We transferred, and left the station wagon to its fate.

At the first address on my list the shutters of the loading bay were down, but they gave with little difficulty to a crowbar from a neighboring shop, and rolled up easily. Inside, we made a lucky find. Three trucks were backed up to the platform. One of them was fully loaded with canned meat.

"Can you drive one of these things?" I asked Josella.

She looked at it. "I don't see why not," she said. "The general idea's the same, isn't it? There's no traffic problem anyway."

We decided to come back and fetch it later, and took the empty truck on to another warehouse where we loaded in parcels of blankets, rugs and quilts, and then went further to acquire a noisy miscellany of pots, pans, caldrons and kettles. We collected the already loaded truck from the food warehouse, and drove the two of them back to the university.

Michael Beadley came out of the building to inspect our contributions. He approved of it all save half a dozen cases I had added to my second load.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Triffid guns and bolts," I told him.

"Oh, yes. You arrived with a lot of anti-triffid stuff," he remarked.

"I think we're likely to need it," I said.

He looked at me thoughtfully.

WE WENT into the building, and had some tea at an improvised canteen which a pleasant-faced middle-aged woman had competently set up.

"He thinks," I said to Josella, "that I've got a bee in my bonnet over triffids."

"He'll learn—I'm afraid," she said. She added: "It's queer that no one seems to have seen them about."

"These people have been keeping pretty much to the center, so it's not very surprising. After all, we've seen none ourselves today."

"How would they get out?"

"If they worry at a stake enough, it'll usually come in the end. The breakouts we used to get sometimes on the farms were usually when they'd all crowded up against one section until it gave way."

"Couldn't you make the fences stronger?"

"We could have, but we didn't want them absolutely permanent. It didn't happen often, and when it did it was just from one field to another, so we'd just drive them back. Anyway, they'd not normally make for here. From a triffid point of view a city must be much like a desert, so they'll be moving outward toward open country on the whole. Have you ever used a triffid gun?" I added.

She shook her head.

"I was thinking of putting in a bit of practice after I've done something about these clothes, if you'd care to try."

I got back an hour or so later feeling more suitably clad, having adopted her idea of a dark-blue ski suit and heavy shoes. We took a couple of the triffid guns and went out into the garden of Russell Square, nearby. We spent about half an hour snipping the uppermost shoots off convenient bushes.

When we decided it was time to rest, Josella lay down, clasped her hands behind her head, and gazed up into the sky.

"I still can't believe any of this really happened," she said. "I try, but still I can't really believe it."

I felt like that, too. The houses, the trees, the absurd hotels on the other side of the square were all too normal, too ready to come to life at a touch.

"And yet," I said, "I suppose that if they had been able to think at all, the dinosaurs would have thought much the same thing. It happens from time to time, you see."

"Then you don't think it really is the end— of people, I mean?" Josella said.

"No," I said. "It need not be the end. We're still very adaptable, and we've got a flying start compared with our ancestors. No, damn it, as long as there are any of us left sound and healthy we've got a chance ---a thundering good chance."

"You know," Josella said, "the most shocking thing about it is to realize how easily we who were so safe and so certain of our world have been dispossessed."

She was right. From very familiarity one forgets all the forces which keep the balance, and thinks of security as normal. It is not. And I don't think it had ever before occurred to me that man's supremacy was not primarily due to his brain, but to that brain's capacity to make use of the information conveyed to it by a narrow band of light rays visible to him. His civilization, all he had achieved and might achieve hung upon his ability to perceive that range of vibrations from red to violet. Without it, he was lost. He appeared to me in that moment, with so tenuous a hold on his power, to have done miracles for so fragile an instrument.

From time to time we had heard the sound of trucks driving up to the far side of the building. It was evident that most of the scrounging parties must have returned by this time. I looked at my watch, and reached for the triffid guns lying on the grass.

"If we're to get any supper before we hear what other people think about it, it's time we went in," I said.

THE meeting provided more food for thought than I expected. It was held in a small lecture theater, lighted for the occasion by an arrangement of car head lamps and batteries. Some half-dozen men and two women who appeared to have constituted themselves a committee were conferring behind the lecturer's desk as we assembled. To our surprise there must have been nearly a hundred people seated in the body of the hall. Young women predominated at a ratio of about four to one. It was Josella who pointed out to me that very few of them were able to see.

Michael Beadley dominated the consulting group by his height; beside him I recognized the Colonel. The other faces were new to me. Most of their interest was centered round an elderly white-haired man of ugly but benign aspect. They had an air of being a little worried about him.

Sandra Telmont came in, carrying a sheet of foolscap. She studied it a moment, briskly broke the group up, and sorted it to chairs. With a wave of her hand she directed Michael to the desk, and the meeting began.

Michael stood there, a little bent, watching the audience from somber eyes, waiting

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for the murmuring to die down. When he spoke it was in a pleasant, confident voice, and with a fireside manner.

"Many of us here," he said, "must still be feeling numbed by the catastrophic thing that has happened to our world. To some of us it may seem like the end of everything. To those I would say at once: It *can* be the end of everything—*if we let it.*

"But great as the disaster is, there is still a margin of survival. It is worth remembering just now that we are not unique in looking upon a vast calamity. Whatever the myths that may have grown up about it, there can be no doubt that somewhere far back in our history there was a Great Flood. Those who survived it must have looked upon a disaster comparable in scale with this, and in some ways more formidable. But they did not despair: they began again—as we can begin again. Self-pity and the sense of high tragedy will build nothing. So let us eschew them—for it is builders that we must become.

"Let me point out to you that this, even now, is not the worst that could have happened. I myself, and many others, have spent most of our lives in expectation of something worse. And I still believe that if this had not happened, that worse thing would have come to pass.

"Since August 6, 1945, the margin within which man exists has become appallingly narrow. And, indeed, two days ago it was narrower than it is at this moment. If you need to dramatize, you might take for your material the years succeeding 1945 when the path of safety shrank to a tightrope on which human beings had to walk with their eyes deliberately closed to the depths beneath them.

"In any single moment of the years since then, the whole world might have been blown to pieces by the ingenious instruments of destruction the minds of men had devised. It is a miracle that human beings survived their own skill at self-slaughter.

"But they did survive—and we here today can survive the disaster that faces us. The earth is intact, unscarred, still fruitful. It can give us food and raw materials. We have repositories of knowledge that can teach us to do anything that has been done before—though there is much that may be better unremembered—and we have the means, the health and the strength to begin to build again." He did not make a long speech, but it had effect.

THE Colonel, who followed him, was practical and factual. He reminded us that for reasons of health it would be well for us to get away from all built-up areas as soon as practicable, which was expected to be about 1200 hours on the following day. Almost all the primary necessities had now been collected as well as extras enough to give a reasonable standard of comfort.

In considering our stocks it must be borne in mind that our immediate aim must be to make ourselves as nearly independent of outside sources as possible for a minimum of one year. We should be spending that period virtually in a state of siege. There were, no doubt, many things we should all like to take besides those on our lists, but they would have to wait until the medical staff—a pitifully small staff—considered it safe for parties to leave isolation and fetch them. As for the place where we should isolate ourselves, the committee had given it considerable thought, and had come to the conclusion that a country boarding school or, failing that, some large country house would best serve our purpose.

Whether the committee had not yet decided on any particular place, or whether the military notion that secrecy has intrinsic value persisted in the Colonel's mind, I cannot say, but I have no doubt that his failure to name the place, or even the probable locality, was the gravest mistake made that evening. At the time, however, his matter-of-fact manner had a further reassuring effect.

Others of the committee spoke briefly, and then Sandra rose and introduced the last speaker of the group as D. E. H. Vorless, D.Sc. of Edinburgh, lecturer in sociology at the University of Kingston.

The ugly white-haired man walked to the desk, and stood there a few moments with his fingertips resting upon it, and his head bent down as if he studied it. Those behind him were regarding him carefully, with a trace of anxiety. The Colonel leaned over to whisper something to Michael who nodded without taking his eyes off the Doctor. The old man looked up. He passed a hand over his hair.

"My friends," he said, "I think I may claim to be the oldest among you. In nearly seventy years I have learned, and unlearned, many things—though not nearly so many as I could have wished. But if, in the course of a long study of man's institutions, one thing has struck me more than their stubbornness, it is their variety. We must see, if we pause to think, that one kind of community's virtue may well be another kind of community's crime; that what is frowned upon here may be considered admirable there; that what one period of history condemns, another condones. And we must also see that in each community and in each period there is widespread belief in the moral rightness of its customs.

"In the time that is coming a great many of the prejudices we have inherited will have to go or be radically altered. We can retain and accept only one primary prejudice, and that is that *the race is worth preserving.* To that consideration all else will for a time at least be subordinate. This will not be easy: old prejudices die hard."

HE PAUSED to survey his audience thoughtfully. Then he said: "There is one thing to be made clear before you decide to join our community: it is that those of us who start on this task will all have our parts to play. The men must work—the women must have babies. Unless you can agree to that, there is no place for you."

After an interval of dead silence, he added: "We can afford to support a limited number of women who cannot see, because they will have babies who *can* see. We cannot afford to support men who cannot see, and therefore cannot work. In the new world, babies become very much more important than husbands."

For some seconds after he stopped speaking a silence continued, then isolated murmurs grew quickly into a general buzz.

I looked at Josella. To my astonishment she chose this moment to grin impishly.

A tall, dark, purposeful-looking young woman stood up. While she waited, she appeared to have a mouth not made to open, but it did.

"Are we to understand," she asked in a kind of carbon-steel voice, "—are we to understand that the last speaker is advocating free love?" And she sat down, with spine-jarring decision.

Dr. Vorless smoothed back his hair, and regarded her. "I think the questioner must be aware that I never mentioned love, free, bought or bartered. Will she please make her question clearer?"

The woman stood up again. "I think the speaker understood me. I am asking if he intends to abolish the marriage law."

"The laws we knew have abolished themselves. It now falls to us to make laws suitable to the conditions, and to enforce them."

"There is still God's law, and the law of decency."

"Madam, this committee, after discussion, has decided that if we are to build a new state of things and avoid a relapse into barbarism—which is an appreciable danger—we must have certain undertakings from those who would join us. No one is going to recapture the conditions we have lost. What we offer is a busy life in the best conditions we can contrive, and the happiness which will come of achievement against odds. There is no compulsion. The choice is yours. Those to whom our offer does not appeal are at perfect liberty to go elsewhere and start a separate community upon such lines as they prefer."

The discussion which followed was a ram-

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bling affair, descending frequently to points of detail to which there could as yet be no answers. After letting the debate go on raggedly for an hour or so, they wound it up. Michael asked that the names of all those willing to join in the plan should be left in his office by ten o'clock the next morning. The Colonel asked all who could drive trucks to report to him by 700 hours, and the meeting broke up.

Josella and I wandered out of doors. The light on the tower was again stabbing hopefully into the sky. We smoked our final cigarettes, musing upon mutability and incredibility. She finished hers, and threw the end away. The moon was just rising clear of the British Museum. She looked carefully at everything by its light, and then up at the white finger of the tower.

"And so good-by to all this," she said. After a pause she added: "I'm getting sentimental. I must go to bed before I start crying over all the things I never did. Good night, Bill. You've been a dear."

I watched her disappear into the sharp shadows in the forecourt. A few minutes later I, too, went indoors to find the room where I had laid out my blankets.

I WAS walking through an unknown and deserted city where a bell rang dismally and a sepulchral, disembodied voice called in the emptiness: "The Beast is loose! Beware! The Beast is loose!" when I woke to find that a bell really was ringing. It was a hand bell jangling with a brassy double clatter so harsh and startling that for a moment I could not remember where I was. Then, as I sat up still bemused, came a sound of voices hysterically calling, "Fire!"

I jumped from my blankets as I was, and ran into the corridor. There was a smell of smoke, and a noise of hurried feet, and doors banging. Most of the sound seemed to come from my right where the bell kept on clanging and frightened voices called, so it was in that direction I turned and ran. In the dimness I collided with one or two people who were feeling their way along the walls; after that I tried to keep in the middle of the passage.

I found the stairs. The bell was still clanging on the floor below, and I made my way down as fast as I could through smoke that was getting thicker. Just as I reached the bottom I tripped and fell forward. The dimness became a sudden darkness. Somewhere in it a light burst like a cloud of needles, and that was all. . . .

The next thing I was aware of was an ache in my head, and then a glare when I opened my eyes. At first blink it was as dazzling as a klieg light, but when I edged the lids up more cautiously it turned out to be only an ordinary window, and grimy at that. I knew I was lying on a bed, but I did not sit up to investigate further; there was a piston pounding away in my head which did not need any encouragement. So I lay there quietly and studied the ceiling—until I found that my wrists were tied together.

That snapped me out of my lethargy in spite of my thumping head. A very neat job it was. Not painfully tight, but perfectly efficient, with several turns of insulated wire on each wrist and a complex knot on the far side where it was impossible for me to reach it with my teeth. I swore a bit, and looked around. The room was small, and empty save for the bed on which I lay.

"Hey!" I called. "Anybody around here?"

After half a minute or so there was a shuffle of feet outside. The door was opened, and a head was thrust in. It was a small head with a tweed cap on the top of it, a stringy choker beneath, and a dark unshavenness across its face. It was turned not straight at me, but in my general direction.

" 'Ullo, cock," it said amiably enough. "So you've come to, 'ave yer? 'Ang on a bit, an' I'll get you a cup o' char." And it disappeared again.

In a few minutes the man came back carrying a wire-handled can with some tea in it. "Where are yer?" he said.

"Straight ahead, on the bed," I told him.

He groped in front of him with his left hand until he found the foot of the bed, then he felt his way round it, and held out the can.

" 'Ere y'are, chum. It'll taste a bit funny-like 'cause ol' Charlie put a shot o' rum in it, but I reckon you'll not mind that."

I took it from him, holding it with some difficulty between my bound hands. It was strong and sweet, and the rum had not been stinted.

"You're a miracle worker, and I'm grateful. My name's Bill," I told him.

His, it appeared, was Alf.

"What's the griff, Alf? What goes on here?" I asked.

He sat down on the side of the bed and held out a pack of cigarettes with a box of matches. I took a cigarette, lighted his first, and then my own, and gave him back the box.

"It's this way, mate. You know there was a shindy up at the university yesterday morning—maybe you was there?"

I told him I'd seen it.

"Well, after that, Coker—he's the chap what did all the talking—got kinda narked. 'Hokay,' he says, nastylike. The blighters asked for it. I put it to 'em fair an' square in the first place; now they can take what's comin' to them.' Well, we'd met up with a couple of other fellers and an old girl who can see, and they fixed it up between 'em. He's a lad, that Coker."

"You mean—they fixed the whole business—there wasn't any fire or anything?"

"Fire—no! They fixed up the trips, lit some paper an' a few sticks in the hall, and started in ringing the old bell. We reckoned as them as could see'd be the first along on account of there being a bit of light from the moon. And sure enough they was. Coker and another chap was givin' them the KO as they tripped an' passin' them along to a few of us chaps to carry out to the truck. Simple as kiss your 'and."

"H'm," I said, ruefully. "Efficient chap, Coker. How many of us mugs fell into that little trap?"

"We got about a couple of dozen—though it turned out as five or six of 'em was blinded. When we'd got about all we could take along with ourselves in the truck, we left the rest to sort theirselves out."

Whatever view Coker took of us, it was clear that Alf bore us no animosity. He appeared to regard the whole affair as a bit of sport.

"And what's the program now?" I asked.

"Coker's idea is to make us all up into parties an' put one of you with each party. You look after the scrounging an' kind of act as the eyes of the rest, like. Your job is to 'elp us keep going until someone comes along to sort this perishin' lot out."

"I see," I said.

He cocked his head toward me. There weren't any flies on Alf. He'd caught more in my tone than I'd realized was there.

"You reckon that's goin' to be a long time?" he said.

"I don't know. What's Coker say?"

Coker, it seemed, had not cared to commit himself. Alf had his own opinion, though: "If you ask me, I reckon there ain't nobody goin' to come to help us. If there was, they'd've been 'ere before this. Different if we was in some little town in the country. But London! Stands to reason they'd come 'ere first. The way I see it, they ain't come yet, and that means they ain't never goin' to come."

I didn't say anything. Alf wasn't the sort to be jollied with facile encouragements.

Alf went away after a bit, leaving me a pack of his cigarettes. I fell to wondering what had happened to the rest, and whether any of them had got away. Particularly I wondered about Josella.

I got off the bed and went across to the window. The outlook was poor. An interior well with sheer sides for four floors below me, and a glass skylight at the bottom. There wasn't much to be done that way. Alf had locked the door after him, but I tried it just in case. By the look of the place it might be a bedroom in a third-class hotel, with everything except the bed thrown out.

An hour or so later, Alf came in with a plate of food and a spoon, and more tea. "A bit roughlike," he apologized. "But they said no knife and fork, so there it is."

While I ate, I asked about the others. He couldn't tell me much, and didn't know any names, but he did know that there were women as well as men among those that had been brought there. Alf went out, and soon after I had finished eating, Coker strode in, looking tired and worried, with a bundle of paper under his arm. He gave me a searching look.

"You know the idea?" he asked.

"What Alf's told me," I admitted.

"All right, then." He dropped his papers on the bed, picked up the top one and unfolded it. It was a street plan of Greater London. He pointed to an area covering most of Hampstead and Swiss Cottage which had been heavily outlined in blue pencil.

"That's your beat," he said. "Your party works inside *that* area, and not in anyone else's area. You can't have each lot going after the same pickings. Your job is to find food in that area and see that your party gets it—that, and anything else they need. Got that?"

"Or what?" I said, looking at him.

"Or they'll get hungry. If they do, it'll be just too bad for you. Some of 'em are tough, and they're not doing this for fun. So watch your step. Tomorrow morning we'll run you and your lot up there in trucks. After that, it'll be your job to keep 'em going until somebody comes along to get things straight."

"And if nobody does come?" I asked.

"Somebody's *got* to come," he said grimly. "Anyway, that's your job—and mind you keep to your area."

I stopped him as he was on the point of leaving. "Have you got a Miss Playton here?" I asked.

"I don't know any of your names," he said.

"Fair-haired, about five foot six, gray-blue eyes," I persisted.

"There's a girl about that size, and blond. Yes. I think we're sending her to Westminster. But I've not looked at her eyes. Got something more important to do," he said, and left.

When Alf showed up again, I asked him if he could get a note to Josella. He shook his head. "Sorry, mate. Not allowed," he said firmly.

After that I was left alone with my thoughts. Night came on, and I fell into a restless sleep, dreaming about Josella.

EARLY the following morning I was awakened. Alf came in accompanied by a bigger, shifty-eyed man who fingered a butcher's knife with unnecessary ostentation. Alf advanced and dropped an armful of clothes on the bed. His companion shut the door and leaned back against it, watching carefully and toying with the knife.

"Give us yer mitts, mate," said Alf.

I held my hands out toward him. He felt for the wires which held them, and snipped with a cutter. "Just put on that there clobber," he said, stepping back.

I got myself dressed while the knife fancier watched every movement I made. When I'd finished, Alf produced a pair of handcuffs. "There's just these," he said.

I hesitated. The man by the door ceased to lean on it, and brought his knife forward a little. I held my wrists out. Alf felt around, and clicked on the cuffs. After that he went and fetched me my breakfast.

Nearly two hours later the narrow-eyed man turned up again, his knife still well in evidence. He waved it toward the door. "C'm on," he said. It was the only remark I ever heard him make.

We went down a number of flights of stairs, and across a hall. In the street out-

COLLIER'S

"You take care of the jury. I'll handle the witnesses!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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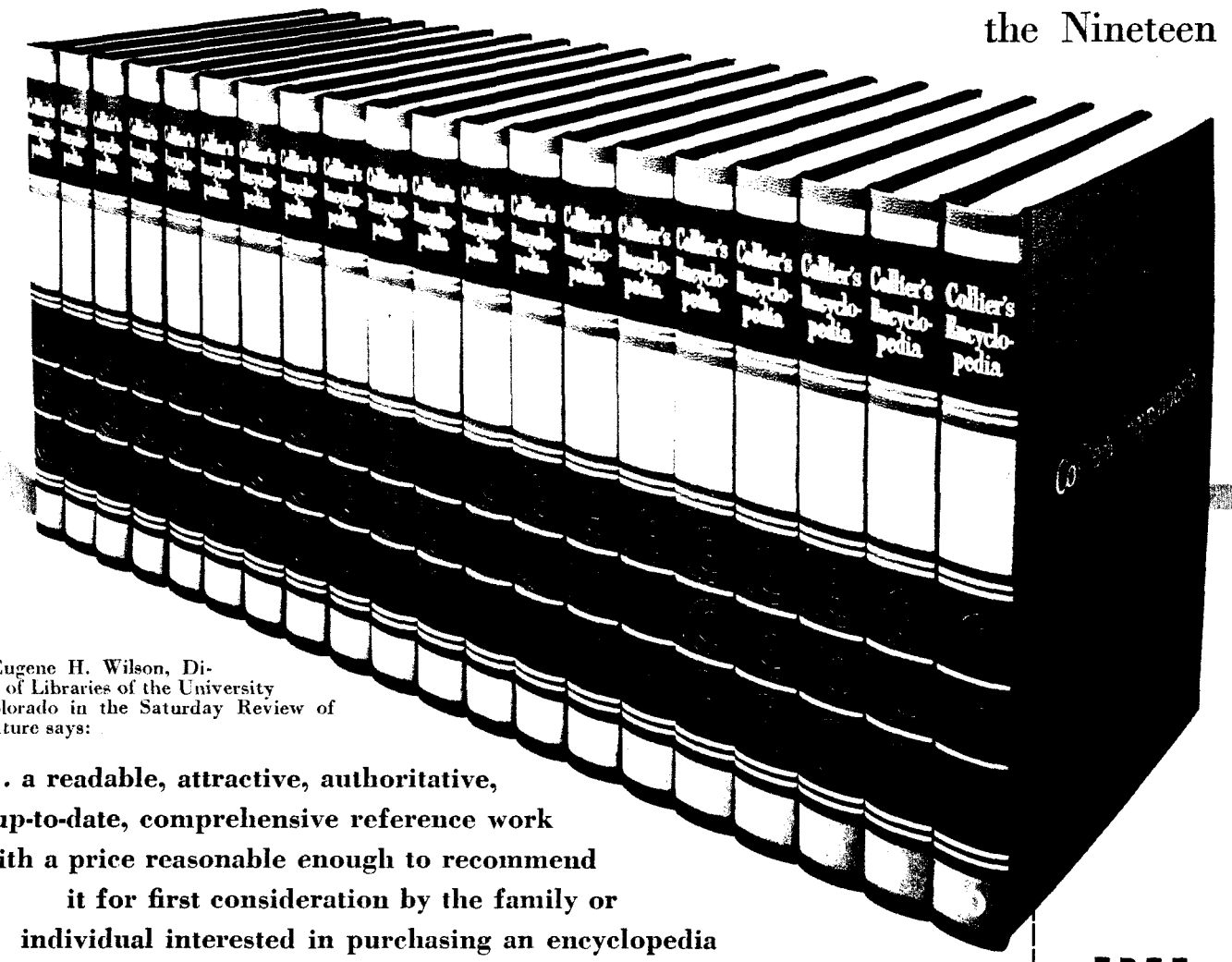

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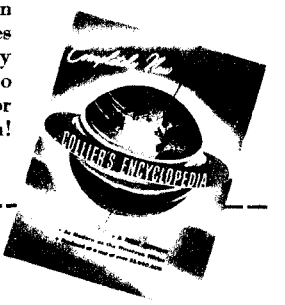

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side two loaded trucks were waiting. Coker, with two companions, stood by the tailboard of one. He waved me over. Without saying anything he passed a chain between my arms. At each end of it was a strap. One he fastened round the left wrist of a burly blind man beside him; the other to the right wrist of a similar tough case, so that I was between them. They weren't taking any unavoidable chances.

"I wouldn't try any funny business," Coker advised me. "You do right by them, and they'll do right by you."

The three of us climbed in awkwardly over the tailboard, and the two trucks drove off.

SOMEWHERE near Swiss Cottage they stopped, and we piled out. There were about twenty people in sight, prowling with apparent aimlessness along the gutters. At the sound of the engines every one of them had turned toward us with an incredulous expression on his face. Then, as if they were parts of a single mechanism they began to call out, and close hopefully toward us. The drivers shouted to us to get clear. They backed, turned, and rumbled off the way we had come. The converging people stopped. One or two of them shouted after the trucks, most of them turned dully and silently back to their wandering. A woman about sixty yards away broke into hysterics, and began to bang her head against a wall. I felt sick.

I turned to face my companions. "Well, what do you want first?" I said.

"A place to doss down," one of them said.

I reckoned I'd have to find at least that for them. I couldn't just dodge out and leave them stranded where they were. Now I was here, I couldn't do less than find them a headquarters, and put them on their feet. What was wanted was a place where the receiving, storing and feeding could be done, and the whole lot kept together. I counted them. There were fifty-two, of whom fourteen were women. The best course seemed to be to find a hotel. As well as keeping us together, it would save us the trouble of fitting ourselves out with beds and bedding.

The place we found was a kind of glorified boardinghouse made up of four Victorian terrace houses knocked together, and offering more than the accommodation we needed.

I decided I would have to stay a day or two just to see the party on its feet, and during the next couple of days we worked systematically, tackling the bigger stores nearby. At most of them we were not the first comers. The fronts of the shops were in a bad way, their floors covered with a litter of half-opened cans and split packages which had disappointed those before us, and now lay in a sticky, stinking mass among the fragments of window glass. But as a rule the loss was small, and the damage superficial, for the larger cases in and behind the shop would be untouched.

It was far from easy for blind men to carry and maneuver the bigger cases out of the place and load them on to handcarts outside, and then there was the job of getting them back to our billet and stowing them. But practice began to give them a knack with it.

The most hampering factor was the necessity for my presence. Little could go on unless I was there to direct. It was impossible to use more than one working party at a time though we could have made up a dozen or more. Nor could a lot go on at the hotel while I was out with a party. Also, such time as I had to spend prospecting and investigating the district for more stocks was pretty well wasted for everyone else. Two sighted men could have got through a lot more than twice the work. . . .

On the morning of the third day, our scrounging party was on the point of setting out when somebody told me that there were two of our group reporting sick upstairs. I turned back with an apprehensive feeling, and went up to look at them. One was a middle-aged man, the other a girl. Both had high temperatures, and complained of agonizing pains in the bowels. I did not know much about such things then, but I didn't need to know much to feel worried. I suggested that they be carried to an empty house nearby, and when we had moved them, I told one of the women to look after the sick ones as well as she could.

That was not the only excitement that day. The next occurred in a very different way, about noon.

We had cleared most of the food shops close at hand, and I had decided to extend our range a little. From what I recalled of the neighborhood I was certain we ought to find another shopping street about half a mile to the north of us, and I led my party in that direction. The shops were there, all right, but so was something else.

As we turned the corner into view of them, I stopped. In front of a large chain-store grocery a party of men was trundling out cases and loading them onto a truck. Save for the difference in the vehicle, I might have been watching my own party at work. I halted with my group of twenty

COLLIER'S **"What's she got that thirty years won't change?"** HENRY BOLTINOFF

or so, wondering what line to take. My inclination was to withdraw and avoid possible trouble by finding a clear field elsewhere. In a few seconds more I would have done so, but even while I was making up my mind a redheaded young man strode confidently out of the shop door. There was no doubt that he could see, or, a moment later, that he had seen us.

He did not share my hesitation about the situation. He reached swiftly for his pocket. The next moment a bullet hit the wall beside me with a smack.

There was a brief tableau—his men and mine turning their sightless eyes toward one another in an effort to understand what was going on. Then he fired again. I supposed he had aimed at me, but the bullet ended its course in the man on my left. He gave a grunt, as though he were surprised, and folded up with a kind of sigh. I dodged back round the corner, dragging the other watchdog with me.

"Quick," I said. "Give me the key to these handcuffs. Come on. I can't do a thing like this."

He hesitated. Then he gave a knowing grin. He was a one-idea man. "No," he said. "You don't fool me."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake—you mug. Give me that key," I said, pulling on the chain to get the body of watchdog number one nearer so that we could get better cover.

The fool started to argue. God knows what subtleties his dim wits were crediting me with. There was enough slack on the chain now for me to raise my arms. I did, and hammered both fists at his head so that it went back against the wall with a crack. That disposed of any argument. I found the key in his side pocket.

"Listen," I said to the rest. "Turn around and keep going straight ahead. Don't get separated or you'll have had it. Beat it now."

I got one wristlet open, ridded myself of the chain, and scrambled over the wall into somebody's garden. I crouched there while I got rid of the other cuff. Then I moved across to peer cautiously over the far angle of the wall. The young man with the pistol had not come rushing after us as I had half expected. He was still with his group, giving them an instruction. Now I came to think of it, why should he hurry? Since we had not fired back, he could reckon we were unarmed, and we'd not be able to get away fast.

When he'd finished giving his orders he walked confidently out into the road to a point which gave him a view of my retreating party, and began to follow them. At the corner he stopped to look at the two prone watchdogs. Probably the chain suggested to him that one of them had been the eyes of our gang, for he put his pistol back in his pocket and proceeded to follow the rest in a leisurely fashion down the road.

It was not what I had expected, and it took me a minute or two to see his scheme. Then it occurred to me that his most profitable course would be to follow them to their headquarters and see what pickings he could hijack.

I was glad that I'd told my lot to keep straight on. Most likely they'd get tired of it after a bit, but I was sure none of them would be able to find the way back to the hotel and lead him to it.

THE road ran straight for some distance. The young man was perhaps fifty yards ahead of me, and my party another fifty ahead of him. We continued like that for nearly a mile. To my relief none of the front party showed any tendency to turn down the road which led to our headquarters, but I was beginning to wonder how long it would be before they decided that they had gone far enough when an unexpected diversion occurred. One man who had been lagging behind the main group finally stopped. He dropped his stick, and doubled up with his arms over his belly. Then he sagged to the ground and lay there rolling with pain. The others did not stop. They must have heard his moans, but probably they had no idea he was one of themselves.

The young man looked at him, hesitated, and then bore across the road in his direction. He stopped a foot or two from the contorted man, and stood looking down at him. For perhaps a quarter of a minute he regarded him closely. Then, slowly, but quite deliberately, he pulled his pistol out and shot him through the head.

The group in front stopped at the sound of the shot, and so did I. The young man made no attempt to approach them. Instead, he turned, and walked swiftly away, not even noticing me in his hurry. I hurried on to join my party. Brought up short by the sound of the shot, they were arguing whether to go on or not.

I broke it short by telling them that now I was no longer encumbered with my two dim-witted watchdogs we would order things differently. I was going to get a truck, and I'd be back in ten minutes or so to pick them up with it. In a little more than that I had them all back at our headquarters.

That night was the worst I had spent since the calamity occurred. Tired though I was, sleep eluded me for hour after hour. I had been so busy since Coker's trucks had dumped us in the district to fend for ourselves that I had had no time to think. Now the futility of all I had been doing during these days rose up in a single bulk to oppress me. All the work I had put in was revealed as a form of escapism—a dodging of the ultimate question. I was now facing the fact that I had been raising quite unwarrantable hopes among my companions. I had made it possible for them to drag on their maimed lives for a few weeks more, I thought. But now it appeared unlikely that even that would be fulfilled.

BEFORE bedtime, three more had been taken with violent internal pains. An hour later, two more joined them. The earlier patients had grown visibly a great deal worse. What the disease was I had no idea, though I did have a hazy belief that the necessary period of incubation for typhoid ruled that out. The action of the redheaded young man in shooting the sufferer in the road suggested that it was something definite, identifiable—and dangerous.

Over and over I asked the question: Should I go, and abandon these people now—or should I stay, and prolong their misery? Hating myself for a deserter, I made up my mind to get away from my blind charges. I got up and stole quietly out into the street.

I found a car in a nearby street, luckily it was in running order and I climbed in and drove swiftly back toward London. Before I ran into the central districts I stopped the car, lighted a cigarette, and sat there to do some deliberate thinking.

First, where was I going to go? I knew that. Westminster. Next, what was I likely to encounter there, and what preparations would I make for it? With memories of the redheaded young man who had fired on me in Hampstead, the answer to that was pretty obvious too.

I threw away my cigarette and set off in the direction of St. James's Street and those shops which used to sell any form of lethalness from rook rifle to elephant gun with such genteel urbanity.

I left that quarter with a mixed feeling of support and banditry. Once more I had a useful hunting knife. There was a pistol with the precise workmanship of a scientific instrument in my side pocket. On the seat beside me reposed a loaded twelve-bore and boxes of cartridges. I had chosen a shotgun in preference to a rifle—the bang is no less convincing, and it will decapitate a triffid with a neatness which even an expert rifleman seldom achieves. And there were triffids to be seen right in London now. They still seemed to avoid the streets when they could, but I had seen several lumbering across Hyde Park, and there were others in St. James's Park. Probably they were ornamental, safely docked specimens; on the other hand, possibly they weren't.

And so I entered Westminster. The deadness of it all struck me there as never before. The usual scatter of abandoned vehicles lay about the streets. Very few people were to be seen. Close to Lincoln's statue a man sat clutching to him his dearest possession—a side of bacon from which

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he was hacking a ragged slice with a blunt knife.

Above it all rose the Houses of Parliament with the hands of the clock stopped at three minutes past six. It was difficult to believe that all that was now as dead as the rest. But it was—just a pretentious confection in uncertain stone which could now decay in peace. Let it shower its crumbling pinnacles onto the terrace; there would be no member there now to take harm. Into those halls which in their time had set a world-echo to good intentions and sad expediencies the roofs might now fall: there would be none to stop them or to care. Alongside, the Thames flowed on as ever, unperturbed, and so it would flow until the day when the Embankment crumbled and the water spread out, and Westminster became once more an island in a marsh.

BEYOND, marvelously clear-fretted in the unsmoked air, the Abbey rose silver-gray. It stood, detached with the serenity of age, from the ephemeral growths around it, solid on a foundation of centuries, perhaps destined for centuries yet to preserve within it the monuments to those whose work was now destroyed.

I did not loiter. In years to come, perhaps, some may go to look at the old Abbey with romantic melancholy, but romance of that kind is an alloy of tragedy with distance. I was too close. I made myself drive on, and up Victoria Street.

It was a good many to one that Josella, landed in this district with her party, would have seen that her best chance of keeping them together was in a hotel or a block of flats—preferably the former for reason of its larger public rooms. Accordingly I drove on the short distance to Victoria Station.

There were more hotels round there than I had remembered. They were nearly all deserted, their inhabitants driven out by hunger. Those into which some had found their way when they could trudge the streets no longer were very unpleasant. I tried a score or more without finding what I sought. Not one of them showed evidence that squatters there had been organized. It began to look pretty hopeless. . . .

I had seen very few people. A few lay dead in the street, but most of them had disappeared into refuges of some kind as they found their strength failing. But near the Victoria Palace Theater I found an old woman sitting huddled on a doorstep. She was tearing at a can with broken fingernails, and alternately cursing and whimpering because she could not open it. I went to a shop nearby, found half a dozen cans of beans overlooked on a high shelf, discovered a can opener, and took them back to her. She was still scrabbling at her can.

"You'd better throw that away. It's coffee," I told her.

I put the opener into her hand, and gave her a can of beans. "Listen," I said, "do you know anything of a girl round here—a girl that can see? She'd be in charge of a party most likely."

I scarcely hoped to hear anything useful, but there was a chance. Something must have helped the old woman to keep going longer than most. I almost disbelieved her when she nodded.

"Yes," she said, as she started the opener.

"You do! Where is she?" I demanded.

But she shook her head.

"I don't know. I was with a lot a while, but I lost 'em. An old woman like me can't keep up with the young ones, so I lost 'em. They wouldn't wait for a poor old woman, and I couldn't never find them again."

She went on cutting intently round the can.

"Where is she living?" I said.

"We was all in a 'otel. I don't know where it is, or I'd've found 'em again."

"Don't you know the name of the hotel?" I asked her.

"Not me. It ain't no good knowing names of places when you can't see to read 'em, nor nobody else can't neither."

"But you must remember something about it?"

"No, I don't."

She lifted the can, and sniffed cautiously at the contents.

"Look here," I said coldly, "you want to keep those cans, don't you?"

She made a movement with one arm to gather all the cans to her.

"If you do, you'd better tell me all you can about that hotel," I went on. "You must know, for instance, whether it was large or small."

She considered, one arm still protectively about the cans. "Downstairs it sounded kind of hollow, like it might be biggish. Likely it was smart, too—it 'ad them quiet carpets, an' good beds, an' good sheets."

"Nothing else about it?"

"No. Yes there was, though. It 'ad two small steps outside, and you went in through one of them round-and-round doors."

"Good," I said. "You're quite sure of that? If I can't find it, I can find you again, you know."

"It's the truth, mister. Two small steps an' a round-and-round door."

She rummaged in a battered bag beside her, brought out a dirty spoon, and began to taste the beans as though they were the rarest of delicacies.

THERE were, I found, still more hotels around there than I had thought. A surprising number of them had round-and-round doors, too. And more than I had reckoned on had two steps in front. I didn't quite trust the latter qualification, so I kept on trying any with revolving doors. There was no mistaking it when I did find it. It was called the D'Albert. It was in a mess now, and the smell was all too familiar, but there were still traces of organization.

"Anybody here?" I called into the echoing lounge.

I was just about to go farther when something like a groan came from one corner. Across in a semidark recess a man lay on a couch. Even in the dimness it was possible to see that he was far gone. I did not go too close. His eyes opened.

"You there?" he called to me.

(To be continued next week)

TOM FUNK

Sleeping Beauty

I come home late—my wife's in bed
And motionless as one half dead.
My steps are gentle on the floor,
I shut with care the creaking door,
I tiptoe here, I tiptoe there,
I drape my clothes upon the chair.
I leave the lights off, risk my shins,
And grope for bed on stumbling pins,
Then hear, as twixt the sheets I dive,
"I heard you coming up the drive."

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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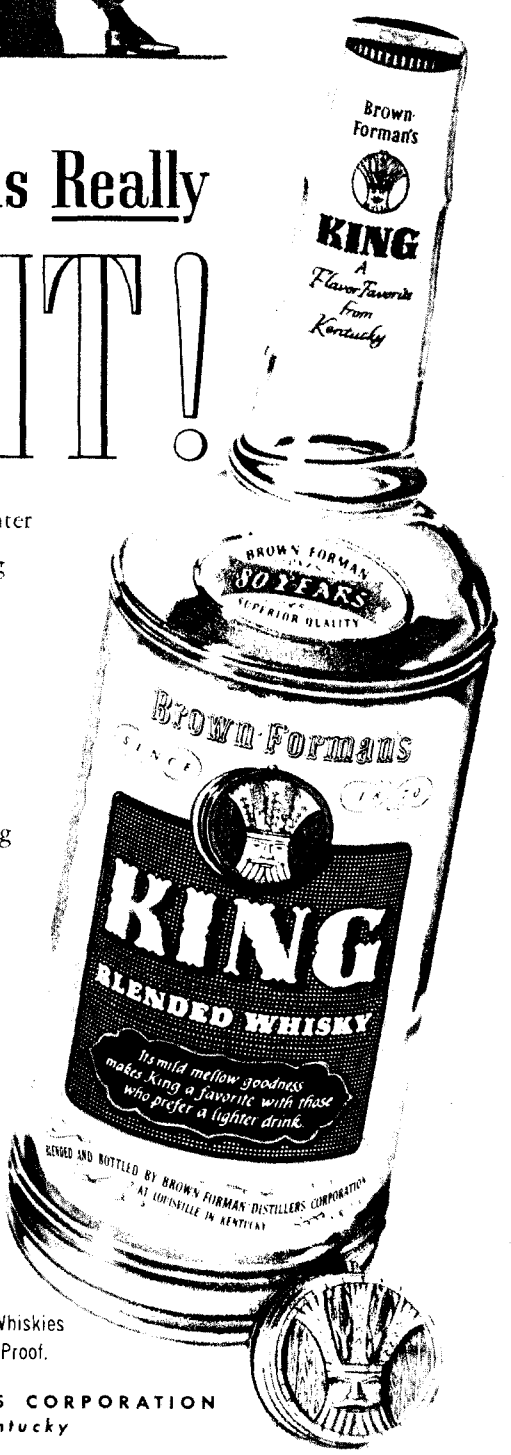

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The Passionate Plowboy's Last Furrow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"That's the cutest thing I ever read," she gurgled. "Little old farm—isn't that sweet?"

The Old Man sank to his knees and let out a shriek. "Moses! Lay those tablets down! Don't shatter 'em again! She's just a po', jelly-brained woman! Eleanor, it's written in the rocks. Honor thy father and thy mother—" He let out another shriek and grabbed his leg. It was cramped on him.

"Get him off his knees!" Mother said to me. "He sounds like a popcorn machine. I know why Foxhall told that writer all those things. He wrote to me about it. He says reporters just can't write enough about you if you've come up through the ranks!"

The Old Man, with a little help from me, got to his feet. "Ranks, hell!" he wheezes. "He wants poor relations, does he? Well, after he gets that new contract this whole family's gonna be born in slavery. Go call the airport, Lightfoot!"

Mother started laughing. "Well, what are you going to do out there? Go around telling people you're the richest man in Meriwether County?" The Old Man *is* the richest man in the county.

"Oh, no!" the Old Man said. "I'm gonna be old Bare-Bottom Montague, the Barnyard Bankrupt. He and my idiot boy Rightfoot won't have a dime. We're gonna scrounge off the Plowboy. I figure five seconds after we put the first bite on him, Jacob is gonna come boiling out from under that goatskin screaming about his amnesia! What about it, Lightfoot?"

"Make it two seconds and I'll buy it," I said.

"He'll make fools out of both of you," Mother sneered. "He always has."

"Eleanor," the Old Man said, fumbling around in the desk after his bottle, "the Plowboy has put his last furrow in this noble old brow. Believe me."

WE LEFT Lexington the next afternoon and pulled into Los Angeles around eight the next morning. An hour later we're at the Eureka gate. The cabdriver winked at the guard and said, "I got Foxhall Montague's daddy aboard. Whatta I do with him?"

The guard was a young fellow. He stuck his head in to say something smart and then he got a good look at us. We looked like we'd just been flushed off the back forty. We wore wool hats, brogans and overalls and jumper jackets that we borrowed from a couple of the stable hands around the place. They were clean but they retained a certain occupational fragrance.

The guard stared and sniffed. "You got a pea up your nose or you think you smell something?" the Old Man roared.

The guard blinked and fell back. "You really Mr. Montague?" he wheezed.

"I am," the Old Man said. "I've come after my allowance. This is my boy Rightfoot. He's gonna help me carry it!"

The guard stumbled into his little booth and made a phone call. Then he hollered out and told the driver to take us to the Administration Building. We pulled up in front of this fancy Spanish-looking layout and a tall, toothy fellow with a five-gaited tongue fell all over us. It was like Henry Wallace greeting the Man With The Hoe. This fellow's name turned out to be Joe Donald. He told us he was honored to meet us and he would rush us right over to our noble kinsman.

We went into this big concrete building. There were wires, cables, cranes, gadgets and people all over the place. Out in the middle there was this fancy bedroom set with a bunch of lights playing on it. A little, fat fellow was out in the middle imitating a woman in the throes of a great passion.

We edged in. All of a sudden there was a screech. "Father! Foots!"

Then a sort of thing rushed across the set at us. It wore a big, black cloak, a big feather in its hat on top of long curls. The thing sprang at the Old Man.

"Down, sir!" the Old Man bellowed, trying to fight it off. "Down, dammit, down!"

"It's me!" the thing screeched, throwing back its curls. "Foxhall! The Last of the Cavaliers!" Before we could duck, he grabbed us.

"Simone!" Foxhall yelled. "Sam! It's my father!" He made it sound as though there has been some doubt about him ever having one. They all came over, including the fat little guy, whose name seemed to be Sam. My eyes wouldn't focus on anything but Simone. Even with all that mess of make-up on her face she was gorgeous.

She shook hands with the Old Man and purred: "So thees is Papa I hear so moch about!" The Old Man quivered like he'd got a toe in a wall socket. "And thees is Lightfeet! But Foxhall told me you were a leetle man with a beeg stomach." My young brother—he always gave me a good press.

"No, honey," Foxhall lied. "A beeg man with a leetle stomach. Ah, Foots, you're looking great, boy. Clean overalls and everything."

The Old Man winked at me. Then he slipped the knife to Foxhall real easy. "Well, son," he drawled, "you might call these our business clothes. We're gonna collect our allowance out here for a change. No use in you wasting postage sending all that money way back to the little old farm."

I stepped back to catch the body. But Foxhall didn't even wince. He just gave his curls a regal toss. "Oh, don't mention that allowance," he said. "Wish it were bigger but I have a few local charities too. Now where's that sweet mother of mine?"

The Old Man was reeling but he wasn't out. "Well," he said, "somebody had to stay home and weed the corn you know."

That even staggered me but not Foxhall. "Great woman, Sam," he told the fat fellow. "Of course they give her ten cents a row but that just covers the liniment."

He let that sink in up to the feathers and then he bared his big white teeth at us and said, "Now, Father, you and Foots make yourselves right at home. I've got a little work to knock out and then we'll have a long talk. I'm dying to hear all about the little old farm."

We just gaped at him. Everybody else was gaping at us. They could just see poor old mother back there weeding that corn.

THEY went back to work on the movie they were making, and Foxhall's acting really started our wounds to festering. He had an awful job of backing Simone into a corner and kissing her. The cameras rolled, the fat fellow hollered, "Cut!" but Foxhall kept laying it on. "Just like him!" the Old Man snarled. "Always was a pig! They'll have to scrape him off her!"

Finally Simone got loose but instead of slugging she stroked his cheek and walked away like a kid leaving a taffy pull. Foxhall floated over to us. "Now, Father," he said, "what about that little talk?"

"Let's go over in a corner," the Old Man said. "Wouldn't want it to get out that po' old mother is slopping the pigs too!"

We headed for the big crane in the far corner. We were real picturesque—Foxhall rustling and jangling in all his finery and us squeaking along in our brogans. The Old Man got redder every step. The second we got behind the crane he whirled around and made a grab for Foxhall's long golden curls. Foxhall wasn't fast enough. The Old Man came up with a handful.

"Disgrace your old daddy, will you!" he roared. "I'm gonna thread that forked tongue through your ears and swab out your skull! What do you mean acting like you're glad to see us?"

Foxhall squirmed. "For Heaven's sake, Foots," he said, "get him off your little brother!"

He sank his teeth in the Old Man's wrist. The Old Man let out a bellow and turned loose the curls. Then he closed in again. "Foxhall," he said, "maybe you didn't hear what I said. I said we're gonna live up that two hundred and fifty a week. Pheasant, guinea hen under glass, champagne. It's going to be an orgy. All on your money!"

Foxhall dabbed at his eyes with his big lace handkerchief. "Ah, this is a proud moment for me," he said. "After all our struggles I can at last treat my little family to a first-class orgy."

The Old Man made another grab for him. "You think we're kidding? Before we're through with you, you're gonna be hiring skywriters saying Mama ain't out in that cornfield."

Just then Foxhall saw Joe coming toward us. He threw that prodigal son hold on us again. "Now, fellows," he says in his best Charles II manner, "go out and get yourselves a couple of orgy outfits. Charge everything to Old Foxxy of course. We'll throw the first one tonight. I'll line up Natalie Netherstone for you, Father. You'll love her!"

He told Joe to take care of us, gathered his great cloak around him, threw us this courtly bow and swaggers off. "Ah," Joe said, "if you're proud of him now, Mr. Montague, just wait till J.P. tells you about him. He's waiting to see us now."

We stared at Foxhall again and then staggered off after Joe. "Lightfoot," the Old Man said, "your brother is one of our

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Herpetologist, New York City	Rattlesnakes do not bite—they stab, with fangs pointed straight forward.
Ethnologist, Smithsonian Institution	Scalping was never a typically Indian practice—it was largely the result of the influence of white people.
Meteorologist, General Electric Laboratories	It is much easier to prevent rain than to make it.
Pediatrician, University of California	Boys and girls do not mature physically any earlier in the tropics than in temperate climes.
Librarian, Washington	The Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4, 1776—the signatures were not added until August 2d.
Physiologist, Public Health Service	Children don't grow uniformly throughout the year—practically all growth occurs in September-October.
Educator, Federal Bureau of Education	Illiteracy is still common in the United States—we have 10,000,000 adults who can't read or write.
Entomologist, Trinidad College of Tropical Agriculture	After stinging a person, a bee does *not* die, as a usual thing.
Traffic Expert, Los Angeles	Speeding or passing a car on a curve is not a motorist's most dangerous risk—it's cutting out of a traffic line.
Ethnologist, Smithsonian Institution	The Pilgrims did not originate Thanksgiving Day observance in America—the Iroquois Indians for centuries had been making a ceremonious Thanksgiving prayer at harvesttime to the "Master of Life."
Historian, New York	The "French" phone did not originate in France—it was invented by an American in New York in 1878.
Physician, American Medical Association	No houseflies live through the winter—fresh ones have to hatch out every spring.
Psychologist, Cornell University	Cows are smarter than horses—they learn as easily, and remember better.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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great actors. A parlay of Mickey Rooney and John Wilkes Booth. That diseased brain's a big help too. I wonder what it's spawned now!" . . .

J.P., we discovered was the High Lama of Eureka. We tramped through his paneled palace and finally Joe ushered us into the throne room. Over in the far corner was this turnip-shaped little man lying on a couch. He raised up and stared at us. "Thank Heaven you made it!" he moaned.

Joe rushed over to him. "Chief!" he said. "Not the old ticker again?"

J.P. nodded his head, smiled bravely and gave the Old Man a couple of limp fingers to shake. "Got here just in time, Mr. Montague. The Great Director has hollered 'Cut.' I'm headed for the Big Lot up in the sky."

"You can't leave, Chief!" Joe said. "What will mankind do? I'll get a doctor, three doctors, I'll—"

J.P. had another small spasm and another brave little smile. "No, Joe," he gasped, "there's just one thing that'll pull me through." He rolled his eyes at the Old Man and clutched his hand. "Mr. Montague, tell me you aren't going to sue Foxhall for nonsupport!"

The Old Man stared at him. J.P. gave another gasp. "Oh, I know all about it. I swore to Foxhall I wouldn't mention it to you but just tell him it slipped out during my last delirium. You see he had this call from his mother last night and—"

The Old Man sounded like a lung had blown out. "Well," he said, "he and his mother got a lot in common!" I could tell the Old Man was sore at Mother for tipping off Foxhall that we were coming.

J.P. looked like he might keep the Great Director waiting a little longer. He halfway sat up. "Yes, he came in this morning and told me the whole sordid story. He had fallen behind in your allotment—given too much to local charities, he said—and you were going to take it to court.

"That routed about three of my blood clots right to my old ticker. We've got three million dollars sunk in Foxhall's picture, Mr. Montague. It's a thing called Family Honor and he plays the young cavalier who is fanatically devoted to his old father."

"I see!" the Old Man said. "And it wouldn't look very good if—"

J.P. shuddered. "No, it would not. And we're going to do everything possible to make things right with you, Mr. Montague. I've put Foxhall on an unlimited expense account and—"

The Old Man's other lung blew out. "An unlimited expense account!"

J.P. sat up all the way. "Yes. For as long as you're in town. And of course we're going to make some arrangements about your allowance. Mr. Montague, Foxhall is really a fine, generous lad—heart like a Saint Bernard."

The Old Man patted J.P. on the head. "You really think he's a good boy, J.P.?"

SLOWLY J.P. rose to his feet. "Mr. Montague," he said, "Foxhall is the finest young man I have ever encountered."

"J.P.," the Old Man said, "lie back down. You may see the Great Director after all." He started in. He gave him Foxhall from the bassinet to the boudoir. J.P. started getting red. By the time the Old Man got through telling him what a heel Foxhall was and why we had come to Hollywood, J.P. looked as sick as you'd expect a man to look who has three million dollars invested in a two-bit liar like my little brother.

J.P. began to whimper; he was a softhearted man and he loved every one of them three million bucks.

"Foxhall always affects him this way!" Joe sighed.

"Stop your blubbering now, J.P.!" the Old Man said. "Believe me, I know exactly how you feel." The Old Man was sentimental about money, too.

"You couldn't!" J.P. whined. "I'm supposed to be the Napoleon of the industry, an evil, money-making monster! And when that thrush-throated bandit walks in here with those fantastic lies I'm an idiot child. Get me some scissors, Joe. I'm gonna cut off my ears!"

"Don't prune your head yet," the Old Man said. "Tell me something, J.P. Is Foxhall really in love with that Simone or does he just act that revolting around all women?"

"Of course, he's in love with her!" J.P. said. "I brought her over here to marry myself. Now they're getting married and I'll give you one lousy damn' guess who Foxhall has talked into giving the bride away!"

The Old Man gave a ghoulish little chuckle. "That does it! We got him—we'll boil 'im in his own oil, J.P. I may err a little on my boys but I know my women. Listen to me now."

He started laying out this lovely, loathsome little scheme. J.P. began to show from the ashes. Five minutes later he was a cackling phoenix. He threw kisses to the heavens. "Thank you, Lord!" he said. "Thank you for sending me this dear, evil old man."

Then he became the Napoleon of the industry again. "Joe," he snapped, "you're the producer. Get going. You mess it up and your head'll be on the wall in the morning!" I had to hand it to the Old Man: it was as nasty an idea as he had ever had.

AT TEN o'clock that night we were all gathered at Prince Charming's court in this night club. There was Francine, the lovely empty-headed little windmill Foxhall drafted for me to tilt with. Then there was Simone. She was wearing one of those white, strapless gowns that look as if they're not expected to stay on long. J.P. sat at the head of the table looking like a hungry hangman. He had convinced Foxhall that he hasn't mentioned a word of the nonsupport business to the Old Man; J.P. said he wanted to be there to see that Foxhall was lavish enough in using the expense account.

Foxhall was out to show what lavish really meant. He was spending money with both hands and tipping with his feet: "Eat up, Foots! Three more guineas left in the covey." He told the headwaiter to bring some champagne. "Take this twenty to the band, boy," he said to the waiter. "We want My Old Kentucky Home." Stuff like that.

Then Foxhall made the supreme sacrifice. Mack Carroll, the master of ceremonies, came over and asked Foxhall to say a few words to the people later on. "Not me," Foxhall said. "Put my father on. Greatest daddy a boy ever had. Actors are a dime a dozen. He's one in a million!"

Simone and Francine thought he ought to be canonized. The rest of us were about to gag when all of a sudden J.P.'s face took on this strange, expectant glow. "Why, here comes old Natalie!" he whooped.

It was old Miss Stomach Pump all right, big, fat and forward. She rolled in like a tidal wave, grabbed the Old Man by both ears and kissed him. The Old Man was tired of Hollywood greetings. He threw a headlock on her and really laid on some lip.

She finally fought her way loose and said, "Foxhall, he can teach you tricks! J.P., you better sign him up right now. That hayloft technique will kill 'em." She shivered and started for me. I was shifty enough to get out with just a slight scuffle. "Rightfoot," she said, "how's that little old farm? That story of mine was a sensation. The girls just—"

She kept raving until the Old Man got a chair under her. He doesn't waste any time. "Nattie," he said, "that was a fine story, honey, but he didn't tell you the half of it. He's been helping a bunch of other po' needy relatives too. Ain't you, son?"

Foxhall really beamed at that. There weren't any needy relatives, naturally, but he figured that he'd faked us over to his side and the Old Man was helping him with the pitch.

"Yes, but don't you dare print that,

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Natalie," Foxhall said, groping for a pencil. "It's nothing but right. I just—"

"I certainly am going to print it!" Natalie snapped. "There've been entirely too many snide remarks about the stars loathing their relatives."

"You do it, Nattie," the Old Man said. "There's little old Lije, Uncle Zeb, Aunt Ida, Cousin Betsy and good old Atharates."

"Finest folks in the world!" Foxhall sighed.

The Old Man patted his hand. "You poor homesick kid. We ought to sell that grubby little old farm and move out here with you and Simone."

Foxhall played it to the hilt. "Why don't you? A man's just half-alive without his loved ones."

"Foxhall," the Old Man said real tenderly, "you don't know how happy you've made me! Bring 'em in, J.P.!"

LOOKING like a calf about to kill the butcher, J.P. took one last leer at Foxhall, then waved his hand over his head as a signal to Joe. An ungodly yell came from the foyer and in they marched: little old Lije, Uncle Zeb, Aunt Ida, Cousin Betsy and good old Atharates, all whooping for Foxhall.

Joe had a great piece of casting. Aunt Ida reached us first, a bale of cotton in a gingham dress. "Lawdy, I'm glad to see you, little Foxhall! I ain't got my teeth in but let me gum you, child!" Foxhall disappeared under a mountain of fat. All that kept him from hitting the floor was Cousin Betsy, a long, bony blonde who looked like something that crawled out from under the rock. She was trying to burrow under Aunt Ida.

"Quit slobbering on him, Ma!" she bellowed. "You gonna get snuff in his ear!"

Foxhall was frantic. Little old wormy-looking, poodle-face Lije was running his hands through Foxhall's pockets; crusty old Uncle Zeb was beating him on the back, and just what the hell good old Atharates was doing only a veterinarian could tell. He drooled in his beard and every ten seconds or so he had a sort of seizure. His eyes rolled, his head whirled and he jumped around a lot.

Simone looked like Tarzan's mate meeting his stepfolks. Francine was mumbling profanely, and Nattie began drinking out of the bottle.

The Old Man finally called them off. Uncle Zeb pulled up a chair and started lapping up Simone's champagne. Little old Lije shuffled alongside her and stared in her ear like he lost something. Foxhall looked like a corpse sitting up at his own wake. He was trapped and he knew it.

"Yessir," the Old Man told him, "we knew you'd want it this way so we just went ahead and sold out the farm. Fixed up this nice little surprise. Zeb and them got here this afternoon, but J.P. told us we oughta save the surprise till tonight. Mama's coming out as soon as she sells her corn crop. She's mighty attached to that little patch."

"Well," Foxhall mumbled, "I'm afraid it's going to be awfully crowded. We might have to—"

"Aw, naw!" Uncle Zeb said, slipping his arm around Simone and giving her a little squeeze. "Just cozy." He gave her his lecherous wink. "Mighty, mighty cozy!"

"Yep," Aunt Ida said, "and it'll sho' be nice having another helper." She poked Simone in the ribs. "You ain't very husky, though, honey! You need some of my good chitlins. I keep a pot on the stove all the time. Gotta have muscle to live around our place."

"And nerves like an ox!" Cousin Betsy whined. "Look at Lije now. Folks' ears just fascinate him. He'll stare down 'em by the hours. What makes it so bad is he chews tobacco and always dribbles—"

"You shut yo' cotton-picking mouth!" Lije howled. "I can chew as good as Pa right now!"

"Don't go braggin' on yo' pa!" Aunt Ida snorted. "He ain't hit a spittoon since that calf kicked them three teeth out. He sprays his shots like a Gatling gun."

Simone was about to bleat out something but she was drowned out by a sudden explosion. A fine spray settled down over the table. Atharates had had a seizure right in the middle of a gulp of champagne.

"Why, you filthy old goat!" Uncle Zeb screamed. "You done sprayed me for the last time!" And he grabbed Atharates by the beard and tried to drag him across the table.

"Damn you, Zeb!" Aunt Ida shrieked. "Turn 'im aloose." She grabbed Atharates by the free half of his beard and reeled him back in. "You po' miserable ol' wretch!" she cooed, sorting the peas and mashed potatoes out of his beard. "Weren't yo' fault that manure spreader ran over yo' head and messed up yo' nerves, was it? Zeb just ain't got any patience."

"Patience, hell!" Uncle Zeb bellowed. "I spend half my time picking his meals out my hair. Just wait till you sit by 'im at a chitlin supper, Miss Simone. That's a real treat!"

Simone was about to scream. Lije cut loose with this awful, rasping gurgle right in her ear and she did scream. Uncle Zeb hopped up, picked him up by his feet and started shaking him.

"You damn' little spendthrift!" Uncle Zeb screamed. "Tobacco's to chew not to swallow! You do it every time!" He started swinging him in an arc like he was going to sling it out of him. Lije's head cracked against the table.

"You trying to kill me!" Lije screamed.

That was enough for Simone. She jumped to her feet. "Foxhall," she snarled, "I want to dance!"

Foxhall rolled his eyes at us and staggered up. Nattie took off to spread the news. Everybody else ducked. Atharates was tackling the champagne again. I managed to pick out Foxhall on the dance floor. He didn't have a chance. Simone was telling him off in English and shutting him up in French.

FINALLY she just left him and stalked over to the table, grabbed her handbag and swished off. Francine jumped up and followed her. Then Foxhall staggered over quivering. There wasn't an ounce of fight left in him.

"You win," he croaked. "I'll rise at dawn and shout it through the streets. The Montagues are a bunch of filthy plutocrats! They lie out under the magnolias and throw gold pieces at the mockingbirds. I been a remittance man since the cradle. Now will you please convince Simone I never saw these freaks before? She's over telling Natalie it's all off. We're through."

"Don't believe it, Montague!" J.P. said. "Foxhall probably told Simone that he's gonna build his poor relations a private sanitarium."

"Don't fret, J.P." the Old Man said. "When that fellow comes around to interview me I'm gonna tell everybody in the place about the migrating Montagues. That'll convince her."

"You're not really going to do that!" Foxhall moaned. "Not to your own flesh and blood, the fruit of your loins. Think of me as little golden-haired Foxhall who only a few short years ago was sitting on your knee and—"

"And telling terrible lies even then!"

Atharates, who had strangely recovered from his seizures, gave Foxhall a sympathetic little pat.

"You touch me one more time," Foxhall snarled, "and I'll feed you that damn' beard!" Then he reached out and grabbed little Lije. "All right, you little monster, how much money did you get out of my pockets?"

"Quit snapping at your relatives, Foxhall!" the Old Man said. "I'll—"

Just then Simone and Francine came back. Before Foxhall could start bleeding and pleading, Mack Carroll, the M.C., turned up. He stared around the table and gave the Old Man a feeble pat on the back.

"All set, Mr. Montague?" he asked.

"All set, son!"

Foxhall bleated something but Mack had already gone into action. "Ladies and gentlemen," Mack announced, "we've got a guest with us here tonight from some place called Kentucky. He's the father of somebody called Montague. Foxhall Montague I believe it is. Maybe you've heard of him."

Everybody clapped and craned their necks over in our direction. The Old Man got to his feet and Foxhall tried going under the table.

"Mr. Montague," Mack said, "before we get down to cases I want to ask you about this rumor I keep hearing. Is it really true that Kentucky tries to raise horses?"

Polite laughter. "Well," the Old Man drawled, "if they don't, I been plowing with an apparition for forty years. Never had anything to do with race horses, though. That takes mighty good pasture and water. My land was so po' the rabbits carried their lunch when they crossed it."

They even laughed at that one. He cleared his throat and set in to clear the decks. "In fact that land was so po' that us Montagues done moved to California to get just as far away from it as we could. We done sold out and gonna move in with a real thoroughbred, my dear son Foxhall. Now I want you folks to meet my folks. Stand up Atharates and tell the folks howdy. Help the old codger up, Zeb."

Atharates stood up, and there was this universal gasp. The Old Man kept them gasping. He brought Aunt Ida on next. She gave that toothless grin. I doubt if any food was sold in the place the rest of the night.

J.P. had got his head in his napkin about to strangle; he hadn't had such a good time since he made his first million dollars. After twenty-eight years, Foxhall's chickens were roosting all over him, all wearing spurs. Then it happened. Just as the Old Man put Cousin Betsy on exhibit, a big, red-faced old fellow, about half drunk, lurched up to the bandstand and slapped Mack on the back.

"Glad to see you, Tex!" Mack whispered. "Glad to see you. I want to put you on after Mr. Montague gets through."

"The hell with that!" Tex said. "I want on with the old buzzard right now!"

"You know him?" Mack asked.

"Know him!" said Tex. "And how I know him!"

THAT was all Mack needed. He begged the Old Man's pardon and took the mike. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry to interrupt Mr. Montague and his lovely niece but an old friend of his just came up—Mr. Tex Peavey, the noted horseman. I know you've all seen his colors out at Santa Anita. He says he's got to have a word with his old friend right now!"

Tex grabbed the Old Man with one hand and the mike with the other. "Just one correction!" he bellowed. "This old reprobate ain't any friend of mine. Two years ago he sold me three yearlings for a hundred thousand dollars. The year before that he sold me two for sixty-five thousand dollars. To date, those matchless steeds have won the princely sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars among them!

"I come in here to drown my sorrows and what happens? Here's the mangy old pirate yodeling about selling his po' little farm and moving out here with a bunch of trumped-up relatives and living off his po' son!"

He shoved the Old Man back and stared at him. "Montague," he bellowed, "what in hell you been doing, man? Betting on your own horses?"

The Old Man looked like a sick goldfish. His lips kept flapping but nothing came out. Peavey took off again. "The last time I saw this poverty-stricken old man he was sitting on his eight-columned front porch looking out over his vast domain. He had a julep in one hand, a roll of my money in the other and he was screaming for somebody to come rock him—he was too loaded to move!"

Tex looked down at us. "Which one of you is po' Foxhall?" he roared. "You got to do something about this old fake. Ship him home before he slickers the whole state!"

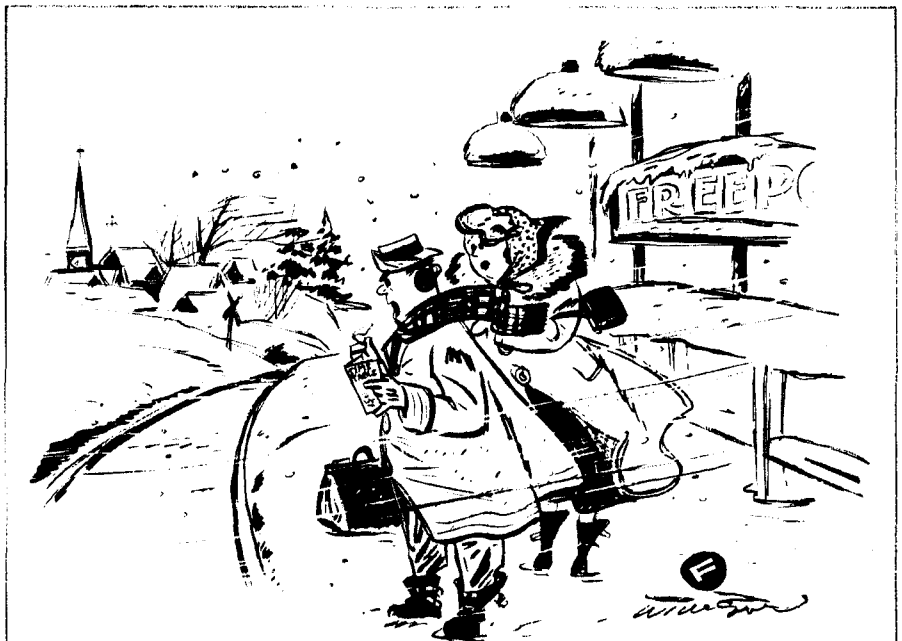
Foxhall grabbed the mike. "Tex," he said, "I've told my father a thousand times that the income tax boys won't fall for this stuff but the old phony keeps on trying to pull it!"

The Old Man let out a roar, slammed Tex and Foxhall aside and started in. He exploded the whole business. He told them why we came to Hollywood, who the po' needy relatives were and everything. He wound up with a very penetrating evaluation of Texans.

By the time he was through everybody was rolling on the floor. Everybody but Foxhall, that is. He was frisking little Lije to get his money back. . . .

A couple of weeks later we were all on the plane headed back home. Simone and Foxhall, the Passionate Plutocrat, sat mooning across the aisle from me and the Old Man, who was reading Screen Secrets.

"Yessir," the Old Man mumbled finally, "we really taught Foxhall a lesson. A real fine lesson. Natalie says here that it was very noble of him not to trade on my name and that he confided in her that Tex Peavey didn't know the half of it. I sold the Aga Khan a yearling last summer for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" THE END



"That little thing-a-ma-jig after the 6:27 brings us to footnote 7, which reads: 'Runs the 4th of July only'!"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

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Just an Ignorant Foreigner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Huck said, "Gee."

"Bears get borned little bitty too," Sergeant Lipscomb said. "No bigger'n a mouse, but their ma don't carry em in her pocket. Bears sleep in the winter and come out in the spring hungrier than theirselves. When I was about your age I seen one rob a bee tree. He was stuffin' the honey in his mouth and abawlin' and slappin' where the bees was stingin' him. Funniest sight I ever seen."

"What's a bee tree?"

The Sergeant looked down at him, pained, but didn't answer.

IN THE deep darkness that precedes the dawn, the Sergeant stopped the car and got out and pretty soon he came back with something in a sack and they drove on. Lights were coming on in the farmhouses along the way and the land was getting poorer, the farmhouses meaner and the road bumpier.

They stopped by a little stream and the Sergeant took a chicken out of the sack and built a little fire. He slit the chicken, cleaned it and cut off its feet and head and made mud at the edge of the stream and encased the bird and laid it in the coals and covered it with ashes.

"Are we gonna eat that?" Huck's voice quavered.

The Sergeant nodded. "Bee tree's where bees store their honey. A bee can go way off and come back with a load of sweet outen a flower and bat his wings a couple times and tell the other bees right where he found the flowers."

"I was adopted out with a couple of different families," Huck said, "but I didn't adjust."

Sergeant Lipscomb was a big grizzled man and he looked down at the little boy. "I been in jail a year," he said, "or we wouldn't be travelin' so mean." He paused. "You know how to set a snare for a rabbit?"

"A what?"

"Bend down a saplin' and set a noose?"

The boy didn't answer.

"My grandpaw taken his mule and a block an' tickle, bent a secont-growth hickory five-six inches through, and caughten a internal tax man one time. . . . Grandpaw said it was the prettiest sight he ever seen; that tax man abobbin' around up in the trees with his badge aflashin'. Noose taken him under the arms and he was plumb undamaged."

"Gee," Huck said.

"I got put in jail for makin' whisky," Sergeant Lipscomb said. Then he added, "I'll show you a coon, prob'ly tonight. Coon wears a black mask like a road agent. He'll catch a fish outen clear runnin' water and kill it and stick it right back in and wash the fish before he eats it . . . I call myself havin' done cooked that chicken."

"I don't believe I want any," Huck said.

Sergeant Lipscomb took the hard mud ball out of the ashes. "Travel this country in the summer," he said, "you have roastin' ears and peaches and all manner of good provender."

"The trouble was I was showin' off how smart I was, I reckon," Huck said faintly. "Takin' cube roots outta numbers and stuff like that."

"H'mm," Sergeant Lipscomb said. "Don't know how a possum carries its young'uns, don't even know how to make a snare, and don't like chicken . . ." He laid out a newspaper and split the mud ball; all the feathers came with the mud and the bird lay steaming and savory.

"I ain't et a whole chicken for a long time." He wrenched off a leg and bit into it, after taking from his pocket a little salt wrapped in wax paper and sprinkling the leg.

"I didn't know—I didn't think it'd be like that," Huck said helplessly.

"Now you taken a wagon wheel from the hub center to the iron's two foot six and you roll it down a hill and it turns a hundred and fifty times—" Sergeant Lipscomb began.

"Roll straight go damn' near twenty-three hunnert fifty-five feet, lackin' a twentieth of a inch—that's usin' pi not worked clean out," Huck said eagerly.

The Sergeant felt pride rising in him like a warm vapor, but he said, "I never knew sums had no pi." He bit into the chicken leg again and added, his mouth full, "Nor I never knew sums had no cube root, but a cottonwood tree'll put a taproot many a rod for water, though. They say they'll follow water a half a quarter." He tore off the other leg and handed it to Huck with the salt. "Bettern' cube roots."

They ate the chicken. "Get in the back and go to sleep," Sergeant Lipscomb said. Then he added, "Need to read sign to get you the squirrels to make a squirrel pie, and devotin' your brains to sums don't tell where no squirrels are at." . . .

It was dark again when Huck woke up. And he woke up in terror, thinking he was nowhere, lost, moving in a world that was not here. Come at him slaunchwise with the queen and he has to take that with the rook and I smother mate him in five. And Old Sarge looking disgusted; he had been going to double the bets after I lost the first one. And, away off, the rumble of the big bombers moving over.

He saw Sergeant Lipscomb's big red ears, partly hidden by the coat collar. He seemed to know that Huck was awake, for he said, "Smell?"

And Huck said eagerly, glad he was back to consciousness, "What is it?"

Sergeant Lipscomb didn't answer right away. "Frost in the piney woods," he said. He paused again and coughed. "I had to borry some gas and I damn' near woke you up to ask you the formula on siphoning liquids, but I just sucked and lowered my end and here she come."

They forded a little creek and drove a few feet and forded it again. "I gotta write a letter to that place I got you, tell 'em you're all right. I'll send it to a guy in Canada I know, and he can mail it on from up there."

"Sarge . . ." Huck tried to speak, but couldn't.

"Fox take a cotton boll," the Sergeant said. "Hold it in his mouth and ease slow into water, fleas climb him to stay dry until they're all in the boll, then he lets it go. I got a blue tick hound sound like a dulcimer, runnin' fox."

"What's that?"

The coon stood on three legs and looked into the lights of the car and you could see his black mask plain.

"What do you think it is?"

"It's a coon!"

"Climb up in front with me. Gonna hunt down my hog and butcher him."

"When we gonna do that?" Huck asked.

The Sergeant looked down at him. "When we get home," he said.

"Home?" Huck looked up and said again, "Home."

The Sergeant coughed.

There was a faint light far back in the woods on the left, the light from a kerosene lamp. "Smathers' widow woman lives there," the Sergeant said. "With her daughters." He drove on a bumpy way and stopped. "By God!" Sergeant Lipscomb said. "I forgot."

"What?"

"Come in with me." They got out of the car and walked toward the house. Roaring shapes of hounds appeared, and Sergeant Lipscomb spoke to them, and Huck pressed against him.

The Sergeant knocked at the door and they went in.

A woman and four girls got up.

"Mistress Smathers," Sergeant Lipscomb said. "I come courtin', but I got to by-pass the early parts. I got me a boy. I been alookin' for him for pretty near two years. I was makin' whisky to get money to look some more when the tax men come on me and then when I got out I had a post card from him. I got him right here, this un, but I can't raise up no boy without a woman to help me."

He turned to Huck, and pointed to the girls. "Which un you like best?"

Huck said, "The one on the end." It somehow seemed quite natural.

"It's gonna be all right," Sergeant Lipscomb said, "for that's the one I allus favored myself; that un's Sally." He turned to the widow. "I'll just take her along now, and after I get my hog butchered I'll taken her to the courthouse and we'll marry up and I'll get a paper. I give you my true word, Mistress Smathers."

Mrs. Smathers looked up at him and down at her daughter.

"Man can't take care of a woman in jail," she said.

"I won't cross the law again, Mistress Smathers. I got enough land and timber to livelihood us three if I bow my back, and I aim to bow it."

The Widow Smathers looked at the floor. "The Lipscombs never storied," she said. "If'n you want to go, Sally, well, why, go along."

Sally looked at Sergeant Lipscomb and then she looked at Huck and stood up. There were tears in her lashes.

The three of them were in the car and they were crawling up the little creek, crossing and recrossing the icy, cascading water. "Sally," Sergeant Lipscomb said. "This here boy is a foreigner, a ignorant foreigner—"

"He is not," Sally cut him off.

"Oh, yes, I am," Huck said happily. "Why, I don't know how a possum carries her young'uns, nor . . ."

THE cabin was pretty, the most beautiful room in the hills, and Huck had a crude package on the table. He opened it slowly, and the fire crackled in the big rock fireplace and the mountains were blue and purple out of the window, capped here and there with white.

Sergeant Lipscomb stood by the fireplace with Sally. He said, so Huck couldn't hear him, "That's the smartest kid there is, and we'll only have him till we teach him all we know about the hills and the woods—and that's pitiful little."

Huck opened the box and took out the first piece. It was the black queen, carved by the Sergeant from walnut by hand, as was each piece.

"I learned the moves watchin' you play them fellers in Germany," Sergeant Lipscomb said shyly. "And I figure you give me a rook and a horse and I'll give you a good game."

Huck looked up at him and gulped, then let the tears come down his cheeks.

"I'm nominatin' today as your birthday," Sergeant Lipscomb said too loudly, "and that there is a gift to recollect it by. I'm callin' you bein' a man by now, Huck Lipscomb, eleven years old."

Huck said finally, "Will you show me about the squirrels?"

Sergeant Lipscomb turned his face away. "Go squirrel huntin' tomorrow," he said. "You don't shoot a squirrel directly. You hit the limb right under him and that stuns him and knocks him down and you don't get your meat all mashed up." THE END

COLLIER'S

"I told him he'd have to make up his mind, once and for all, between me and saving his money!"

JARO FABRY

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The Panama Canal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

no gates or immigration points between the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. To leave Panama City and enter the zone, you simply cross a street. Thousands do it daily—both ways. Canal Zone workers and residents can be screened carefully. But you can't, as one general put it dourly, "go ferreting in the other fellow's country across the way."

And what do you do about a bomb planted in the cargo of a ship bound for the canal? "Either a tanker or an ore ship," said an official report in 1947, "could carry an explosive charge in such a manner that the possibility of detection would be very slight."

Such was the fear of mine-toting merchantmen during the last war that the then governor of the Canal Zone ordered an underwater net designed. Fitted into a lock, the net was moved secretly beneath the ship, ready to catch and bring to the surface any mine the vessel might clandestinely drop. For a while it was a closely guarded secret, but news of the net finally *leaked out.*

Counterespionage—finding out the intentions of the enemy—was organized in painstaking detail by Lieutenant General Matthew B. Ridgway (who replaced the late Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker, Eighth Army commander in Korea) when he was commander in chief, Caribbean, in 1948 and in 1949. Army Intelligence and FBI agents are stationed in foreign ports to keep an eye on the loading of ships bound for the canal. Men known as "admeasurers" comb ships thoroughly as they lie at anchor awaiting their turn to transit the waterway.

In less tense times, the admeasurer's task is merely to check the vessel's cargo-carrying space to determine the tolls it pays to the canal. Now, the admeasurer is an important security officer.

This writer accompanied an admeasurer on his rounds through a Liberty ship loaded with lumber from Oregon. The admeasurer was armed with a notebook that accounted for every inch of space on the ship and contained scale drawings of every locker, storeroom, stairway and piece of equipment. Everywhere, the admeasurer looked for possible structural changes where bombs might be secreted.

Plenty to Worry About

"Anything we don't understand—like new paint on a bulkhead, new rivets on a deck, a moved ventilator—we find out about," the admeasurer said.

"What about a false bottom?" I asked.

"Now you're touching on something that's worrying the hell out of us," he said.

On returning from the Caribbean this writer called on the harried men in the Pentagon who had been forced to denude the canal of its defenses.

"We all realize we're taking a calculated risk," one high-ranking policy maker said. "But there is just so much paint to cover a given surface. We can't cover everything with what we have. And we just have to take a chance."

In taking a chance on the canal and giving it a low defense priority, the Chiefs of Staff had these reasons:

In case of an emergency, planes from United States bases could get to the canal in six to 24 hours. (Against a sneak air attack such aid would, of course, be too late.)

The canal is believed to be outside the range of a plane big enough to lug the presently known atomic bomb from a Russian home base.

There are choicer targets for the Russians to hit first than the canal.

If total war broke out, men and equipment would of course be rushed to the canal. The Big Ditch, as unprotected when World War II came as it is now, was swarming with defenders in about a week. In that week, the canal could have been wrecked.

Must we take the chance we took in World War II?

"No," say high-ranking officers in the Pentagon.

At the canal is a unified command team of high caliber, battle-trained officers. These commanders need at least a minimum of men and equipment so that the canal won't provide an open invitation to attack.

Top man in the unified command is Lieutenant General William H. H. Morris, who led the 10th Armored Division that helped hold Bastogne in the Battle of the Bulge. Now, as Commander in Chief, Caribbean, (called CincCarib), Morris holds one of the six unified commands set up under armed services unification.

Caribbean Command Setup

The defense of the Caribbean is organized in two task forces—the Panama area and the Antilles area. CincCarib Morris heads the Panama Sector or south Caribbean area as well as being Commander in Chief. Rear Admiral Marshall Greer, commandant of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, commands the eastern Caribbean area. Admiral Greer, a lean-faced man of fifty-four, pioneered the jeep carrier (small aircraft carrier) warfare in the Pacific and commanded the jeep carrier that chalked up the first submarine kill.

For the defense of his Panama Sector, CincCarib Morris has ground and air generals and an admiral.

Rear Admiral Albert M. Bledsoe, who took part in the second Battle of the Philippines, is the commandant, Panama Sector, Caribbean Sea Frontier. Major General R. E. Porter, the commanding general, U.S. Army, Caribbean, rose from the ranks in World War I, and in World War II led troops in the 1942 Algiers landings. Brigadier General Emil C. Kiel, deputy commander of the Eighth Air Command in Europe, heads the Caribbean Fighter Command.

And co-ordinating all these as chief of staff for Morris is the durable, ex-West Point All-America tackle and line coach, B. M. Bryan, a brigadier general known as "Babe."

Here's what one high-ranking Pentagon figure thinks these men should have:

In the air: two squadrons of fighter planes, one of them equipped with radar to fight at night and in all weather.

Complete defense against sneak atomic attack, this Pentagon authority reasons, would require so great an outlay of pilots, radar, forward bases that the cost might be prohibitive. Yet it is foolhardy to take no measures at all.

"For instance," the officer pointed out, "we have sold B-25s to several Latin-American countries. These planes are capable of delivering 1,000-pound bombs to the canal. Suppose they fall into the wrong hands. We can't be sure that they won't.

"Communist or nationalist fanatics like those who attempted to assassinate President Truman know there's nothing at the canal to stop them—not even one combat plane. Even if the damage to the canal were not permanent, there'd be such an outcry in the United States that we might have to divert large numbers of men and equipment to the canal that we badly need elsewhere.

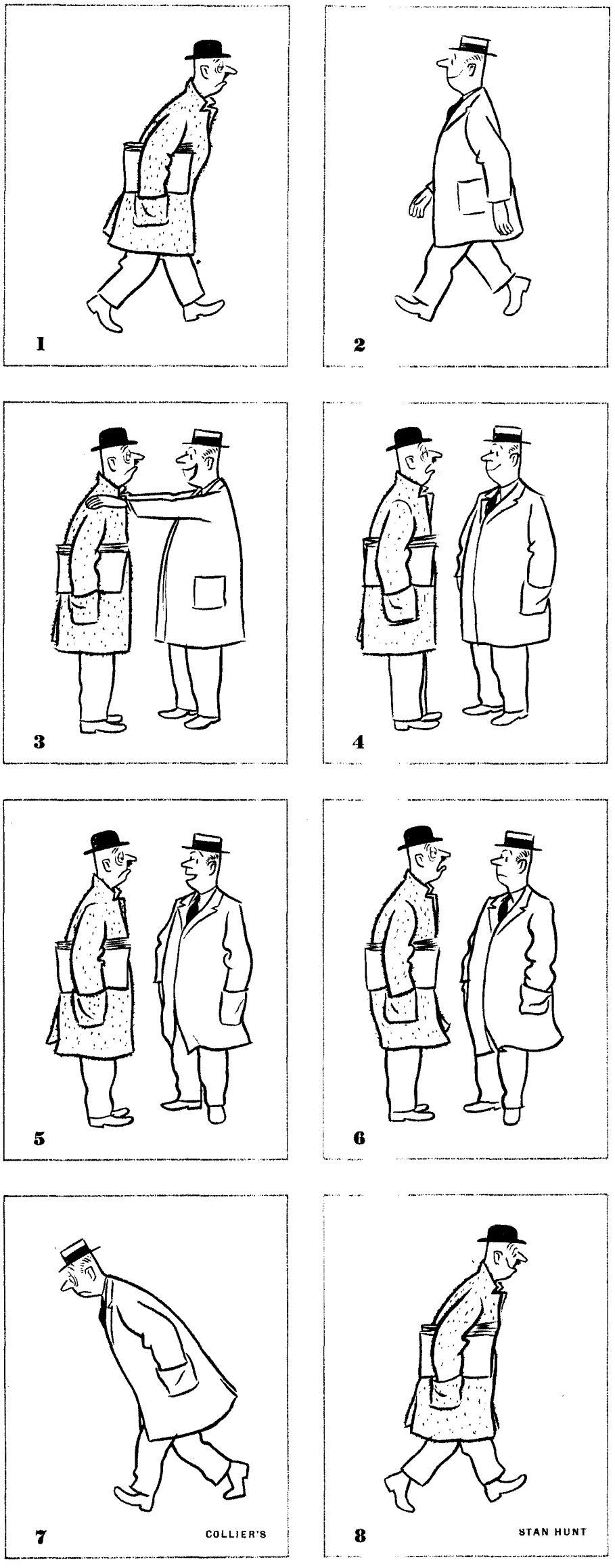
"We need combat planes at the canal if only to scare off such crackpot attacks," the officer said.

Needed also at the canal, military men think, are additional mobile ground forces to protect strategic life lines: oil and iron ore from Venezuela, bauxite (for aluminum) from Dutch Guiana. The regimental combat team already stationed at the canal is tied down to its defense. An additional combat team, one that can be swiftly moved, is needed to garrison potential danger spots in the Caribbean.

And naval power is needed, too.

On the oil-rich Dutch island of Aruba,

The PESSIMIST



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COLLIER'S

"But isn't there anything I can do? Boil water or something?"

IRWIN CAPLAN

north of Venezuela, refineries, power and water-distillation plants stand exposed right on the beaches—inviting targets for shore raiders or submarines. Refineries there were shelled by Nazi U-boats in 1942 on Hitler's orders, and so many tankers from Aruba were sunk by submarines that shipments were halted for months.

More than 100 bauxite-laden vessels were destroyed in the Caribbean in 1942 and 1943. A total of 250-odd tankers and ore vessels were sent to the bottom of the Caribbean before enemy submarines could be checkmated.

Yet to prevent a repetition of such losses, the commandant of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, Admiral Greer, has not one regularly assigned patrol plane or naval vessel.

In May and June of last year, just before Korea, the Caribbean was virtually denuded of protection. To save an estimated $9,700,000 yearly the air and naval bases at Trinidad, at Roosevelt Roads (Puerto Rico) and at Coco Solo (Canal Zone) were "deactivated." To prevent the wholesale losses suffered early in the last war, the Navy needs the ships and planes that were stationed there.

But additional military muscle isn't all we need in the Caribbean and at the Panama Canal. We need good will.

No Cheers for U.S. Flag

When the Republic of Panama celebrated its Independence Day, November 3d, and school children paraded with an array of United Nations flags, spectators paid their respects to the foreign countries by applauding warmly. But when an American veterans group from the Canal Zone marched by with the Stars and Stripes, there was a painful silence. The Panamanians resent the Big Neighbor who holds a 10-mile-wide strip of land and water in the heart of their country. And this resentment complicates the operation and defense of the canal.

Why the resentment? The benefits Panama derives from its canal deal are there for all to see. Panama City is one of the healthiest communities in the tropics. Flies and mosquitoes are so rare that even the finest homes have no glass windows or screens. American sanitary engineers are responsible for Panama sanitation and water. American dollars, poured into the Canal Zone and into Panama, have given the republic one of the highest living standards in Latin America—third only to Argentina and Uruguay. Panama City's well-tended middle-class neighborhoods might have been transplanted from a prosperous suburb in Florida or southern California.

Yet the ill feeling against the United States is so pervasive that one party, the Patriotic Front, makes political hay by twisting the eagle's beak; one newspaper, La Hora, builds circulation the same way. And on occasion, resentment flares into popular demonstrations that force the National Assembly to take anti-American measures.

Such was the case in December, 1947, when the Assembly voted 51-0 against renewing American leases for bases on Panamanian soil. True, nationalist extremists, abetted by Communist agitators, fanned the resentment into student riots. But the resentment was there, tailor-made, for the Communist and nationalist troublemakers' hands.

"Why do Panamanians resent the United States?" this writer asked President Arnulfo Arias, police chief José A. Remón, as well as newspaper editors, politicians, labor leaders and humble Panamanian workers in the Canal Zone. The answer was always the same:

American discrimination against Panamanians working at the canal.

The United States government has taken the worst of the Old South's discriminatory practices into the Canal Zone.

The 15,000-odd Panamanian employees there, many of West Indian Negro origin, must live in segregated Jim Crow quarters, attend segregated movies, send their children to Jim Crow schools.

Aimed originally at the native "alien," the segregation affects American Negro citizens working in the zone as well. One such Negro American, a university graduate who holds a responsible managerial job, sent his two children to school in the northern United States to spare them segregation. Another Negro American, who holds degrees from the University of Chicago and from Columbia and teaches in the Canal Zone, moved out of the zone and into Panama City where there is no color line, and his children could attend non-Jim Crow schools.

About two years ago Jackie Robinson, the baseball star, in Panama for exhibition games with the Brooklyn Dodgers, had a luncheon date with Branch Rickey at the government-owned and operated Tivoli Hotel in the zone. Rickey was informed Robinson would not be allowed in the dining room. The Tivoli, he was told, permitted no Negroes as guests. The incident caused such a furor in Panama that color discrimination at the Tivoli has since been abandoned.

The color line was drawn in the early days of the canal's construction when native laborers, mostly West Indian Negroes, were segregated from Americans holding the engineering and bossing jobs. Two pay standards were set up also. As an inducement to work in Panama, Americans were offered a 25 per cent bonus over the wages the job would have earned back home. Natives were paid at the going Caribbean rate

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for labor—about 20 cents a day (before World War I).

Since then, many Panamanians, sons of the original canal diggers, have raised themselves to positions as teachers, commissary managers, technicians—but the double pay standard persists.

Today, this double standard of pay, "local rate" for aliens and "U.S. rate" for Americans, embitters so many Panamanian Canal Zone workers, their families and friends and political leaders, that it has become the chief troublemaker in our relations with Panama.

Panamanians don't argue the justice of paying an American 25 per cent more to come to the tropics. But they contend that aliens who do the same work as Americans get a third as much.

Typical of the complaints was the story of a Panamanian citizen of West Indian Negro ancestry who is principal of an elementary Jim Crow school in the Canal Zone. His school, the Panamanian told this writer, has the same curriculum as the U.S. rate (white) elementary school in the zone and uses the same textbooks. His pay, the Panamanian citizen said, was $37 weekly. That of the white American school principal was over $90 weekly.

Red Agitators Get Busy

Alleged pay injustices and Jim Crowism played into Communist hands when organizers from the Communist-dominated United Public Workers Union took over the fledgling "local rate" Canal Zone workers union in 1947. The Communists naturally ballyhooed these issues for all they were worth, using them to fan employee resentment and to poison with Red doctrine key workers essential to our defense. Fortunately, the CIO has since ousted the United Public Workers Union, and zone workers have transferred to another CIO affiliate—the Government and Civic Employees Organizing Committee.

The governor of the Canal Zone, F. K. Newcomer, who is generally respected by Panamanian employees at the canal, told this writer that efforts have been made over the last several years to remove inequalities and to pay the same wages for the same work. The United States embassy at Panama City, deeply concerned over the bitterness stirred by the "local rate" pay controversy, has also thrown its weight behind a program for equalizing Panamanian and American zone employee wages.

Some progress has been made both in equalizing pay rates and removing the worst of the Jim Crow practices—such as the enforced use of separate drinking fountains and toilet facilities by white and colored employees working side by side.

Only modest progress has been made to cure another perennial headache: Panama's inability to stand on its own feet and earn its own living. When the zone swarmed with our soldiers and sailors, and canal construction was going on in the last war, Panama prospered giddily by selling labor, entertainment and goods to Americans.

Now with American military spending pared to the bone, Panama suffers hard times and considerable unemployment. In Panama City's Avenida Central, the honky-tonks are languishing. At Colón, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, business sections are withering. The resulting cries for help and protests against competition from U.S.-owned commissaries in the Canal Zone can be heard all the way to Washington.

The human and economic problems rooted in four decades of practice—and in Panama's failure to find a way of making its own living—continue to be big and vexing. As big and vexing as the problem of defending the canal.

Yet these problems are no bigger than the stakes involved—the security of our country, the security of the hemisphere, and our prestige in the hemisphere.

It took American vision, genius and millions to hack a great commerce and defense artery out of the Panama jungle. Vision is needed again to solve the human-relations problems involved in operating a canal within the boundaries of somebody else's country and with somebody else's citizens. Vision is also needed to protect and save the Big Ditch—the waterway that helped save us in two world wars. THE END

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Six Snap-Happy Brothers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

placed there immediately after the flash bulb went off, before the Secret Service men had had time to get upstairs.

The "destroyed" picture of the former President lying in state appeared that afternoon on front pages throughout the country.

Tony's more tactful approach to getting the "ungettable" picture was put to the test early in the game. The Sarno boys were still in their teens when Dick suggested to Tony that they crash the estate of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and take some pictures of the famed gentleman on his eighty-eighth birthday. This citadel was as carefully guarded as Fort Knox.

Dropping in on the Oil King

The two Sarno boys climbed a tree next to the 15-foot wall of the oil king's estate and dropped from an overhanging branch to the ground inside the wall. When the aged millionaire approached, his three robust attendants blinked in horror, then made a bull-like rush toward the boys. But Rockefeller restrained them, his curiosity aroused.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked.

Tony's early penchant for the soothing approach had its baptism of fire. "It is well known, sir," he declared, "that you enjoy golf and play a fine game. This being your eighty-eighth birthday, we thought it would be a fine thing for golfers throughout the world to see your putting style."

"That's a capital idea," laughed the richest man in the world. "Go ahead."

Before a glowering audience of the three huskies, Richard and Tony snapped enough pictures of the great man to illustrate a golfing textbook. They were the first birthday pictures ever taken of John D. on his own estate.

It is obvious that forbidden fruit remained sweet for Dick from other "stolen" pictures that make up a large part of his photographic saga.

It was Dick, for instance, who got the only picture of the Hauptmann murder trial verdict. Toward the end of "the trial of the century," in which the German carpenter was being tried for the kidnap-murder of Charles Lindbergh, Jr., Judge Thomas W. Trenchard became irritated by the press.

"You have made this solemn trial a front-page circus," he reprimanded them. "Accordingly, there will be no more pictures. There will be very serious legal repercussions—at least six months in jail for contempt—if anyone attempts to take any pictures of the verdict being given."

This inviting prospect whetted the appetites of the horde of newsmen present. They held a council of war and decided to take a vote to see which news photographers would get the coveted assignment of outwitting His Honor. The picture would be shared by all.

The Sarno luck held good—or bad, depending on how you look at it. Dick and a colleague named Sam Shere were the chosen two. "They figured that two of us should try it," Dick explains, "on the theory that one of us was sure to be nabbed."

They were right. Shere was grabbed at the door by state troopers and unceremoniously thrown out. Dick was among those nearby who looked on reprovingly.

Then he himself walked nonchalantly into the courtroom, his miniature camera carefully concealed in his muffler. He slipped into a front-row press seat, between James Kilgallen and Damon Runyon.

The photographic conditions were appalling. The ancient, low-ceilinged courtroom was lighted by only two 100-watt bulbs. For hours, while they had been waiting for the jury to come back, reporters and lawyers had been smoking furiously. "It was like trying to take a picture through a bowl of clam chowder," says Dick. There was also the worry about the noise the camera might make in the suddenly hushed courtroom.

Keeping the camera in the muffler, Dick placed it on the table in front of him, exposing only the lens. Judge Trenchard seemed to be looking right at him as the jury filed in and the foreman arose to give the verdict. Dick had no chance to frame or sight the picture. He merely pointed the muffled camera in the general direction of the jury. He pressed down the shutter just as foreman George Voorhees declaimed, "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

To Dick the clicking of the camera sounded like an explosion, but no one else seemed to notice it in the clamor that followed the verdict. Dick was able to scramble out of the courtroom with the rest of the press, his own crime undetected. He dashed across the street to a bakery where an impromptu darkroom had been set up, and carefully watched the picture being developed. The results couldn't have been finer if he had worked under ideal photographic conditions. Prints were on front pages within hours after the verdict.

Apparently Judge Trenchard, in the excitement of the ordeal, never spotted him. In any case Dick didn't have to go to jail.

Working with speed, guile and incredible audacity, Dick has got an amazing number of exclusive pictures of people famous, infamous and just plain daffy. At times this specialty has been a bit hazardous.

Despite death threats from armed mobsters, Dick took pictures of Jack (Legs) Diamond and of the funeral of Frankie Yale, born Uale, the murdered Brooklyn gang leader.

Mobsters working for Legs, a notorious clay pigeon of the New York underworld, were deeply annoyed by Dick on one occasion. Despite their warnings he waited with his camera outside the New York County district attorney's office while Legs was paying a demand call. "Legs don't want to smile for the birdie today," they told Dick. "If you don't go away, we might have to cripple you a little."

Dick left, but not for long. Within a few moments he was back with a couple of his detective friends to keep him company. They outglared the mobsters. Dick shot gleefully away when Legs appeared.

At the funeral of Uale, Al Capone's one-time boss, Dick uncased his camera in the Brooklyn cemetery. Two unpleasant fellows appeared at his elbows, and one of them remarked, "Open up that lens, Bub, and there'll be one less cameraman." Dick made another strategic retreat. This time he couldn't find any companionable detectives around, but he did discover a friendly tombstone, large enough to hide his bulk. Photos of the funeral and all who attended it duly appeared in Dick's papers.

The only injury Dick ever received through all of his perilous assignments came not from gangsters, but from a mere slip of a girl. Her name was Katharine Hepburn. Miss Hepburn at the time was undergoing one of those peculiar and contradictory cinematic malaises, extreme shyness in front of a news camera.

Miss Hepburn's romantic interest was rumored to be Leland Hayward, famed agent and producer. She and her mother came East to visit Hayward, who was a patient in a Hartford hospital. "I figured she was sure to bring him some calf's-foot jelly, or something," says Dick. "So I hung around the hospital."

When Miss Hepburn and her mother came out of the hospital, Dick was ready. Miss Hepburn saw him and dashed for her car, pulling her coat around her head. Dick got an unconventional shot of Katharine in the car seat before she and her mother drove off at breakneck speed. He caught up with her at a traffic light. Jumping from his own vehicle, he attempted to get another picture of her from in front of the car. The star took direct action. As the lights changed, she stepped on the gas. Dick barely got out of the way in time. A fender scraped his knee, but the pain merely whetted his hunting instinct. He pursued the Hepburns to their garage.

On home ground, Katie became violently indignant. As Dick snapped another picture, she leaped at the camera and broke the reflector. Her mother, a pillar of New England society, picked up a wastepaper basket and hurled it at his head.

"They made a swell bunch of pictures altogether," says Dick.

Dick also is proud of the way he outmaneuvered another shy Hollywoodian. An employee of New York's fashionable Marguery Restaurant tipped him off one day that Greta Garbo was dining there. Dick arrived before she had finished her *oeufs à l' estragon*. As he stalked toward her with his camera, the ineffably bashful Miss Garbo swept off her large-brimmed hat and held it over her face.

Garbo seemed mystified when Dick took the picture anyhow. She didn't realize until the next day that she had been sitting in a booth with mirrors on three sides. The profile shot, reflected in the mirror on her left, showed just what any photographer would have liked for a new angle on her classic features.

Indignation at Dick's forthright working methods erupted into nation-wide proportions after he made his famous exclusive photograph of Jon Lindbergh, second son of the noted flier. This feat was accomplished from the inside of a truck, parked across the street from young Lindbergh's nursery school. It was fortunate for Dick that, after taking the picture, he didn't emerge from the vehicle. FBI men guarding the youngster told him afterward they had instructions to shoot to kill anyone they saw approaching young Jon.

Subsequently Dick got other pictures of Jon. He got them, he says, "standing on the running board of a slow-moving car." The pictures show the curious youngster looking back delightedly at Dick's roughriding gymnastics.

Dick's personal evaluation of these journalistic heroics is, "I was just doing my job." But a scrapbook is faithfully kept by his wife, Mildred, whom he met on an idyllic assignment photographing bathing beauties at Asbury Park in 1925. (Tony, too, incidentally, married a beauty, a former Powers model named Evelyn Scott.)

Everyday News Photos, Too

In between such pictorial high lights, Dick had plenty to do as chief photographer for the Daily Mirror at the time. It was his job to cover all important floods, fires and other major disasters. He also found time to take exclusive pictures of very important personalities.

Dick estimates that he shot more pictures of Franklin D. Roosevelt than any other two photographers. He started when F.D.R. was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during World War I and he believes he got the last news photos of the late President ever made, the ones at Yalta in March, 1945, when Dick, a captain in the Signal Corps, was the pool photographer assigned to take all still pictures.

He also considers Roosevelt the most photogenic subject he's ever had. Next, in his estimation, comes Winston Churchill. "F.D.R.," he adds, "was also the most cooperative big shot I ever worked with. He understood our problems."

Brother Tony's smooth shenanigans have got him a reputation curiously different from Dick's. Tony is frequently *invited* to take pictures.

He has been referred to as "Society's leading lensman" and "the best-dressed and most popular news photographer." Soft-spoken, immaculately tailored, Tony is the pygmy of the Sarno males—he stands a mere five feet, eleven and a half inches.

The Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Whitneys and Goulds have gone out of their way to get him to make photographic records of

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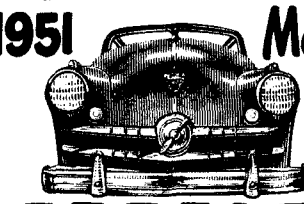

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their social doings—their weddings, their christenings, their debuts.

It has been Tony's working lot for years to be exiled during the summer to such plush locations as Newport, Southampton, White Sulphur Springs and Asheville. His treatment in winter has been of the same caliber. Week after week he spends in such out-of-the-way places as Palm Beach, Bermuda, Havana and Lake Placid, and this itinerary has produced a number of uninvited shots, too.

Doris Duke, aged seventeen, knew Tony well. She explained to him in great detail why she didn't want her picture taken or published—kidnapers. Tony nodded understandingly, but figuratively crossed his fingers. One day at the New London boat races, however, Tony was standing behind a tree when Miss Duke approached. The temptation was too much.

Tony promptly aimed his camera at the oncoming heiress, got a very fine, undetected, first picture of her. He labeled it tersely, "The richest girl in the world," and sent it in to his news office.

Next time he saw Doris, she told him about it bitterly and added, "*You* wouldn't do a nasty thing like that, *would you*?" Tony assured her he would not.

Tony was the first person to crash photographically the confines of exclusive Bailey's Beach at Newport, Rhode Island. No amount of maneuvering on his part could get the rules against taking photographs relaxed. So Tony took time out from being a gentleman. He doffed his fashionable flannels and donned fishermen's clothes. Hiding his telescopic-lensed Big Bertha under a canvas, he got a genuine fisherman to row him back and forth in front of the beach all afternoon as he snapped pictures to his heart's content, and that of his bosses.

Young Alfred Vanderbilt was so pleased with some pictures Tony took of his daughter, Wendy, that, forthwith, he made Tony a present of one of his horses. It was a steed named Backgammon who in all of his four years had not won a single race. Tony was grateful, but pointed out that he would have some difficulty in stabling Backgammon in his relatively cramped Manhattan quarters. Vanderbilt reluctantly withdrew his gift. "Backgammon got into his stride after that," says Tony. "He won seven or eight quite profitable races."

Tony is especially proud of a shot he made of Whirlaway, just before that wonder horse won the Kentucky Derby in 1941. Jockey Eddie Arcaro called Tony up. Would Tony like to photograph Whirlaway while he was exercising him the next morning? Tony would, and he got an action-packed picture of Whirlaway in full stride, with all four feet off the ground, his famous tail streaming out behind him. On artistic grounds this shot is one of his all-time favorites. Blown up to prodigious size, it now occupies an entire wall in the playroom of Arcaro's spacious home in Rockville Center, Long Island.

It is a peculiar twist that Tony has come closer to being seriously injured or killed than his brasher brother. At Daytona Beach, Florida, Tony was snapping pictures of racing driver Lee Bible. A wheel of Bible's Stutz flew off when he was doing better than two miles a minute. Bible was killed instantly.

The wheel plowed into two cameramen standing not 20 feet away from Tony. Both were killed.

Tony's emphasis on social and sporting activities doesn't mean that he hasn't had his share of straight news "firsts" too.

He was working on the sands of Palm Beach in February, 1938, when he got a message from his boss, in New York. "Proceed," it read, "to Raiford, Florida. There see what you can do to get picture of execution of Franklin McCall, convicted kidnaping Cash baby."

It was one of the first death sentences to result from the new Lindbergh law.

Tony proceeded, found out, as was to be expected, that cameras were expressly forbidden in Florida's death chambers. This he explained as gently as he could over the telephone to New York. The New York office evidently misunderstood, complimented him on his resolve and promised to rush-ship him a special camera.

The package arrived the day before the execution. A special lens had been affixed to a camera no larger than a pocket watch. Tony tried it out. It took beautiful pictures.

As Anthony Sarno, reporter for International News Service, he presented himself at the door of the death chamber on execution day. The camera was bandaged into his armpit. Attendants frisked him, waved him on.

As execution time approached, Tony extricated the miniature camera. The lights dimmed. Tony focused on the chair. Two deputy sheriffs looked sharply around as they heard the click of the shutter. Amazement spread over their faces. They made no immediate attempt, however, to stop Tony. He made a half-dozen exposures.

The execution over, the two deputies started toward Tony. Just at that instant the late Damon Runyon, who was working for the same people as Tony, broke in with a stop watch in his hand. "Say, Tony," Runyon shouted, "I made the death pronouncement exactly four minutes and 13 seconds after the current was applied. How did you time it with your stop watch?"

"That's exactly what my stop watch said too," chattered Tony.

The two deputies paused. "Well, whaddya know, a stop watch," said one. "I coulda sworn the man was using a camera." They laughed heartily. The press was allowed to file out undisturbed.

"Only trouble was," says Tony, "it wouldn't have made much difference if I had been caught. What with the poor lighting and various other things, not a single one of the pictures came out."

There was the time Tony was assigned to get pictures of the Graf Zeppelin arriving over New York Harbor. He got the call from the office at a place in Valley Stream, Long Island, run by the prominent hostess, Texas Guinan. Tony, loath to leave immediately, suggested to his boss that he charter a small plane for the next morning and get the zeppelin just as it passed the Statue of Liberty. "Might make a beautiful angle shot," he said. "Would look as if the zeppelin was moored right to the torch." The idea was approved.

Later on in the evening he called up a local pilot, invited him over to Texas' place and outlined his plans. About four o'clock in the morning Tony got a call from the city room. "Haven't you left yet?" his boss howled. "The zeppelin has already passed Philadelphia."

The pilot and Tony zoomed out of the establishment. They clambered into the small cabin plane and headed for New York Harbor. They arrived at dawn, just in time. The Graf Zeppelin was looming into the harbor from the south. Tony had the pilot fly around the statue according to plan. Then he leaned against the door of the tiny plane to get the picture. As he snapped the shutter, the unlocked door of the plane also snapped. Frantically clinging with one hand to the flapping door, and with the other to his camera, Tony dangled outside the cabin, very close to being moored on the statue's torch himself. The pilot finally looked around, did a quick loop, and Tony was thrown back inside. The paper got a fine, trick picture; Tony, a fine growth of white hairs.

That's how it's been with Dick and Tony. But there are four more snap-happy Sarno brothers, all following creditably in the older boys' eight-by-ten prints. All the younger Sarnos—with the possible exception of Arthur—maintain they have no desire to emulate the melodramatic feats of Tony and Dick.

They are Henry, forty-two; John, thirty-five; Jerry, twenty-nine and Arthur, twenty-six. Henry, John and Jerry comprise three sevenths of the photographic staff of the Westchester-Macy Publications. This is a newspaper chain made up of eleven dailies and two weeklies in that prosperous New York county. Arthur, the baby—a baby who measures six feet three, and weighs an athletic 205 pounds—is on the staff of the New York Daily Mirror.

Perhaps they had enough excitement during the war to last them a long time. All four saw service in some of the hottest areas of the Pacific as Marine combat photographers.

Many of the vivid pictures you saw of the Marines in action at Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Rendova, Munda, Bougainville, Guam and Okinawa were taken by Sarno brothers. They were in on the Pacific campaign from the beginning. The three youngest brothers are Marine Corps reservists and expect to be back in service next month.

The home life of the Sarno brothers is a quiet contrast to their professional activity. Virtually every Sunday the entire family gathers for a hearty Neapolitan dinner at Mom's house in Yonkers, a two-family structure built by Papa Achille almost 30 years ago. It is seldom that fewer than 20 of the three Sarno generations are around.

The third generation, by the way, contains no photographers, incipient or otherwise. Dick's son, Richard, Jr., twenty-three, has become an advertising salesman. Tony's son, Ronnie, seventeen, is still in military school, but shows no predilection for photography. His latest stated ambition is to become a boxer. James, Jr., twenty-six, has entered his father's contracting business. John, married to the former Evelyn O'Connor, as yet has no children. The two younger Sarno brothers are still bachelors.

Both Dick and Tony express no regrets about this turn of events. "Enough is enough," says Tony.

"Most of the adventure has gone out of the game, anyhow," declares Dick.

As a matter of fact, the way the six Sarnos got into news photography was something of an accident.

It began in the year 1919. The Yonkers contracting firm of Achille Sarno, arrived in this country from Naples, was flourishing. Even in this pre-Blandings era the sober joys of suburban living were enticing hordes of cliff dwellers from the crowded metropolis of New York. Achille was riding a tidal wave of contracts to build new homes in the Westchester area.

Mrs. Sarno bore her husband eight strapping sons, and a more modest representation of three daughters. (Dominic, the second oldest son, died when a child.) And it was Achille's paternal aim ultimately to incorporate all of his sons in the contracting business. Jim was already enrolled.

Then, this particular day in 1919, Papa Sarno took sixteen-year-old Richard with him when he went to New York City to talk over plans for the building of a Westchester home for Emile Brunel, a prosperous Manhattan photographer.

"You will see," he told Richard, "how nice a business building is."

A Shutterbug in the Making

As Brunel and Papa talked, young Richard wandered about the studios. He looked wide-eyed at the elaborate paraphernalia. As Papa and Brunel talked further, young Richard struck up an acquaintance with the assistants. They allowed him to help them at their tasks.

By the time Papa and Brunel had finished their conversation, the contracting business had lost an apprentice. Photography had gained a devoted acolyte.

Before Papa Sarno's wounded eyes, young Richard brashly asked Brunel for a job in his studio. Anything would do. Brunel smiled tolerantly. It was all right with him if it was all right with Papa.

Papa consented. After all, there were lots more young Sarnos to choose from. "All right, Richard," he said, "but if you ever get tired of the pictures, there's always room for you in the contracting business."

Richard's love, obviously, never waned. After his apprenticeship with Brunel, he got a job with Underwood & Underwood, then one of the biggest news picture agencies in the country. Later he transferred to the New York Mirror.

One of Richard's first assignments was covering the training camp and fights of an up-and-coming boxer named Jack Dempsey. This, probably more than anything else, did it for the younger Sarnos. When Dick came home with his absorbing first-person stories about Jack, the giant killer, and when the younger Sarnos touched the hand that had actually shaken the hand of this great sports hero, the contracting business lost a lot of its charm.

Shortly, Tony had also joined Dick's outfit. It wasn't surprising, thereafter, that the younger Sarnos followed in their footsteps, lured by the wondrous tales of the older brothers' daily exploits.

At one of the recent Sunday gatherings of the clan, pert and pretty sister Rosanna, the baby of the family, made a casual remark. "I wonder," she said, "if Dominic had lived, whether he'd have gone in for contracting or photography."

A resounding baritone chorus of six camera-clicking Sarnos rang out, "The contracting business, of course, if he had any sense."

The voice of Jim, the staid and unknown Sarno, was drowned out in the general laughter that followed. THE END

"Lend me a hand"

Next Week

Why Russia Can't Be Trusted

How to Cure Insomnia
By H. ALLEN SMITH

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Life Can Begin at 65

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

less than a year old, is the seventh. It was named after the late William I. Sirovich, physician, congressman and leader in various humanitarian enterprises, including the establishment of camps for children.

What happened to Kroll? Nothing much at first except that he found a destination for his morning walks. Play cards? *Phooey*. Paint pictures? *Silly*. Work with wood? *At my age?* But occasionally he dropped by in the afternoon, too, for coffee and cake.

Nowadays he is at the center daily from nine to five. He composes verse, mostly about the center itself, paints, and writes members who are sick. The worried look is gone. He no longer walks himself weary. "What this place has done to me," he admits, "is to give me reasons to live."

Rendezvous for the Elderly

Many day-center members are on relief. Some live on union or industry pensions, plus old-age social insurance or their own saving. A few work part time, and spend the rest of it at the center because it's the best place they know for meeting folks their own age.

For many members, the centers are a substitute not only for the working day but also for families which have moved away, died or grown neglectful. The other morning a grandmother in her seventies came in all aglow. She displayed a birthday card she had received from the center. "Look," she told her friends, "a card—for me!" No wonder she was excited; it was the first piece of mail she had received in 15 years.

When a 69-year-old man lost his wife, a married couple he had met at Hodson dropped in at his apartment every day for weeks until he had got the hang of cooking and keeping house for himself.

When another oldster got sick, center members took turns calling on him at his boardinghouse. Afterward he told a staff worker: "The folks here did for me what some other people should have done but didn't"—meaning his children.

These day centers demonstrate that old folks are pathetically eager to prove they are still "somebody." Shy at first, even scared, they soon delight in taking even a small part in group affairs—reading a poem before the Poetry Club, singing in the chorus, playing a drum, triangle or cymbal in the band, or bringing a newspaper clipping to the current-events class.

Walls and display shelves at Hodson Center are filled with paintings, plaques, book ends, metalwork, pottery, carvings and other objects turned out by old folks —most of whom had never before had an interest outside their families and their jobs.

Levine believes retired people will bring a renaissance of folk art and craft to America. "We talk of Grandma Moses, the painter, as if she were an exception," he says. "But there are thousands of potential Grandma Moseses. Creative energy is ageless. All people need is the chance and the encouragement to create."

Encouragement is important. One of the most talented craftsmen at the centers is an elderly woman who insisted she just wanted to play cards and look at the movies. Work with metal? Oh, no, she couldn't possibly. She was persuaded to give it a try, one hour a week. Now she spends most of her time fashioning objects of copper, is really happy for the first time in years, and "my relatives actually show me respect."

Evidence aplenty that centers for old folks are worth while can be seen in the contented faces of the hundreds who use them. But there is even more to be said for the center idea. Hodson Center, opened in 1943, now has more than 500 members. Dr. Howard A. Rusk, noted specialist in rehabilitation, recently pointed out that, over a period of seven years, out of so many old people, quite a number would have been expected to enter mental hospitals. Actually, only one has had to do so.

Staff members familiar with the pattern of illness in old age say that people who go to the centers show a markedly decreased need for any kind of medical care. They believe the program is actually lengthening the lives of participants.

The New York City centers are a blend of public and private resources and enterprise. Budgets run from $10,000 to $27,000 a year, of which the city meets part by supplying staff workers trained in recreational activities, occupational therapy or social service. The rest of the money is raised by each center's board of directors, most of it from organizations and individuals in the immediate community.

Levine thinks it's foolish to try to find jobs for all the older people who want to work. "Instead," he says, "let's change the psychology that makes people feel—the minute they stop working for money—that they have lost prestige. We can do that by giving them a chance to release their creative energy."

Other authorities are less sure that we ought to accept the retire-at-65 pattern without a fight. But they agree that when a person does retire—and preferably long before—he should develop hobbies and learn to have fun, and that the community should help him do it.

St. Petersburg, Florida, is another example of community consciousness of its old folks' recreational needs. Many of us have heard about St. Petersburg's green benches, on which an oldster can sit his days away, and the ramps at some of the street crossings and public buildings, to ease the strain on older hearts and joints.

But St. Petersburg has done a lot more than that for its oldsters. It has made a special effort to give them something to do. For instance, Mirror Lake Park offers facilities for games especially suitable for older people—shuffleboard, croquet, lawn bowling—along with a clubhouse complete with lounges, cardrooms and dance floor. Tournament schedules list shuffleboard games for those in their fifties, in their sixties, in their seventies, and even in their nineties. About a third of the Shuffleboard Club's 10,000 members—fee: $6 a year—are at least 70.

The city's Recreational Department supervises Mirror Lake and other centers, and the city supplies the land, the buildings and courts. Small membership fees make the areas largely self-supporting.

Plenty of Groups to Join

St. Petersburg also provides free rooms and facilities for the meetings, dances, plays and lecture programs of more than 40 older folks' societies. These include the Grandmothers Club, Three-quarters Century Club, International Association of Retired Policemen and Firemen, Model Railroad Club, Retired Civil Employees, Retired Telephone Employees Association, Sunshine Card Club, Lip Reading Club, All Nations Society, Massachusetts Society, Iowa Society and some twenty other state groups.

In conjunction with the county board of education, the city also provides courses in pottery making, weaving, interior decorating, and other crafts.

The Florida city boasts that its old folks have more fun and live longer than those of any other city in the world. That's quite a claim, but there is no disputing the fact that St. Petersburg has successfully applied a basic principle: Where a person can participate in activities with people of a similar age and interests, life has meaning.

Other cities can provide the same opportunity. They don't need money so much as willingness.

Three years ago, officials of Teaneck, New Jersey, a small suburban community, noticed that retired men spent an uncom-

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monly long time shopping. They'd manage to kill three hours just buying a head of lettuce and a can of peas. Some would loaf in front of the stores all day.

Richard Rodda, Teaneck's superintendent of recreation, asked clergymen and parent-teacher groups for the names of oldsters. Then he invited 20 to meet with him. Only seven showed up, but they organized the Retired Men's Club and began meeting every Tuesday noon in the Town House, Teaneck's community building, for singing, movies, table games, talks on current events and refreshments.

As word got around that the sessions—lasting till late afternoon—were fun, more and more oldsters joined. Today there are 53 members, and dues of 75 cents a month pay for birthday parties, sets of chess, croquet and horseshoes, and two big picnics a summer. Teaneck's program isn't pretentious. It by no means satisfies all of an older person's need for activity. But it does help him to make friends and to feel that he is still part of the community.

Another small city, Newburgh, New York, is trying out a similar plan on a larger scale with its Club 60, which draws 100 oldsters every Thursday for an evening of singing, dancing and game playing. The idea stems from the hunch of a young welfare worker that many of her older clients would forget their physical complaints if they had something else to think about. The Junior League sponsors the club, S. Stroock & Company, the wool-fabric concern, lends the recreation hall of its local factory, and the Newburgh Bus Corporation, a private line, supplies free transportation for special outings.

One of the more enthusiastic Club 60 members is an elderly woman who suffered from loneliness, for which she knew no cure, and from her asthma, which she thought a stay in the Southwest might help. It didn't. Perhaps it's coincidence, but now that the club has cured her loneliness, her asthma, too, has stopped bothering her.

Seventy-year-old Edward M. showed up one night with his left arm in a sling. It was stiff, he explained; been that way for months; nothing could be done. As the evening wore on, somebody asked him to play the piano. Ed hung back, finally agreeing to pick out a tune with his right hand. One tune led to another, and soon he slipped off the sling and pounded away happily with both hands. "Young man," a merry-eyed old woman told a recent 40-year-old visitor, "it's just too bad you're not old enough to join this club." And she meant it.

Learning to Enjoy Themselves

Still other cities have begun to recognize that their old folks have grown up in a "work-and-earn" tradition, and that fun has to be made something about which they don't feel guilty. Cleveland has a score of Golden Age Clubs, with a thousand members—who had to be past 65 to get in. Several of the groups are sponsored by the city's Division of Recreation and the Cleveland Welfare Federation, and the rest by the Benjamin Rose Institute, a private social service agency. They meet weekly for parties, music, lectures, games and, as Margaret W. Wagner, executive director of the institute, puts it, for "the pleasure of sitting around a table talking over teacups"—a great pleasure indeed when otherwise you have no one to sit down with but yourself.

Philadelphia's program for its older people began in 1944 with a few clubs formed under the guidance of the Council of Social Agencies. Later the Philadelphia Recreation Association began promoting it on a city-wide basis and engaged vivacious Georgene E. Bowen, a former social work missionary to Japan, to direct it.

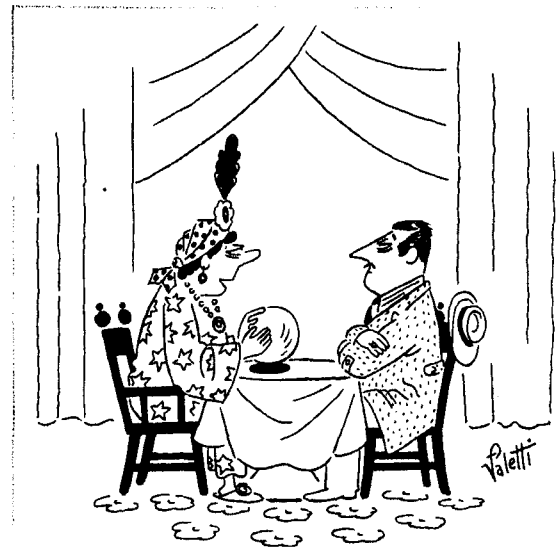
Today, Philadelphia has 68 such clubs, meeting weekly. Members of one built their own court for *boccie*, an Italian bowling game. Members of another staged a bathing beauty contest, with one prize going to a woman wearing a turn-of-the-century suit.

What oldsters like to do amazes people who forget that at 65 or even 95 a person is still human. When one Philadelphia club met in a school gym, one septuagenarian turned his back on the table games and eyed the basketball court. "If only we had a ball," he said longingly, "so I could drop in a few baskets."

One Philadelphia group voted to take up painting. They all sit in the same room and talk happily while they work—even two members who are totally blind. Instead of painting, these two weave.

An 83-year-old woman looked on wistfully while most of the members danced. "All my life I've wanted to do that," she told the club leader, "but my family would never let me. Do you suppose it's too late now?" Today she's one of the most graceful dancers in the group.

When older people have an opportunity to make friends in their own age groups, they often do just what younger ones do—fall in love and get married. For instance, two Philadelphians eloped to Washington—but came back in time to spring the news at the next meeting of their club. At one of New York's centers, a retired man, 68, courted a woman he had lost sight of years before: they're married now. So many members of Detroit's Friendship Club, for lonely people over forty, got married that the Department of Parks and Recreation sponsored a married couples' club.



"You will make much money . . . but you won't be able to pass it"

COLLIER'S VINCENT FALETTI

Other cities are recognizing that the old no less than the young need recreation. In Minneapolis, the Board of Park Commissioners maintains 157 horseshoe, 11 shuffleboard and two courts for roque (a form of croquet), makes card-game facilities available at nine community centers, and offers courses in handicrafts, sewing, bait casting and fly tying.

In Los Angeles, the Recreation and Park Department lists 55 playgrounds offering organized activities for older folks. In addition to horseshoes, *boccie* and other games, there are square dances, a women's harmonica band, a club for movie-making fans, postage-stamp clubs, gymnasium classes, and courses in painting, dramatics and handicrafts.

One of the cities most aware of its older folks is Rochester, New York, which, in addition to 10 clubs for them, has a city-sponsored adult recreation center. The co-operative idea is strong in Rochester. The Federation of Women's Clubs operates an Oldsters' Lounge in the recreation center. The Council of Social Agencies employs a community consultant for services for the aged. The Junior League recently financed a city-wide institute on understanding the older person.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, probably has more people well informed about aging than any other community its size. That's because the University of Michigan in 1948 began conducting institutes and extension courses on "Living in the Later Years."

Among those who took the first 16-session course was a Mr. B., who had been almost a recluse since his wife's death five years before. He asked the opening lecturer, in all seriousness, "Wouldn't it be best if we useless old folks just took ourselves out of the community?" But he came back for more. He heard a doctor discuss food, sleep and exercise; a psychiatrist urge people who had lost families to find compensation in activity; a psychologist assured the group that intelligence stayed bright, if used. He listened to helpful discussions of habits, hobbies, economic problems.

Afterward he joined other students in forming the Senior Citizens Recreational Group, with guidance from Clark Tibbitts, then director of the university's Institute for Human Adjustment. The group met in a school and at first concentrated on music, dancing and games. Next it went on to discuss local political issues, petitioned for better voting and recreational facilities, and took an interest in the needy. Today, as evidence of how older folks' interests can broaden, it calls itself the Senior Community Club.

Today, too, far from being a recluse, the once-despondent Mr. B. spends much of his time happily gardening for old people less vigorous than he. Also, he is married again—to a woman he met during the lectures.

Another original member of the group was Mrs. X, a lonely, demanding widow who traced her unhappiness to the fact that she couldn't get along well with her married son. Things are different now. "I am very busy," she reported not long ago, "but at last I am happy. When my son calls up, I tell him I am too busy to do anything with him just now. He has a great deal more respect for me."

Comments Dr. Wilma Donahue, present director of the institute: "Not a very dramatic story, perhaps, but we could multiply her case many times. And if families and individuals are helped to happier relationships, I believe it is of profound significance."

Only a start has been made. New York's day centers give 3,000 oldsters something to do, but the city has over 200 times that many. Philadelphia's clubs offer companionship and fun to 3,500—out of 135,000 past 65. The Ann Arbor program has so far reached only several hundred out of 4,000 past 60.

Still, what has been done to date indicates that we have huge resources—buildings, playgrounds, teachers and so forth—for helping older people live contentedly. For example, the University of Michigan course—now being offered in Detroit and several other cities as well as in Ann Arbor—suggests a great new field for our educational institutions. Probably it should include growing-old courses for the young as well as the old. If it did, delegates to the recent National Conference on Aging in Washington pointed out, young people would know how to get along with their aging relatives and be better prepared themselves for retirement.

Industry, too, can take a bigger hand in the problem it has helped create through its compulsory retirement system. Some big companies have long been encouraging hobby shows. Last year, for instance, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company provided quarters and other facilities for more than 60 shows and many smaller exhibits all sponsored by the Telephone Pioneers, an organization of its long-time employees.

Such programs are excellent, for the man with a hobby is a much better bet for successful retirement than the man without. But gerontologists—students of aging—would like to see industry go further by offering what they call pre-retirement counseling. There is a little of this in every personnel department which calls in an employee before retirement and discusses his pension and Social Security income. Ideally, the department should also be ready with advice—in time for him to do something about it—on getting the most out of his leisure years.

With or without counseling program, an employee can do a great deal on his own to make sure his farewell party will be a jumping-off point to an even better life instead of to a terrific letdown.

When He's Off the Payroll

First of all he can face facts. First, no matter how busy he is at work and how much he's needed now, he's likely to be eased off the payroll while he still has a good many active years left. Second, no matter how much he—or she—is taken up with the family, families do drift away.

If he has an active interest in the future and life in general, those facts need not be alarming. But the important word is *active*.

Gerontologists advise preparing for retirement while you are still in your forties or fifties. Develop an interest or two and spend a little time at it every day. Get yourself a hobby—reading the books and magazines you've previously missed, weaving, woodworking, photography, painting, writing, gardening, ceramics. (These and other subjects are offered in adult education programs sponsored by many public-school systems, colleges, Y.M.C.A.s and other agencies.)

Give some time to the community—as an active worker in a political party, a hospital volunteer, a committee member in a church or social agency. (Helping your town work out a program for oldsters would pay off for them now and for you later.)

As home and job pressures ease up, give more time to your avocations. Five years before you retire, have pretty well in mind what you'll do when the big day comes.

Retirement, as the annuity ads suggest, can open a new life—but only if a person's ready for it. For example, many a man looks forward to puttering around a little place in the country. Fine, say the gerontologists, but try to get that place some years before you quit. Spend vacations and week ends at it. If you find that country life isn't everything you had dreamed, you'll still have time to sell out and make other plans.

Retirement doesn't make a person over; it merely provides more time for the things he's interested in.

Joe Y., a former mechanic living near Washington, might have been the unhappiest of men. His wife has died, his children have scattered, he lives alone. But Joe for years has been a camera bug, a radio ham and a nature student. Now that he needs no alarm clock, he takes a bus into the city to roam the museums and listen to lectures. Or he packs lunch, grabs a camera and strolls into the country. Or he stays up all night with his short-wave set.

Ten years ago, Emily R., an Easton, Pennsylvania, schoolteacher, began collecting examples of Pennsylvania Dutch designs. Later she tried copying them on trays, candlesticks, dustpans, furniture. Then she began making rugs. Her life as a schoolteacher ends next year; her life as a creative hobbyist stretches indefinitely.

Authorities on the problem say there are three principal ingredients for a successful old age: some degree of financial independence, good physical and mental condition, and an active interest in the future and life in general.

The third is equally as important as the other two, for the tragic oldster is usually the one who hasn't looked ahead. He has cussed his job and celebrated his retirement—and suddenly found himself without the one thing everybody needs for happiness: something to do.

The answer is to start preparing early for retirement, a preparation in which the community, the family and, most of all, the individual himself have a necessary part. Old age can be fun—if you are ready for it. THE END

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Mental Hospital with a Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the specialists who stay on although they could make 25 per cent more pay by transferring to a veterans' mental hospital; in the hospital official who took time out while on a trip through Europe to visit the aged Swiss parents of a patient, simply because the patient had asked him to.

This beneficent climate pervades even the hospital library. Here, for example, it was decided to hold a book-review reading once a week for the literary-minded patients, and one patient, abnormally shy, unexpectedly volunteered to deliver the reviews. Her eloquence and style of delivery became so popular that she repeated the weekly presentation in a number of wards, where her coming was an occasion for a postlecture party. The reviews gave the patients pleasure; they gave the shy girl a start on the road to improvement.

In a Landscaped Setting

Even the physical features of St. Elizabeths are in keeping with the benign atmosphere. The hospital is in a reservation of half a square mile situated in northeast Washington, overlooking the Anacostia River and presenting a magnificent view of the Capitol. The grounds have been cultivated into a park and arboretum in which 180 varieties of trees flourish, with flowers everywhere. In wintertime hardy pansies peep through the snow; and during the Yule season tinsel and multicolored lights brighten the fir trees.

The buildings, of red brick with red tile roofs, are easy on the eyes. Some of them are nearly 100 years old; most are so well built that they are in good condition today; others are antiquated and in need of replacement, but all are neat and clean.

The newer wards have been laid out in quadrangle fashion, as on a college campus. Some time ago, a Washington newspaper presented contrasting aerial views of a local slum and a slick-looking building development which the paper cited as "the perfect setting for rearing healthy, happy children." Not until the next day did the newspaper learn that its photographer had flown over the Anacostia River, instead of the Potomac, and that the "modern, well-planned apartments" were a section of St. Elizabeths.

There is one building at St. Elizabeths, however, that is an eyesore: Howard Hall, a battlemented, fortresslike structure enclosed by a 24-foot-high concrete wall. It houses some 170 criminally insane sexual psychopaths, and the most violent of the hospital patients.

Some thirty years ago, after three of the more dangerous patients had escaped, Congress—in the panicky mood which often seizes people when there's a lunatic loose—ordered hasty erection of a barrier around Howard Hall to reinforce the security of the wall already girdling the hospital reservation. Somehow the lawmakers never did get around to appropriating money for a regular entrance into this citadel, so that today entry into the forbidding building is made through the steel door of a basement baggage room.

Until four years ago, little of St. Elizabeths' friendly atmosphere penetrated the concrete walls of Howard Hall. Most of the patients were ornery, aggressive and destructive, and often flared into violent assault on one another or on the attendants. Dangerous to the patients inside the hospital and to the citizenry outside, the criminally insane were kept under strict vigilance; security was the prime consideration.

In the fall of 1946, Dr. Overholser determined the time was ripe for trying out new tactics in Howard Hall. St. Elizabeths' staff had been augmented by psychiatrists fresh from wartime service, and they were eager to show that their war-developed techniques could be successfully applied anywhere, even in Howard Hall. The task of proving this theory was assigned to chunky, energetic Dr. Bernard Cruvant and lean, intense Dr. Joseph Abrahams, both experienced veterans of World War II.

The two psychiatrists immediately set out to win the confidence of the distrustful Howard Hall inmates. Dr. Cruvant, in charge of the Hall, began easing the rigid restrictions and giving the criminally insane more latitude in their movements. For instance, he lifted the curfew under which the patients at Howard Hall were locked up in their rooms and dormitories each day from 5:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M.—as he put it, "just like animals in the zoo."

At first, attendants and patients alike resisted the move. The attendants protested that leniency would mean more trouble in handling their charges and might even provoke more rioting. The patients seemed to bear out the attendants' belief by acting more ornery than before—a typical initial reaction by the mentally ill to any change in routine.

Dr. Cruvant nonetheless, pushed ahead with the reforms. Privileges were increased, food and dining facilities improved. The inner court of the Hall was converted into a basketball court. The larger court—the area between the buildings and the 24-foot wall was transformed into a baseball diamond, individual gardens and other recreational space. One ward was stripped of its beds and changed into an occupational therapy room, where the patients were encouraged to work with carving tools, chisels, hammers, saws and the like.

The next step created a sensation. In November, 1947, Dr. Cruvant brought a girl into Howard Hall—banned to women in all its history—to direct the occupational therapy activities. Janet Sawyer came to St. Elizabeths from Massachusetts, where two years before she had graduated from the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, an affiliate of Tufts College. On being taken on a tour of the hospital shortly after her arrival, Janet was shown Howard Hall, and was told: "That's one place you'll never see on the inside." Two months later, she entered the forbidden walls.

From the start, the patients treated the attractive young lady with the utmost respect. By then, the new, more lenient, approach was beginning to break through their suspicion and hostility. They recognized that in sending a woman into Howard Hall to run occupational therapy activities, the doctors showed a willingness to trust them. In response, they assumed responsibility as a group for the protection of Miss Sawyer from incivility of any kind.

In June, 1949, Janet married Dr. Joseph Sheridan, a member of the St. Elizabeths staff, and six months later she left to devote full time to being a housewife.

A measure of her success at the institution is the fact that the post of occupational therapist at Howard Hall is now considered strictly a woman's job.

Girl Unmolested by Inmates

In her two and a half years at St. Elizabeths, Janet Sheridan says, never once was she threatened or bothered in any way; the inmates saw to that. Once, an unidentified patient hid a chisel in the occupational therapy room. Fellow patients tore the room apart and finally found the chisel, thereby regaining the honor of the group. The incident never was repeated.

To carry out the experiment further, activities of the criminally insane inmates were expanded to include not only shopwork, but music, dramatics, educational courses taught by the patients and staffers, movies, chapel services, a library, newspaper, a baseball league and other group activities.

"We believe occupational therapy should help the patient learn how to get along with *people*, not merely with baskets and rugs," says Dr. Cruvant.

Athletics proved to be an excellent therapeutic device for resocializing the criminally insane, by developing team play and group-mindedness. A dramatic demonstration of this occurred last year when a crisis nearly broke up the "Little World Series" between two Howard Hall baseball teams, the Sheridan and Merrill Athletic Clubs.

Right after the third game, the star pitcher of the Sheridan A.C. was notified that he had been cleared for discharge. "I want to get out," he told Dr. Cruvant, "but

"Sometimes I say to myself, 'Why be a fool for a pretty face?' Then I say to myself, 'Why not?' "

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

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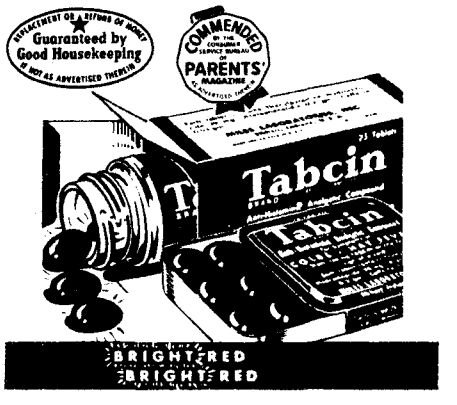

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I don't want to leave the team in the lurch." Dr. Cruvant promptly called the two clubs together and put the problem up to them. After an hour's discussion, the players made a Solomonlike decision: Inasmuch as it was the one great hope of them all to attain recovery and achieve freedom again, it would be wrong to delay the discharge of the pitcher. However, to make up the loss to the Sheridan A.C., which had suffered three consecutive defeats in the series, the players agreed on a trade which sent the Merrills' ace hurler to the Sheridans.

It doesn't matter which team won. The important thing was the astonishingly fair-minded solution of the crisis by a group of people generally regarded as too malevolent, hostile and violent ever to make a just decision for the common good.

Success with Group Therapy

While Dr. Cruvant was letting the friendly spirit of St. Elizabeths into Howard Hall, his colleague Dr. Abrahams, who is now in private practice, but is still a consultant, was trying to reach, and treat, the patients through group therapy.

Group therapy, a wartime development, permits the simultaneous treatment of a number of patients. This has certain advantages over individual psychotherapy, for the group itself becomes a therapeutic instrument for treating the individuals in it. Stimulated and guided by the psychiatrist, participants in a group-therapy session are led into a discussion of one another's fears, anxieties and problems. Each patient becomes aware of the underlying reasons for the anxieties of the "other guy," and, in due course, finds out just what his own problem is—a process which starts him on the road toward a cure.

Of the group therapy work he did while on the St. Elizabeths staff, Dr. Abrahams says: "Awareness of the cause is not in itself a cure for mental illness, but it opens the gates to improvement and recovery. Once the patient recognizes the real trouble, he may be shown how to cope with the anxieties, and how to eliminate the symptoms that manifest themselves."

In a group therapy session which I attended, the 40 participating patients included one man who sat in a corner rotating his left shoulder in a ceaseless motion; another twitched at the mouth; a third clicked his teeth gratingly; a fourth had swathed himself in bandages, leaving only slit openings for eyes, nose and mouth. A half dozen had their heads sunk against their chests in a stupor; one man prayed continuously; several ranted aloud; two hopped around aimlessly, unable to sit still: another burst out at odd times in raucous laughter. Most of these men appeared indifferent or apathetic; several were hostile and one kept jeering at the psychiatrist. Only a few showed alertness and interest in what was going on.

Throughout the session, however, the psychiatrist maintained a sympathetic attitude toward all patients, and when the session was over he happily observed that another long-sullen and unco-operative patient had for the first time joined in the discussions.

"All we can expect is a little advancement at a time," the doctor said. "Bringing these patients back into society is a gradual process in which each patient is slowly moved upward, like a canalboat through a system of locks."

Sometimes gripes, fancied or real, popped up in the initial group therapy sessions. In order to retain his role as friend and adviser to the patients, and to avoid being identified with the "authorities" of the hospital, the psychiatrist suggested that the patients take up their complaints not with him, but with Dr. Cruvant, head of the Hall. Thus began the administrative therapy sessions, at which Dr. Cruvant listens to the complaints of the patients and seeks to resolve them through group action.

At one recent session, a patient complained that his ward was not kept clean enough to suit him. In the ensuing discussion, the group decided, in the words of one of them: "The ward isn't a hotel. If there aren't enough attendants to keep the place as nice as we want it, then let's pitch in and do it ourselves." And that is exactly what they did.

Ironically, the enlightened treatment of the criminally insane had an adverse effect on a few of the Howard Hall attendants. They resented the gripes fired at them in the administrative therapy sessions; they feared the growing group spirit of the patients. For a time, the psychiatric staff had to counteract this hostility by giving these attendants "group therapy" sessions to help straighten them out. Attendants who were unable to give up their guardhouse ways were replaced by more patient, tolerant employees.

Dr. Overholser feels it will take quite a while to evaluate the long-term effectiveness of the new approach to the criminally insane, but even in the four pioneering years the experiment has paid off. Over 200 patients have been transferred from Howard Hall to convalescent wards as improved, or discharged as recovered—double the number of transfers and discharges from the Hall during the same period preceding the war. (Some of the recovered patients were freed; others were sent back to the courts for trial, or to prison for completion of their sentences.)

How Acting Is Beneficial

What's going on in Howard Hall is an example of the progressive treatment being given all over St. Elizabeths. During World War II, the institution pioneered in the use of psychodrama, a form of group therapy in which the patients are given a chance to release their emotional conflicts by acting out hypothetical scenes. Among other things, this form of treatment is helpful in preparing a patient for his discharge.

For example, by enacting the scene several times over, a patient is assisted in finding the best way to tell his prospective employer that he has been mentally ill. One veteran swore he would never let his boss know he had been committed to an institution, but would insist that he had been stationed in Washington. However, when in the rehearsal the actor-boss asked the patient if he had been "an armchair commando" at the Pentagon, the veteran retorted: "Nope. I was at St. Elizabeths."

Recently, the hospital has undertaken a series of experimental steps with hypnodrama—psychodrama through hypnosis. Hypnodrama has already proved even more useful in giving certain patients an emotional catharsis; that is, the hypnotized patient, encouraged by suggestions, acts out his anxiety and gets it out of his system.

In another approach to the patient unable to verbalize his emotions, St. Elizabeths has pioneered in the use of dance therapy. As conducted by Miss Marian Chace, a former professional interpretive dancer, the dance therapy sessions, like the group therapy treatments, serve to stimulate group consciousness. A young woman patient was brought into a recent dance therapy session on a wheel chair. She was mute, drooling, and in a stuporous state. She ignored the dancing patients, but slightly turned her head in the direction of the castanets being played by Miss Chace.

In a few days, at the invitation of Miss Chace, the patient was clapping the castanets; soon thereafter she joined in the group dancing. Eventually she relaxed enough to be coherent and co-operative with the doctors. This woman had broken down after the birth of a child. Six months after she entered St. Elizabeths, the young mother was sent home, recovered.

To deal with the physical ailments of its patients, St. Elizabeths operates a complete general medical and surgical hospital, dental service and tuberculosis hospital. These facilities, like the psychiatric setup, maintain high standards and have been approved by medical authorities for treatment of patients and training of interns and nurses.

Although widely regarded as a model mental hospital, St. Elizabeths exudes no aura of self-satisfaction. Its staff members can always find room for improvement. Right now, for example, they feel a need for modern replacements for some of the old buildings and they also would like to have special treatment facilities for children.

Nevertheless, they know that the requirements of an institution like theirs can never be filled completely; they attempt to compensate for whatever deficiencies may exist by making the most of their trump card: the friendly, cheerful atmosphere which, above all else, makes St. Elizabeths different from most other institutions of its kind.

A volunteer worker with whom I spoke summed it up briefly.

"St. Elizabeths," she said, "is a mental hospital with a heart." THE END

COLLIER'S

"It's not absolutely necessary, but we suggest that you hire a trained nurse for a week or two"

MISCHA RICHTER

COLLIER'S

"Eva was always a fool for tall, handsome men with money"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Play Ball, Amigos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"I couldn't even order a cup of coffee in Spanish," recalled Gomez, "and I had to hire a coach who was bilingual, not because he was a good coach, but because it was only through him that I could get the players to understand what I wanted them to do. It also was through him that I was able to eat, which was at least equally as important as making certain that the players bunted at the proper time."

The Legendary Papa Joe

Most of the Cuban ballplayers now playing in the United States came here via the Washington Senators and were scouted by Papa Joe Cambria, who is one of the idols of the island. There is a legend that Papa Joe shows up each spring in the Washington training camp with a half-dozen Cuban ballplayers and a half-dozen contracts, all in his back pocket. As training progresses, the Cuban player is signed to a contract with the blank space filled in—for Washington, Chattanooga, Charlotte or wherever the player's talents indicate he should play. Legend or not, the fact remains that virtually all of the topflight Cuban ballplayers in this country are the product of Papa Joe's scouting.

Mike Guerra, Athletics' catcher who manages Almendares in the winter, Robert Ortiz, Washington outfielder, and six Washington pitchers, Sandalio Consuegra, Conrado Marrero, Julio Moreno, Carlos Pascual, Santiago Ullrich and Julio Ramos, all are Papa Joe's boys. Consuegra, Marrero and Moreno played with Havana in the Florida International League in 1949, and it is a testimonial to Cuban ball that, after giving up these pitchers to Washington, Havana went on to win its sixth straight pennant last season in that Class B League. Pascual, Ullrich and Ramos are getting a crack at the big time after stints in the minors. That makes a total of seven draft-exempt Cubans on the 1951 Nats' roster.

The Cuban Winter League, current outlet for the volatile emotions of Cuba's fandom, is unique. Quite possibly it plays the fastest ball of any league in the world, outside of the majors, of course. Now that it has made peace with the commissioner's office, the American importations to the loop are limited to 10 to each club. Major-league clubs may be represented by two players, provided they have no more than 45 days' major-league experience in the past season to their credit. Since a major-leaguer with no more than 45 days' experience is something of a rarity, practically all of the Americans in the league are from the minors.

The league is composed of four clubs—Havana, Almendares, Marianao and Cienfuegos—and all games are played in the newly constructed Gran Stadium in Havana. Almendares and Marianao are suburbs of Havana, while Cienfuegos is 130 miles away.

It almost sounds like Joe Cook's vaudeville circuit of Philadelphia, Baltimore and El Paso with El Paso being used to break the jump between Philadelphia and Baltimore, except that in this league only the customers travel.

American players are well paid. For this much shorter season comprising 72 games and running from late October to mid-February, they receive precisely the same salary as they received in organized ball for the long summer season, plus $350-a-month living expenses. The set expense sum was arrived at by league officials when they discovered that some American players would establish themselves and their families in a suite at the swank Hotel Nacional for the first few days, then move to a more modest establishment, but they would continue to bill the league at the original rate.

Perhaps the player who hit the jack pot with the double pay check is little Al Gionfriddo, who practically went out of the city limits to take a home run away from Joe DiMaggio in the 1947 World Series. Al was rewarded by being shipped to Montreal the following season, after having been signed to a Brooklyn contract calling for $7,500. By baseball law, Montreal had to assume his contract, and under the rules of the Cuban Winter League, Almendares had to pay him his minor-league salary. Since both Montreal and Almendares were in play-offs in their respective leagues that season, Al picked up another $3,000, which gave him a total for the year of $18,000.

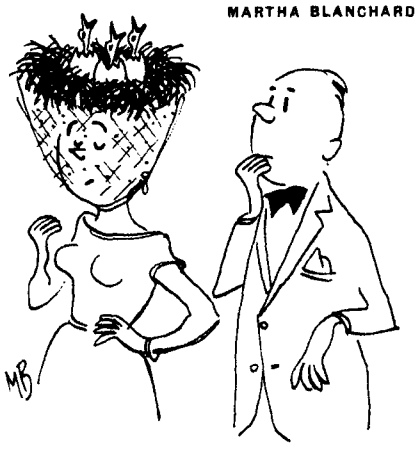
Unkind Words for Mr. Rickey

Not every American player in the Cuban League is as fortunate as Al, of course, but there still is plenty of cash there to make the farm hands of major-league clubs happy. Kevin Connors, the first baseman who was recently sold by Montreal to the Chicago Cubs, once confided, "I play baseball in Cuba in the winter so I can afford to play for Mr. Rickey in the summer."

In addition to the salary and expense money, there are no fewer than 14 signs around the outfield of Gran Stadium offering bonuses for home runs hit over them. In the winter of 1948-'49, Henry Thompson, now with the Giants, made $1,100 with judiciously placed homers. The biggest prize is the advertisement of an automobile company in right center, some 400 feet from the plate which offers $300 for each home run that is hit over it.

Big Don Newcombe, without whom the Dodgers could not have won the 1949 pennant, was released by the Almendares club the winter before he made the grade in the National League. Max Lanier, Lou Klein, Sam Jethroe, Monte Irvin and Fred Martin are some of the big-leaguers who have played in the Winter League. Currently such familiar names as Bert Haas and Johnny Jorgensen of Minneapolis, Russ Bauers, drafted by the Browns, and Bob Estalella and

MARTHA BLANCHARD



I Concede Your Wisdom

When I ask for your opinion
And you lay it on the line,
I'll be happy to accept it,
If it coincides with mine.

—HELEN CASTLE

A Letter To Our NON-CATHOLIC Neighbors

Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

Our families live amicably next door to each other and often become lifetime friends. Our sons fight side by side on every battlefield. We work together in the same shops and factories... root for the same baseball teams... do business with one another in a spirit of mutual trust every day.

In these and other phases of everyday life, there is a close association which promotes understanding and respect. But in religion... where this close association does not exist... there is often a regrettable lack of understanding and a corresponding absence of good-will.

Many people, for instance, have all sorts of false ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church. They actually believe that Catholics worship statues... that many sordid things happen behind convent walls... that Catholics do not believe in the Bible... that Catholic teaching is pure superstition and the Mass nothing but mumbo-jumbo.

All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

It is for this reason that the Knights of Columbus, a society of Catholic laymen, publishes advertisements like this explaining what Catholics really believe. We want our non-Catholic friends and neighbors to understand us and our faith, even if they do not wish to join us. We want them to know the Catholic Church as it really is... not as it is so often misrepresented to be.

It is also important to you personally, however, to inquire into the teaching of the Catholic Church. For unless you do, you cannot know whether the Catholic Church is or is not the Church established by Jesus Christ for your salvation. You cannot intelligently accept or reject Catholic teaching until you investigate it and know what it really is.

A distinguished Catholic author has written "A Letter to a Friend Not of My Faith." This letter has been published in the form of a pamphlet which can be read in a few minutes... and which gives a remarkably clear and beautiful explanation of Catholic beliefs, worship and history. More importantly, it gives a blue print of Christian living which will deeply move you whether you accept or reject the Catholic viewpoint.

Free

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ALKA-SELTZER

ALL DRUG STORES U.S. and CANADA

Bill Ayers of Oakland are playing in Havana, as well as a flock of minor-leaguers from Triple-A clubs.

Three major-league clubs are watching this winter's play in Cuba with more than usual interest. This year, the Phillies, who drafted the ex-Cardinal catcher, Del Wilber, from Rochester are pleased to note that he is among the league's leading hitters for Havana. The Cubs drafted Omar (Turk) Lown, a pitcher from the Dodger farm at Montreal. Turk, who has been tabbed as a sure major-league winner if he acquires control, hurled a one-hitter for Cienfuegos.

Cards Consider Bilko Again

A year ago, Steve Bilko reported to the Cardinals at St. Petersburg with aspirations and avoirdupois. The former soon disappeared but the latter stayed with Steve and he was shipped to Rochester. He has been recalled by the Cards, and their new manager, Marty Marion, already is talking of using Bilko at first base and returning Stan Musial to the outfield because of Steve's fine playing with Havana in the Cuban Winter League.

Gran Stadium, built for pitchers, is more spacious than many major-league parks. Each foul line runs 340 feet from home plate and the scoreboard in center is 450 feet distant. Add to these dimensions the fact that the prevailing wind sweeps in from center and you can well realize that many a pitcher has sighed on leaving Gran Stadium for the majors. The large single-decked stadium has a capacity of 35,000 and has held a single-game record attendance of 44,000, which must have been uncomfortable for the fans in the lower layers.

Before Gran Stadium was built five years ago, the league held forth at La Tropical, three miles from the center of town. La Tropical was even more spacious as to playing area than its successor, but seated only 20,000. Gran Stadium's lighting system is an excellent one, better than those in several of the topflight minor-league parks in the States.

At the concessions stands at Gran Stadium, or from the vendors who hawk their way noisily through the stands, a fan may purchase any of the edibles and potables we consider indispensable to baseball here in the States—peanuts, popcorn, hot dogs, ice cream and pop. He also may purchase genuine hot tamales, hamburgers or Cuban coffee, thick and sirupy, served in demitasses.

American visitors are warned to take their hot dogs and hamburgers with care, for, with true Cuban hospitality, they are likely to be served with every imaginable sauce and condiment, to say nothing of several unimagined. Catsup, relish, chili, diced onions and mustard all are served with hot dogs, as well as this improbable added starter—a spoonful of dry corn flakes! Not bad, either.

Mike Gonzalez, who coached at third base for so many years for the Cardinals, is the Connie Mack of Cuba. He manages and owns the Havana Lions and is said to average a $40,000 profit per season. That is considerably more than Mike got for directing traffic around third base for the Cardinals. The franchise is valued at $300,000 and it is easy to see why Gonzalez has no burning desire to return to the majors.

Even the prestige of Gonzalez is no guarantee of immunity when the fans think he has called one wrong. The winter before last, Miguel allowed one of his batters to hit away when the situation seemed to call for a bunt. The play backfired, as baseball gambles so often do, and an irate fan waving a red banner charged on the field and berated Gonzalez as "a traitor to Havana."

The reason for the red flag was nothing which would cause the Daily Worker to get out an extra. Red is the traditional color of the Havana Lions. The Almendares Scorpions pledge allegiance to the blue; brown is the color of the Marianao Tigers and the Cienfuegos stick by the green. And the colors mean as much to the fans as the old-school tie does to an Englishman.

Before one game last season, with those bitter rivals Havana and Almendares preparing to take the field, a private plane swooped low over the field and deluged the stands and playing surface with thousands of pieces of red paper. It took 20 minutes to clear the field, but the Havana fans loved it. In the fifth inning, an Almendares fan, in his private plane, with blue ribbons streaming from the wing tips, dived on the field and unleashed a blizzard of blue paper. So intent was he on delivering his ammunition on the target that he narrowly missed a crack-up by delaying his pull-out until he barely cleared a cluster of telephone wires.

When Kevin Connors arrived at the Havana airport a few years ago to play with Almendares he was wearing a red tie instead of the Scorpions' traditional blue. An Almendares fan created such a scene that a riot seemed inevitable, until a grinning customs official removed Connors' tie and gave it to a Havana fan. In Marianao, a matron fired her cook when the latter refused to violate her devotion to Havana by wearing a blue uniform. It ended happily when the devoted cook was hired by a family of Havana partisans.

COLLIER'S "Keep your hand away from your gun. They're trigger happy in this joint" REAMER KELLER

There have been spontaneous demonstrations in America by fans pouring onto the field after an important victory but in Havana, fans have staged demonstrations *before* a ball has been pitched. When the record crowd of 44,000 turned out to see Havana tangle with Almendares, the pregame rooting seemed noisier than ever. The Almendares players were taking batting practice and the roar from the fans grew steadily louder. Suddenly the crowd cascaded from the stands to the field.

A Scared Little Ballplayer

"I didn't know what to do," reported Gionfriddo. "I thought of making a run for it but I was surrounded before I could move. Then the fans hoisted us to their shoulders and paraded us around the field."

The sorely tried police finally got *los fanáticos* back into the stands but the game was delayed in starting for 20 minutes and both teams had to omit fielding practice. The Almendares rooters happily piled back into the stands—they had given their team a pregame vote of confidence! Even the rival Havana rooters understood the gesture.

In Cuba, no one is neutral. President Prio is the number one fan, as befits his high office, and he is such an ardent Havana rooter that he often has postponed official business either to attend an important baseball game or to listen to it over the radio. Many politicians use the ball park to advance their personal campaigns and make it a point to be seen in attendance there as election time approaches.

The rising attendance and enthusiasm for baseball does not please all Cubans. A group of theater, night-club and restaurant owners decided baseball was cutting too heavily into their business. Not only were the fans flocking to Gran Stadium each evening but even larger numbers were remaining at home to follow the games over the radio. They made an official plea through the Workers Confederation of Cuba to President Prio that the number of night games permitted in one week be reduced from six to three. The chief executive wisely turned down the request. To have done otherwise would have been political suicide.

The enthusiasm of the Cuban for baseball is no new thing. John McGraw visited there in 1890 as part of a barnstorming team of Americans. At that time, the Cubans, still under Spanish rule, had not progressed enough to field their own teams and the games were exhibitions between groups of strolling American players. By 1911, when McGraw came back with his Giants, just after they had lost the World Series to the Athletics, the Cubans had developed to the point where they were able to give the National League champions a great run for it.

The Havana Reds beat the Giants in the first two games and when the series with Almendares opened, the National Leaguers got a typical McGravian tongue-lashing. Among other things, they were told that if they didn't win that day, they could pack up and go home—and at their own expense.

Almendares fans, then as now, had great confidence in their team, particularly in their pitcher, a Negro named Mendez who was known as the Black Matty. Even though Mendez was to be opposed by the original Christy Mathewson, Almendares rooters backed their team with cold cash. The Giant players made up a pool of $800 and bet it upon themselves.

The Black Matty was in great form and the Giants' Matty had to go all out to win, 2 to 0.

There was a great celebration that night, since it happened also to be Thanksgiving night, and McGraw ran into a group of Cuban fans in his wanderings and taunted them about Mendez and the Almendares club. Words led to blows and the blows led to a riot and McGraw wound up in the jug.

American players in the Cuban Winter League who marvel at the enthusiasm of the fans should be thankful there is no McGraw around these days to challenge them. THE END

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Table for One

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

with Miss Susan, Mrs. Purdie, and the world in general. "I'll keep me table, now," she muttered, spitefully.

But, although it was true that the little table, along with her cream Wedgwood plates, her repeater watch and her cameo, constituted her stock of heirlooms and she wasn't anxious to part with any, she had dearly wanted to donate that table and have the honor and gratification of having the Bishop know that it had been hers. Mrs. Purdie had defeated and humiliated her and she saw no way to fight back, and so her wrath was concentrated on Miss Susan Williams. Even a long letter to that old lady, continuing where their conversation had left off, did not give her much solace.

THE severing of relations was duly noted, and pacifistic friends swung into action. Not two days after the fateful visit of Mrs. Purdie, Madam Pugno herself, the president of the ladies' sewing circle at the cathedral, called, and after a few obvious preliminaries, which included a knowing glance at the rejected table, informed Miss Julie that Susan Williams had lumbago.

"It serves her right," said Miss Julie, uncharitably. "Too bad she wouldn't get lumbago of the tongue, too. If she hadn't been running around telling tales she'd be all right."

"I heard you had disagreed," said Madam Pugno. "I've been to see Susan, and she's willing to make up if you are."

Miss Julie shook her head.

"But Christian charity—" Madam Pugno argued.

"Christian charity," said Miss Julie, "would only go far enough in this case to make me hang a millstone around that old woman's neck, if you follow me."

Forced to acknowledge defeat, Madam Pugno departed.

Miss Georgie Peters came and pleaded—in vain. Miss Euterpe Greene failed to persuade Miss Julie to wave the olive branch.

"Peacemakers," said Miss Julie scornfully. "I know what they've all come for. It isn't about me falling out with that old virago. They want to let me know that they've heard all about me table."

Even Annette, her daughter, failed to effect a reconciliation. Miss Julie wouldn't even reveal the cause of the dispute. And when, in the course of time, Miss Susan got around again, Miss Julie cut her dead right at the sodality meeting.

Everyone considered this a scandal; they gave Miss Susan the right because she had sought to patch up the quarrel—but it made no difference. Miss Julie, her jaw set, listened to repeated overtures but yielded not an inch. The time was approaching for the presentation of the Bishop's newly furnished study, and she was fit only for treason, stratagems and spoils.

Once, when she was out for one of her daily constitutionals, Miss Julie approached the antique shop owned by Mr. O'Flaherty just as Mrs. Purdie was emerging from it. Never one to turn aside from a victorious opponent, Miss Julie walked right up.

Mrs. Purdie's large automobile stood at the curb, and Mrs. Purdie's large Negro chauffeur was carrying out of the store a table virtually identical with Miss Julie's.

There was a look of triumph on Mrs. Purdie's features. Not deigning to notice her, Miss Julie sailed by with her nose in the air, and not until she was a full block away did she give vent to her indignation.

"The hussy!" she muttered, wrath consuming her. "She deliberately repudiated my table because she wanted to give one just like it. It's not only a piece of meanness, it's a calculated affront. But she'll rue it. I'll find some way to give her the comeuppance she deserves. Make haste slowly. I'll cut her comb yet. It's a long lane that has no turning."

Unfortunately, she saw no way to find the turning. Everybody knew about the table now, and the opening of the Bishop's study was just three days off. . . .

Aware that her mother was brooding, Annette inquired the cause, although she already knew it. Miss Julie, although she doggedly disclaimed any pique whatever, told her the entire story.

"You ought to talk to that young man next door," Annette said. "He's interested in old mantelpieces and things like that. He'd tell you if your table is genuine."

Miss Julie kept up the pretense of not caring a hoot. "I don't need anybody to tell me that," she objected. "No, child. I wash me hands of the whole affair. Besides, that young man at the Starretts' is a Northerner, and I wouldn't want to take any Northerner's say-so."

Her stroll that day having taken her as usual to King Street, she was minded of the little bedside lamp she kept for emergencies, and turned in at the hardware store to buy a new wick for it. Her feelings toward Miss Susan and Mrs. Purdie being what they were, she was naturally impelled to glance at the gun rack, and was gazing speculatively at the Winchester rifles and the shotguns when she noticed that Mr. O'Flaherty, the antique dealer, was at the counter, pawing over some shotgun shells.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Flaherty," said Miss Julie.

The antique dealer, a bent and wizened little man, replied gruffly.

"I didn't know you were a sportsman, Mr. O'Flaherty," said Miss Julie.

Mr. O'Flaherty looked sharply at her, came as near flushing as an antique dealer could, paid the clerk for the boxes of shells, murmured something inaudible, and creaked out of the store.

"Well, well," Miss Julie remarked. "Mr. O'Flaherty hunting ricebirds, eh? He could get right up to them. They wouldn't know him from a scarecrow."

The clerk smiled, but he did not comment on Mr. O'Flaherty's shooting. Miss Julie bought her lampwick and paid for it. After a last lingering glance at the firearms, she put her package into her capacious handbag, which was really a small valise, and went her way, her thoughts evenly divided between revenge and the odd behavior of the antique dealer.

SHE mentioned the encounter at the supper table. "Birdshot, eh?" Henry O'Donnell asked. And, unaccountably, he laughed. "The old rascal."

"I never heard that Mr. O'Flaherty was a rascal," said Miss Julie, prone as ever to argue with her son-in-law. "They say his prices are high, but that's all I ever heard."

"Well, he is a rascal," Henry said flatly. "What do you suppose he was doing with those shotgun shells?"

Miss Julie admitted that she had no idea, except that he was probably going hunting.

"I'll tell you," Henry said. "He shoots furniture full of holes."

"You mean that he's crazy?"

"No," Henry said, pleased to be for once in a position to tell Miss Julie something. "He shoots the furniture full of holes and and then he puts it out in the rain or turns the hose on it to give it the antique look."

"It sounds dishonest to me," said Miss Julie, shocked.

Henry shrugged. *"Caveat emptor,"* he said. "If people want to be fooled . . ."

"Maybe Mrs. Purdie got her table that way," Annette said. But Miss Julie didn't hear her. She was thinking. She did not believe what Henry had said. The conclusion always came easily to her that her son-in-law was talking through his hat.

Recollecting that Miss Georgie Peters had moved to a flat just behind Mr. O'Flaherty's shop, she resolved to pay her friend a visit and, at the same time, confute Henry O'Donnell. As she listened absently to Miss Georgie's account of the

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current symptoms of her dyspepsia, she surveyed the open shed in the antique dealer's yard. There, to her dismay, she saw a hose playing lazily over an assortment of chairs, tables and cabinets.

"I've tried *everything*," Miss Georgie complained.

Miss Julie automatically produced some apposite remark, meanwhile scanning the scene from the window. She certainly didn't see Mr. O'Flaherty blazing away with his shotgun. "He's probably just washing off the furniture," she reflected. But she looked again, and there on the ground her keen eyes made out the unmistakable red and yellow tubes of spent shotgun shells. Many of them.

"So Henry was right after all," she murmured, regretfully.

NOT until she was out in the street did the meaning of what she had seen strike her. "So that's where she got her Duncan Phyfe table for the Bishop," she muttered in an awed tone. "Well, well. Wait until I tell Susan Williams."

Then Miss Julie remembered that she was no longer on speaking terms with Susan Williams. Besides, she thought, as reflection tempered her impulsiveness, she had no absolute proof that her suspicions were well founded. Miss Julie's logic was peculiar, and she arrived at the somewhat odd conclusion that if Mrs. Purdie was so critical as to find a real Duncan Phyfe table doubtful, she would never be deceived by an imitation. Only a neutral expert could be of any help.

There was, of course, the young man next door. It was true that he was a Northerner; but, this was no time for regional prejudices.

Hatted and gloved, she watched through the window of her room for the young man, and when she saw him approaching, sauntered out with the most casual air in the world. Just as he was about to enter the Starretts' door, she spoke to him.

Gratified, perhaps, at a kind greeting from a native Charlestonian, the young man took off his hat and said good morning.

"I'm Mrs. Sharp, your next-door neighbor," Miss Julie said.

"My name is George Wilbur," said the young man in his queer dialect—all r's, it seemed to Miss Julie. "I'm very happy to know you, ma'am."

"I heard you'd come down to make a study of some of our old houses," she remarked.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm a decorator and I've been making a study of Charleston homes."

"Well," said Miss Julie, "don't you believe everything they tell you, if it's a matter of history. If you want the gospel truth about some of the families, you come right to me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sharp," said George Wilbur. "Of course, I'm not studying the hist—"

"There are a lot of people," Miss Julie went on, "who think they know everything. I had an experience just a short while ago. I have a Duncan Phyfe table that's been in me husband's family for years. They brought it down from Connecticut. Well, would you believe it, I offered to give that table for the Bishop's new office, and a certain person told me it wasn't real."

"A Duncan Phyfe?" the young man echoed, his collector's instinct aroused.

"Maybe if a real expert like you saw it—" Miss Julie hinted broadly.

Mr. George Wilbur hesitated, as if he did not want to be drawn into a controversy. Perhaps Miss Julie's age and her small plumpness and her confidence swayed him; perhaps it was that a Duncan Phyfe table was involved.

"I'd be glad to have a look at it," he said finally.

"Come in now if you're not busy," Miss Julie said.

Mr. Wilbur followed her into the house. He looked at the table intently. He felt under it. He peered at the details of construction and at the drawer pulls. Then he straightened up and smiled.

"It's a beautiful example. Of course it's genuine, ma'am."

Miss Julie cupped a hand to her ear. She wanted to be certain. "I'm a trifle hard of hearing," she explained. "Please tell me that again."

The young man repeated the good news.

"How much do you think it's worth?" she inquired.

"That would depend a little on how much the buyer wanted it. Offhand, I'd say anywhere from fifty dollars up."

Miss Julie's head swam. Why, her bridal bedroom set, brand-new, with a marble-topped bureau and washstand, had not cost much more than that. And her native thrift reminded her that she had been about to give this treasure away.

Of course she immediately suppressed this uncharitable thought. The more the table was worth, the better fitted it would have been for the Bishop's house.

"A certain person," she said again, "told me it wasn't genuine."

Mr. Wilbur shrugged, as if to say that there was no accounting for judgments of that sort.

"I'm worried about my father. He goes around thinking a cow could jump over the moon"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

"Well, the Bishop will have to do without my table," Miss Julie pursued. "There's going to be a showing of all the things tomorrow, before the study is officially dedicated." She looked winningly at the young Northerner. "You know, it would be very nice if you could come with me. There'll be a lot of antiques, and it's a fine old house."

Mr. George Wilbur agreed to go with her, and next day, prompt to the minute she had set, he was waiting.

EVERYONE agreed that the Bishop's study had been fitted up with excellent taste, and they were all especially loud in praise of the lovely little card table given by Mrs. Purdie.

"Just like mine," Miss Julie said to Mr. Wilbur. "That's remarkable, isn't it?"

George Wilbur examined the table with his expert eye, and Miss Julie watched him anxiously.

"What do you think of it?" she inquired.

Mr. Wilbur looked around him carefully before he spoke. He shook his head.

"Mrs. Sharp," he said, as loudly as he dared, "it's an imitation. Not even a very fine imitation. It's been artificially aged."

"You don't say!" Miss Julie exclaimed.

She declined the young man's very courteous suggestion that he escort her home, saying that she had an errand to perform, and outside she forgathered with the ladies of the sewing circle.

"A lovely room," said Miss Euterpe Greene. "Such lovely things."

Miss Julie knew they were all watching her closely, and that she must betray no signs of pique.

"Very nice," she said indifferently.

"Arranged with such taste," said Madam Pugno.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Julie. "Well, I must be going. I have to visit poor Susan Williams. How she would have enjoyed being here today."

She knew from their faces that she had thrown a bombshell.

"But—" said Miss Georgie Peters, doubtfully.

Miss Julie waved a hand airily. "It's unChristianlike to harbor resentment over a trifle," she pronounced.

LEAVING them all thoroughly edified, she ambled off. "A dog that will bring a bone will carry one away," she muttered. "She'll have one to carry now."

Miss Susan was undoubtedly surprised at the visit, but Miss Julie made short work of smoking the peace pipe.

"It's foolish for two old friends like us to quarrel," she said. "I was very rude and ill-tempered and I admit it."

Miss Susan was so touched by this that she couldn't help shedding a few tears, the sincerity of which Miss Julie couldn't entirely credit.

"Of course, I was upset," Miss Julie went on. "Now that I've found out it was all a mistake, I realize how wrong I was."

"A mistake?" Miss Susan echoed, her eyes suddenly bright.

"Yes," said Miss Julie. "It's quite a story . . ."

Perhaps because she was so touched by Miss Julie's forgiveness, Miss Susan listened with every indication of believing her account.

"And you think she deliberately bought an imitation table and foisted it on the Bishop?" she finally inquired, anxious to be sure that the worst possible interpretation could be put upon Mrs. Purdie's behavior.

"Judge not," said Miss Julie, "is my motto . . . Well, Susan, I must be going. I hope you'll be getting out again soon."

Miss Susan was very doubtful of an early recovery, but the very next afternoon, as Miss Julie was going to the little ceremony of dedication of the Bishop's study, she met Miss Euterpe Greene and Miss Georgie Peters, and they informed her that Miss Susan, although she was not able to come that afternoon, had already been up and about.

"You must have done her good," said Miss Euterpe.

"Everyone is so glad you made up with poor Susan," said Miss Georgie. "She said having that visit from you gave her new energy It shows what a little kindness and Christian charity can do."

"Molasses catches more flies than vinegar," said Miss Julie, modestly. "It was only me duty, after all." But she felt that it was pleasant to have the approval of her friends for a good deed, and this helped her to get through the ordeal of watching Mrs. Purdie lord it at the dedication. And, little by little, she began to think that she had, in fact, been very forgiving and charitable. By the time Mrs. Purdie came to visit her, she had reached the point of feeling that virtue was its own reward.

For the Mrs. Purdie who paid her a morning call was a very different person from the Mrs. Purdie of other days. Instead of depreciating everything with a glance, she was smiling and conciliatory.

"I suppose you're rather surprised to see me," she suggested.

"No, indeed," said Miss Julie.

"I really owe you an explanation and an apology," said Mrs. Purdie. "This has been such a distressing misunderstanding, and I am afraid that there has been a lot of idle talk. I'd like to put my actions in a better light."

"Well!" said Miss Julie.

"That man O'Flaherty—" said Mrs. Purdie, rolling her eyes. "Of course I had no *idea*. And now, naturally, I intend to make amends. I am going to take back that table, and if you would still like to give yours, I'll be only too glad to explain to the Bishop."

"I'm not sure I care about giving my table to the Bishop," Miss Julie said stiffly. "I offered it in good faith once, and that's enough. You can explain anything to him that you like."

"I don't think you understand, Mrs. Sharp," Mrs. Purdie said earnestly. "Everybody in Charleston has heard that I tried to pass off an imitation antique on the Bishop."

Inwardly applauding the thoroughness of Miss Susan's reporting, Miss Julie nodded. "But I don't see what that has to do with me," she said. "Your good name is no concern of mine. If I were you I wouldn't worry about it. These things always blow over and are forgotten in twenty years or so."

Mrs. Purdie paled. "Twenty years!" she exclaimed. "But the humiliation—"

"Humiliation!" Miss Julie repeated, mockingly. "What do you think about the feelings of people when they're contradicted over and over in public? Humiliation, indeed."

"I'll be careful in future," Mrs. Purdie promised.

But Miss Julie was relentless. "What about the connection between the St. Foixes and the Lafontaines?" she demanded.

"I was wrong about that," said Mrs. Purdie, humbly.

"People have been known to get appendiceetis from swallowing orange seeds," Miss Julie persisted.

"Of course they have."

"And that little boy whose mother was frightened by a mouse—"

"I'm sure you were right about that, Mrs. Sharp."

Miss Julie considered these evidences of a change of heart. They sounded sincere. "Well, then," she said, "I'll accommodate you in this matter of the table. You can send for it when you are inclined."

Mrs. Purdie departed, plainly a greatly improved woman.

"I let her off easy," Miss Julie said to herself. "Of course, I'm always letting me good heart persuade me to do that. Now I suppose it's me duty to go and see poor Susan again. I'd certainly want to correct any wrong impression, if I've been unjust. And I want to be sure she gets the story straight from the very beginning."

MISS JULIE'S attentiveness to Miss Susan did not go unmarked. Everyone said, more emphatically than before, that it was beautiful to see two old friends so thoroughly reconciled. And they were all so happy to know that the matter of the table had been cleared up.

Miss Julie had the same answer for everyone: "Bread cast upon the waters, you know," she said. "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

There was only one exception, and that was Madam Pugno, who carried matters too far by observing that Mrs. Purdie had behaved very edifyingly.

"I don't see how she could help herself," said Miss Julie sharply. "But I will do her the justice to say that she ate humble pie. Very humble pie."

On the whole she was well satisfied. Her table had been vindicated, and it was now gracing the Bishop's study and reflecting some measure of glory upon her. She had edified everyone by her ready forgiveness of Susan Williams. As for Mrs. Purdie . . .

"I certainly put the quietus on her," Miss Julie said to herself. "I said I'd cut her comb. And I did." THE END

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He's After Your 'Hot Button'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

a money player, the guy who delivers in a pinch," said Griffith.

To young Lacy, being a money player was a higher goal than the Presidency.

With Billy De Beck, he organized the "Dreadnoughts," a ball team made up of classmates at the De La Salle Catholic school, run by the Christian Brothers. Martin Kennelly, now mayor of Chicago, was then one of their older pupils. The Dreadnoughts presented young Lacy with his first big sales problem. It was a matter of persuading some local merchant to supply them with 10 uniforms and other equipment.

After a study of storekeepers' last names, he tackled drygoodsman George Drummond. His proposal was that the team would march as a mouth-organ band in the Merchants' Day parade wearing the big letter D on their shirts, if Mr. Drummond furnished the outfits and the mouth organs. Mr. Drummond liked the idea, adding the condition that the boys also carry a Drummond banner.

The only remaining difficulty, says Lacy, was that nine of the 10 Dreadnoughts had yet to learn to play a mouth organ. By dint of furious practice, they at last mastered a single tune, Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey? They played it over and over with such effect in the parade that the units fore and aft pleaded for mercy. Lacy settled for a new bat, a catcher's glove, two baseballs and the lettered shirts.

Elated at this success, he decided to explore house-to-house selling. The senior Lacy, a book gilder, was unemployed and income was needed. The product Jack chose was a carpet-cleaning soap that his father could concoct in the kitchen after an old Irish recipe. In short order he had not only Pop but four boys working for him.

"That work taught me an important thing about women," says Lacy. "Their instinctive response to a salesman is No. That is when to begin your sales presentation."

His first sales job on the road came in 1913, in the doldrums preceding World War I. His territory was a district in western Pennsylvania where every second farmer produced maple sirup, and that year's crop had been a bumper. Lacy's product was a canned maple sirup selling at twice the price of the local pride. It was at the further disadvantage of being 85 per cent cane sirup.

His methods savored of what he now condemns as slick selling. The weather was hot. The local maple sirup stewed on store shelves, and was flat to the taste. Carefully Lacy placed a sample of his own sirup in a vacuum bottle cooled to the temperature that brought out the sirup's best flavor. After tasting the two sirups, storekeepers readily conceded its superior flavor.

"It's the blending that does it," he told them. "The cane sirup acts like cream in your coffee."

He was the only canned-sirup salesman who sold his full quota that year.

The Army rejected him for weak eyes, so he served a hitch under Herbert Hoover in Turkey and the Balkans doing relief work. In 1920, going into business for himself in Chicago as a free-lance sales agent, he put in what he calls his enlightening period. He specialized in selling distress goods, that is, merchandise that the manufacturers were unable to move.

One gadget he took on was a flashlight to be attached to an auto fender at night when changing a tire. He bought a used Model-T Ford and made a pitch at a county fair. Nights, by rigging flashlights all over the Ford, he had a display that rivaled the fair's midway. Business boomed. Pitchmen sought concessions. That summer the flashlights were the novelty sensation of fairs and carnivals throughout the Midwest.

Experiences of this sort impressed him with the lack of salesmanship in countless businesses that wound up in bankruptcy. The country was overrun with salesmen who were making only bare livings. Sales training work became Lacy's big ambition.

His self-training for that career followed typical Lacy methods. A Chicago correspondence school was offering a course in how to sell. He got a job selling the course to salesmen, using it as an opportunity to pump them and sales managers on what was right and wrong with the vocation. Within a year he was training the school's own sales crews throughout the country. Then he joined a Chicago advertising agency to find out what it knew about selling. His post as general sales manager of Acme Fast Freight was a final field-testing of his ideas at high levels.

In 1937, he launched his first sales training institute in Boston. A stenographer, a five-bank file of notes and Lacy were the institute. By mid-1940 he was earning $800 a week, which seemed a surprisingly good start. Pearl Harbor proved a bigger surprise. A Jap bomb practically hit the institute too, and when he revived he was making exactly nothing a week.

"I was an ailing, middle-aged, badly bent salesman out looking for a job," he tells ruefully. "I got one selling life insurance."

A New Life Insurance Angle

What followed makes one of Lacy's favorite success stories. Men of draft age were not considered good life insurance risks just then, so he decided to concentrate on older men who leave estates when they die. For five months he studied life insurance from that angle. By that time he was positive that he could save any estate a minimum of 10 per cent of its total value by lowering its legal and tax liabilities.

"The first month I didn't sell a dime's worth of insurance," he said. "The second month I sold $77,000, and soon was selling at the rate of a million dollars a year."

To audience after audience Lacy today pounds home the point that nine tenths of good salesmanship is in getting your prospect in a mood to listen to you.

"Your prospect is busy," he says. "Nowadays he's like a man driving to town at 60 miles an hour over a road he knows and likes. If you want to thumb a ride and show him a better road, you've got to do more than wave your thumb. You must get out into the middle of the highway and raise an alarm. You must press his hot button until it jangles."

A classic example that Lacy cites is the approach of the door-to-door salesmen of a well-known mechanical refrigerator. As you open your door, an alert young man steps back a pace or two, lights a large match, and invites you to listen to it burn. You hear nothing except the stirring of your own curiosity. "That," says the young man, "is how silently and efficiently our precision-built new 1950 model food conserver operates in your own kitchen. You can put one there for as little as 25 cents a day, and save double that."

You may encounter another form of the dramatic approach at the postwar filling stations served by a leading oil company. The neatly uniformed attendant inspects the oil level in your motor. It is two quarts low. The old way would be to report that fact to you and let you debate the simple issue of whether or not you wanted to buy more oil. The new way is 50 per cent more effective in getting affirmative action.

"Sir," says the attendant, "your oil is down to where very much more driving might seriously damage your motor."

Lacy draws on baseball to show how small may be the margin between the star and the ordinary performer. The ballplayer with a batting average of .250 makes five hits in 20 times at bat. The star batting at .300 makes just one hit more, or six in 20. That added five per cent in hitting power is all it takes to give you 500 per cent more earning power, says Lacy.

And he adds that 5 per cent more hitting power for the nation's sales forces will be enough to turn all of our Tobacco Roads into Easy Streets before long. That, Jack Lacy believes, is the mission of salesmanship—and he is confident that the greatest days of the American salesman, and of America, are yet ahead. THE END

BUTCH

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No other laxative gives you ALL these advantages—

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TASTE

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EASY TO TAKE

SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC TESTING

And no other laxative even comes close to Ex-Lax in popularity. It's the best-liked and biggest-selling laxative in all America, the favorite of young and old.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

4 easy steps to extra MONEY

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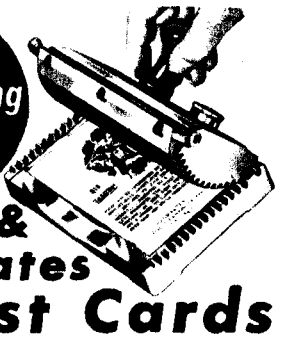

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AL HIRSCHFELD

How to Lose the 1952 Election

Dear Mr. President:

I note that in your attack on the music critic who didn't like Margaret's singing you ventured the guess that the critic had ulcers. The way you said it the public got the impression that if a man has ulcers he can't be a nice guy.

Take me, for instance. I've got ulcers and I'm not a bad guy.

Yes, I've got ulcers, I sing and I've got critics. My principal critics are my wife, my three children and the neighbors. They don't like the way I sing. They give me worse notices than Margaret gets.

Do I sit down and write my wife an angry letter on White House stationery? No. I just sing louder. Sometimes I sing so loud I can hardly hear what my critics are saying. That's what Margaret ought to do.

You stop picking on us guys with ulcers. We're not a bad lot. Our affliction, when it kicks up, makes us mighty uncomfortable. Sometimes we get irritable. We might even turn on a man who makes bad jokes about us.

Want to lose the ulcer vote in 1952?

Sincerely yours,

JOE DOAKS

Fear Must Not Bring Despair

IT IS EVIDENT that the American people are afraid. You can see it in newspaper stories and magazine articles. You can hear it in radio broadcasts and in conversations. They have reason to be afraid, and it is well that they are. There are times when nations as well as individuals should be afraid. Fear can be a lifesaving emotion when it is channeled into some lifesaving action. It is only when fear breeds despair or panic that it becomes worse than useless.

So the question is whether the people of this country are using the mechanism of fear intelligently. We gather from our reading and listening and talking that the principal fear is of Russia. But it seems to us that what America should be afraid of is war. The whole world ought to fear war, for if World War III comes it is tragically certain that no nation will win it.

There is no doubt that Russia and its stooges, the Chinese Communists, have the United Nations over the barrel in Asia today. It is equally certain that, as of now, Russia could overrun Europe quickly and with ease, as Allan Michie pointed out in Collier's three weeks ago. But there is also evidence that, in the long run, the United States and its friends could win a decision over the Soviet Union and its satellites. Not a victory, but a decision. For that is all the outcome of a third world war would amount to. Yet if such a war should be forced upon us, and if we approach it with resolution, we need not despair.

The United States has two great advantages in its favor. One is the statistically provable superiority of its industrial potential. This country has the world's finest installations and facilities and experience for production—atom bomb or no atom bomb. Unprepared as we are today in comparison to Russia, that superiority would count heavily and decisively in a long war of attrition.

The second advantage, less tangible but no less important, is individual liberty. Free labor can outproduce slave labor. The man who lives in the police-state atmosphere of repression and terror cannot be as efficient as the man who is free to speak his mind and air his grievances. The fate of Hitler's Third Reich is proof enough that dictatorship, though seemingly a neat and uncomplicated system of administration in time of war, carries the seed of fatal weakness within itself.

The countries of the Communist empire have an almost limitless reservoir of man power to draw on. But man power is not everything. For within that empire we may be sure that there is a vast amount of unrest. Only recently word seeped through the Iron Curtain of Moscow's troubles with its peasant farmers. The government has consolidated thousands of small- and medium-size collective farms into great supercollectives—at least on paper. But the peasants apparently are slow and reluctant to co-operate. The independent farmers were officially purged years ago, but the "kulak" spirit does not die. The authorities can give orders, but they cannot provide incentive.

So long as normal human aspirations come in contact with regimentation and arbitrary privilege and government by intimidation, there is bound to be unrest. The present Soviet government capitalized on just such a condition to lift itself to power 33 years ago. And it may be assumed that the Soviet leaders are aware that history is capable of repeating itself.

Yes, the great Communist powers are strong and ready and ruthless. But they, as well as the free democracies, have reason to fear war. We Americans and our friends should respect the Communist strength, and should make haste to take the necessary steps to counteract it. But we have no reason and no right to give in to defeatism. We have reason to be confident—not in the reckless manner of a Louis Johnson, who, while he weakened our defenses, boasted that we could lick the hell out of Joe Stalin, but in the faith that we have the physical strength and moral stamina to win a decision that we have no wish to seek, if that decision cannot be avoided.

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Stories of Famous Discoveries

H. E. Mellenthin knew character when he saw it!

He Discovered the "Greatest Show-Dog of All Time"

When Mr. Mellenthin went to his kennel one morning to inspect a litter of Cockers, he got the thrill that comes once-in-a-lifetime. In one of the puppies he instantly recognized the "character" that makes a champion and knew the puppy was too valuable to sell. That dog was *My Own Brucie*, later called the "greatest bench show champion of all time!" The puppy shown is Brucie's grandson.

If you know character...

you'll instantly recognize the superiority of HUNTER long famous as America's luxury blend. Its flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 90 years.

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.

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Be Happy - Go Lucky!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines <u>both</u> perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette – Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

At figure skating I'm a whiz,
Including Figure E's.
But those that I like best to cut
Are L.S./M.F.T.'s!

At passing I am quite a star,
I'm captain of the team.
But when I pass a Lucky Strike,
I'm really on the beam!

From way down South in Dixieland
I'm here to tell you-all
It's Lucky Strike the folks all like–
They're easy on the drawl!

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